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LACON:

OR

MANY THINGS IN FEW WORDS;

ADDRESSED TO

THOSE WHO THINK.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON, A. M.

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“Φιλόσοφι ἐκ παραδειγμάτων.”

The noblest study of mankind is man.

VOL. II.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

I KNOW not that I should have attempted a Second Volume of *LACON*, if the first had not met with some encouragement; Its reception has proved that my book has been purchased at least by the many, and I have testimonies far more gratifying, that it has not been disapproved of by the few. He that aspires to produce a work that shall instruct and amuse the unlearned, without displeasing or disgusting the scholar, proposes to himself an object more attainable perhaps on any *other* theme, than on that which I have adopted; for on *this* subject all men are critics, although very few are connoisseurs; the man of the world is indignant at being supposed to stand in need of information, and the philosopher feels that he is above it; the old will not quit the school of their own experience, and hope is the only moralist that has any weight with the young. There are many things on which even a coxcomb will receive instruction with gratitude, as for instance a knowledge of the languages, or of the mathematics,

because ~~his pride is not~~ founded by an admission of his ignorance, as to those sciences to which he has never been introduced. But if you propose to teach him any thing new concerning *himself*, the *world*, and those who live in it, the case is widely altered. He finds that he has been conversant all his life with these things, suspects that *here* he knows at least as much as his master, becomes quite impatient of information, and often finishes by attempting to instruct his instructor. It is true that he has made very laudable use of his eyes, since his opera glass has given him an insight into others, and his looking glass has helped him to some knowledge of himself. His ears indeed have had a very easy time of it, but their inactivity has been dearly purchased, at the expense of his tongue; he feels, however, from his experience, that he has had the opportunities at least of observing, and he fancies from his vanity, that he has improved them. Can one (says he) be ignorant of those things that are so constantly and so closely around us, and about us; he that runs, he thinks, may read that lucid volume whose pages are days, whose characters are men. But too close a contiguity is as inimical to distinct vision, as too great a distance; and hence it happens that a man often knows the least of that which is most near to him, —even his own heart; but if we are ignorant of ourselves, a knowledge of others is built upon the sand. On this subject, however, nothing is more easy than to talk plausibly, and few things more

difficult than to write profoundly; thoroughly to succeed, requires far more experience than I possess, or ever shall. I am however fully satisfied of the utility of a work similar to that in which I am engaged, and hope that what little encouragement I have met with, may stimulate those to attempt something better, who are deeply conversant, not only with the living, but with the dead, not only with books, but with men, not only with the hearts of others, but with their own. But the moral world will by no means repay our researches, with such rich discoveries as the natural; yet where we cannot invent, we may at least improve; we may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recondite. A Hume may soar indeed somewhat higher than a Davy, but he will meet with more disappointments; with wing that could reach the clouds, but not with strength of pennon that could pierce them, Hume was at times as incomprehensible to himself, as invisible to others, lost in regions where he could not penetrate, nor we pursue; for it is as rare for experiment to give us nothing but conjecture, as for speculation to give us nothing but truth. In this walk of science, however, if we know but little, upon that little we are becoming gradually more agreed; perhaps we have discovered that the prize is not worth the contention. Hence there is a kind of alphabet of first principles, now established in the

moral world, which is not very likely to be overturned by any new discoveries. But principles, however correct, may sometimes be wrongly, and however true, may sometimes be falsely applied ; and none are so likely to be so, as those that from having been found capable of effecting so much, are expected to perform all. An Indian has very few tools, and it is astonishing how much he accomplishes with them ; but he sometimes fails, for although his instruments are of general, they are not of universal application. There are two principles however of established acceptance in morals ; first that self-interest is the main spring of all our actions, and secondly, that utility is the test of their value. Now there are some cases where these maxims are not tenable, because they are not true ; for some of the noblest energies of gratitude, of affection, of courage, and of benevolence, are not resolvable into the first. If it be said indeed that these estimable qualities, may after all be traced to self-interest, because all the duties that flow from them, are a source of the highest gratification to those that perform them, this I presume savours rather too much of an identical proposition, and is only a round-about mode of informing us that virtuous men will act virtuously. Take care of *number one*, says the worldling, and the christian says so too ; for he has taken the best care of number one, who takes care that number one shall go to heaven ; that blessed place is full of those same selfish beings who by having con-

stantly done good to others, have as constantly gratified themselves. I humbly conceive therefore that it is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest. As to the standard of utility, this is a mode of examining human actions, that looks too much to the event, for there are occasions where a man may effect the greatest general good, by the smallest individual sacrifice; and there are others where he may make the greatest individual sacrifice, and yet produce but little general good. If indeed the moral philosopher is determined to do all his work with the smallest possible quantity of tools, and would wish to cope with the natural philosopher, who has explained such wonders from the two simple causes of impulse, and of gravity, in this case he must look out for maxims as universal as those occasions to which he would apply them. Perhaps he might begin by affirming with me that—*men are the same*, and this will naturally lead him to another conclusion, that if men are the same, they can have but one common principle of action, *The attainment of apparent good*; those two simple truisms contain the whole of my philosophy, and as they have not been worn out in the performance of one undertaking, I trust they will not fail me in the execution of another.

REFLECTIONS,

&c. &c.

I.

WE are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.* I have

* As this volume opens with a *double* antithesis, I hope I may be permitted to offer a few remarks on this subject, in a note. In the first volume I observed, that with respect to the style I proposed to adopt in these pages, I should attempt to make it vary with the subject. I now find that I have succeeded, *so far at least* in this attempt, that some have doubted whether all the articles came from the same pen. I can however assure my readers, that whatever faults *LACON* may possess belong to me *alone*, and having said thus much, I believe I shall not have made a very good bargain, by claiming also whatever trifling merits may be found in the book. To those therefore that are disgusted with the abundance of the one, or dissatisfied from the scarcity of the other, I can only reply in the words of the Poet,

“Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.”

As to the frequent recurrence of *antithesis*, I admit that wherever *this* figure presents itself to my imagination, I *never* reject it, if the deductions proposed to be drawn from it, appear to me to be just. I have consulted authors ancient and modern on this subject, and they seem to be all agreed that the sententious, short and apothegmatic style, so highly requisite in a book of maxims or aphorisms, is a style, to the force and spirit of which, antithesis is not only particularly advantageous, but even absolutely necessary. A maxim, if it be worth any thing, is worth remembering, and nothing is so likely to rivet it on the memory, as antithesis; deprived of this powerful auxiliary, all works of the nature of that in which I am engaged, must droop and be dull.

If indeed I have blundered on some antitheses that lead to *false* conclusions, I admit that no mercy ought to be shown to these, and I consign them, without benefit of *clergy* to the severest sentence of criticism.

observed elsewhere, that no swindler has assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much ashamed of his own; self-love can gild the most nauseous pill, and can make the

No candid reader I presume will accuse an author of adopting the antithetical style from laziness, and to those who would ask whether it be an easy style of writing, I would say with the celebrated Painter, "try." That I *can* abandon antithesis, on subjects where it is not required, will, I think be allowed, by those who have read the notes to Hypocrisy, and my remarks on Don Juan. But to extirpate antithesis from literature altogether, would be to destroy at one stroke about eight-tenths of all the wit, ancient and modern, now existing in the world; and I fancy we shall never have the same excuse for such a measure, that the Dutch had for destroying their spices—the *fear of a glut*. Dunces, indeed, give antithesis no quarter, and to say the truth, it gives them none; if indeed it be a fault, it is one of the *very few* which such persons may exclaim against with *some* justice, because they were never yet found capable of committing it. Let any man try to recall to his memory *all* the pointed, epigrammatic, brief or severe things which he may have read or heard either at the Senate, the Bar, or the Stage, and he will see that I have not overrated the share which antithesis will be found to have had in their production. It is a figure capable not only of the greatest wit, but sometimes of the greatest beauty, and sometimes of the greatest sublimity. Milton, in his *moral* description of hell, says that it was a place which God "created evil, for evil only good; where all life dies, death lives." That it is capable of the greatest beauty, will be seen by the following translation from an Arabic poet, on the birth of a child:

"When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
 "While thine assembled friends around
 "With smiles their joy confest.
 "So live, that at thy parting hour,
 "They may the flood of sorrow pour,
 "And thou in smiles be drest."

If these lines will not put my readers in good humour with antithesis, I must either give them up as incorrigible, or prescribe to them a regular course of reading discipline, administered by such writers as Herder or Gisborne, restricting them also most straightly from all such authors as Butler and Swift, where they will be often *shocked* with such lines as the following:

"Tis said that Cæsar's horse would stoop
 "To take his noble Rider up,
 "So Hudibras's, 'tis well known,
 "Would often do to set him down."

grossest venality, when tinselled over with the semblance of gratitude, sit easy on the weakest stomach. There is an anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole, so much to my present purpose, that I cannot refrain from relating it, as I conceive that it will be considered apposite by all my readers, and may perhaps be new to some. Sir Robert wished to carry a favourite measure in the House of Commons. None understood better than this minister, two grand secrets of state,—the great power of *principal*, and the great weakness of *principle*. A day or two previous to the agitation of the measure alluded to, he chanced upon a county member, who sometimes looked to the *weight* and *value* of an argument, rather than to its justice, or its truth. Sir Robert took him aside, and rather unceremoniously put a bank note of a thousand pounds into his hand, saying I must have your vote and influence on such a day. Our Aristides from the country thus replied: Sir Robert, you have shown yourself my friend on many occasions, and on points where both my honour and my interest were nearly and dearly concerned; I am also informed that it was owing to your good offices, that my wife lately met with so distinguished and flattering a reception at court; I should think myself therefore, continued he, putting however the note very carefully into his *own* pocket, I should think myself, Sir Robert, a perfect monster of ingratitude, if on this occasion I refused you my vote and influence. They parted: Sir Robert not a little surprized at having discovered a new page in the volume of man, and the other scarcely more pleased with the *valuable* reasoning of Sir Robert, than with his own specious rhetoric, which had so suddenly metamorphosed an act of the foulest corruption, into one of the sincerest gratitude.

II.

AS that gallant can best affect a pretended passion for one woman, who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues, can best assume the appearance of them all.

III.

TRUE friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

IV.

WE are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing, are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust; what are these? but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim.

V.

THE plainest man that can convince a woman that he is really in love with her, has done more to make her in love with him than the handsomest man, if he can produce no such conviction. For the love of woman is a shoot, not a seed, and flourishes most vigorously only when ingrafted on that love which is rooted in the breast of another.

VI.

CORRUPTION is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling it must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling: and all that corruption attracts, it also retains, for it is easier not to fall, than only to fall once, and not to yield a single inch than having yielded to regain it.

VII.

WORKS of true merit are seldom very popular in their own day; for knowledge is on the march, and men of genius are the *Præstolatores* or *Videttes* that are far in

advance of their comrades. They are not with them, but before them; not in the camp, but beyond it. The works of Sciologists and Dullards are still more unpopular, but from a different cause; and theirs is an unpopularity that will remain, because they are not before the main body but behind it; and as it proceeds, every moment increases the distance of those sluggards that are sleeping in the rear, but diminishes the distance of those heroes that have taken post in the van. Who then stands the best chance of that paltry prize, contemporaneous approbation? He whose mediocrity of progress distances not his comrades, and whose equality of merit affords a level on which friendship may be built; Who is not so dull but that he has something to teach, and not so wise as to have nothing to learn; Who is not so far before his companions as to be unperceived, nor so far behind them as to be unregarded.

VIII.

A TOWN, before it can be plundered and deserted, must first be taken; and in this particular Venus has borrowed a law from her consort Mars. A woman that wishes to retain her suitor, must keep him in the trenches; for this is a siege which the besieger never raises for want of supplies, since a feast is more fatal to love than a fast, and a surfeit than a starvation. Inanition may cause it to die a slow death, but repletion always destroys it by a sudden one. We should have as many Petrarchs as Antonies, were not Lauras much more scarce than Cleopatras.

IX.

THOSE orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning

even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

X.

LET us so employ our youth that the very old age, which will deprive us of attention from the eyes of the women, shall enable us to replace what we have lost with something better, from the cars of the men

XI.

THE reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity, would seem to be this. The friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself, and revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude. Those whom a great man has marred, rejoice at his ruin, and those whom he has made, look on with indifference; because, with common minds, the destruction of the creditor is considered as equivalent to the payment of the debt.

XII.

OUR achievements and our productions are our intellectual progeny, and he who is engaged in providing that these immortal children of his mind shall inherit fame, is far more nobly occupied than he who is industrious in order that the perishable children of his body should inherit wealth. This reflection will help us to a solution of that question that has been so often and so triumphantly proposed, "*What has posterity ever done for us?*" This sophism may be replied to thus. Who is it that proposes the question? one of the present generation of that particular moment when it is proposed. but to such it is evident that posterity can exist only in *idea*. And if it be asked, what the idea of posterity has done for us? we may safely reply that it has done, and is doing two most important things; it increases the energies of virtue and diminishes the excesses of vice; it makes the best of us more good, and the worst of us less bad.

XIII.

NO improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is an universal mirror to each; and the respective refinement of the one, will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

XIV.

THOSE who at the commencement of their career meet with less *cotemporaneous* applause than they deserve, are not unfrequently recompensed by gaining more than they deserve at the end of it: and although at the earlier part of their progress such persons had ground to fear that they were born to be starved, yet have they often lived long enough to die of a surfeit. But this applies not to posterity, which decides without any regard to this inequality. Contemporaries are anxious to redeem a defect of penetration, by a subsequent excess of praise; but from the very nature of things it is impossible for posterity to commit either the one fault or the other. Doctor Johnson is a remarkable instance of the truth of what has been advanced; he was considered less than he really was in his morn of life, and greater than he really was in its meridian. Posterity has calmly placed him where he ought to be,—between the two extremes. He was fortunate in having not only the most interesting, but also the most disinterested of biographers, for he is constantly raising his hero at the expense of himself. He now and then proposes some very silly questions to his oracle. He once asked him, pray, Doctor, do you think you could make any part of the Rambler better than it is? Yes, sir, said the Doctor, I could make the best parts better. But posterity, were she to cite the Doctor before her, might perhaps propose a more perplexing question,—Pray, Doctor, do you think you could make the worst parts worse?

XV.

THE testimony of those who doubt the least is not,

unusually, that very testimony that ought most to be doubted.

XVI.

IT is curious that intellectual darkness creates some authors, whom physical darkness would destroy ; such would be totally silent if they were absolutely blind, and their ability to write would instantly cease with their ability to read. They could neither draw, like Shakspeare, on imagination ; like Bacon, on reflection ; like Ben Jonson, on memory ; nor, like Milton, on all. These traffickers in literature are like bankers in one respect, and like bakers in another. Like bankers, because they carry on business with a small capital of their own, and a very large one of other men's, and a *run* would be equally fatal to both. They are like bakers, because while the one manufactures his bread and the other his book, neither of them has had any hand in the production of that which forms the staple of his respective commodity.

XVII.

WITH the offspring of genius, the law of parturition is reversed ; the throes are in the conception, the pleasure in the birth.

XVIII.

AS no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

XIX.

WHEN dunces call us fools without proving us to be so, our best retort is to prove them to be fools without condescending to call them so.

XX.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

XXI.

HE that pleases himself without injuring his neighbour, is quite as likely to please half the world, as he who vainly strives to please the whole of it; he also stands a far better chance of a majority in his favour, since upon all equal divisions he will be fairly entitled to his own casting vote.

XXII.

I HAVE often heard it canvassed how far it would be beneficial that written speeches should be permitted to be read in our Houses of Parliament. Madame De Staël, who in the infancy of the French revolution, saw the consequences of written speeches developed before her eyes, has, with her usual discernment, set the question at rest, by deciding in favour of the system that excludes them. In the British Senate, she observes, it is a rule not to read a written speech, it must be spoken, so that the number of persons capable of addressing the House with effect is of necessity very small. But, she adds, as soon as permission is given to read either what we have written for ourselves, or what others have written for us, men of eminence are no longer the permanent leaders of an assembly, and thus we lose the great advantages of a free government, that of giving talent its place, and consequently of prompting all men to the improvement of their faculties.

XXIII.

WOMEN will pardon any offence rather than a neglect of their charms, and rejected love re-enters the female bosom with a hatred more implacable than that of Coriolanus, when he returned to Rome. In good truth we should have many Potiphars, were it not that Josephs are scarce. All Addison's address and integrity were found necessary to extricate him from a dilemma of this kind. The Marquiss Des Vardes fared not so well. Madame the Duchess of Orleans fell in love with him, although she knew

he was the gallant of Madame Soissons, her most intimate friend. She even went so far as to make a confidante of Madame Soissons, who not only agreed to give him up, but carried her extravagance so far as to send for the Marquis, and to release him, in the presence of Madame, from all his obligations, and to make him formally over to her. The Marquis Des Vardes deeming this to be only an artifice of gallantry to try how faithful he was in his amours, thought it most prudent to declare himself incapable of change, but in terms full of respect for Madame, but of passion for the Duchess. His ruin was determined upon from that moment, nor could his fidelity to the one, save him from the effects of that hatred his indifference had excited in the breast of the other. As a policiser, the marquis reasoned badly; for had he been right in his conclusion, it would have been no difficult matter for him, on the ladies discovering their plot, to have persuaded his first favourite that his heart was not in the thing, and that he had fallen into the snare, only from a deference to her commands; and if he were wrong in his conclusion, which was the case, women do not like a man the worse for having many favourites if he deserts them all for her; she fancies that she herself has the power of fixing the wanderer; that other women conquer like the Parthians, but that she herself, like the Romans, cannot only make conquests, but retain them.*

XXIV.

IN civil jurisprudence† it too often happens that there is so much law that there is no room for justice, and that the

* It follows upon the same principle that the converse of what has been offered above will also be true, and that women will pardon almost any extravagancies in the men, if they appear to have been the uncontrollable effects of an inordinate love and admiration. It is well known from the confession of Catharine herself, that Alexis Orloff, though at that time a common soldier in the guards, had the *hardiesse* to make the first advances to the Autocratix of all the Russias.

† Grievances of this kind are not likely to be speedily redressed, on many accounts, some of which I have elsewhere enumerated. There is

claimant expires of wrong, in the midst of right, as mariners die of thirst, in the midst of water.

XXV.

TOO high an appreciation of our own talents is the chief cause why experience preaches to us all in vain. Hence it happens, that both in public and in private life, we so constantly see men playing that very game at which they know that others have been ruined ; but they flatter themselves that they shall play it with more skill. The powerful are more deaf to the voice of experience, than their inferiors, from the very circumstances in which they are placed. Power multiplies flatterers, and flatterers multiply our delusions, by hiding us from ourselves. It is on this principle only, that we can account for such a reign as that of the Second Charles, treading so quickly upon that of the First. The former was restored to a throne that might be said to have been built out of the very materials that composed the scaffold of his father ! He converted it into an Altar of Bacchanalians, where he himself officiated as high priest of the orgies, while every principle of purity and of honour, were the costly victims that bedewed with libations, and bedizened with flowers, were led in disgusting splendour to the sacrifice.

an *esprit du corps* amongst lawyers which is carried to a greater height than in any other profession ; its force *here* is more prominent, because it is more effectual. Lawyers are the only civil delinquents whose judges must of necessity be chosen from themselves. Therefore the "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" is a more perplexing question with regard to them, than any other body of men. The fact is, that the whole Civil Code is now become a most unwieldy machine, without the least chance of being improved, for to those who manage its movements, its value rises in precise proportion to its complication, and to *them* it is most profitable, when it performs the least. This machine devours an immensity of paper in the shape of bank notes, and returns to its customers other paper in the shape of legal instruments and documents, from which on examination nothing can be learnt, except that the parties have been regularly ruined according to law.

XXVI.

HE that would thoroughly accomplish himself for the government of human affairs, should have a wisdom that can look forward into things that are present, and a learning that can look back into things that are past.* But the poring pedant, who will slake his thirst *only* from antiquity, will find that it abounds with wells so deep, that some of them were not worth the digging, and now so dark that they are not worth the descending; yet so dry withal, that he will come up more thirsty than he went down, with eyes blinded by the dust of time, and with lips unquenched by the living waters of truth. Wisdom, however, and learning, should go hand in hand, they are so beautifully qualified for mutual assistance. But it is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a mine, than to be the possessor of a mine without being rich.

XXVII.

WHEN we have lost a favourite horse or a dog, we usually endeavour to console ourselves, by the recollection of some bad qualities they happened to possess; and we are very apt to tranquillize our minds by similar reminiscences, on the death of those friends who have left us *nothing*.

XXVIII.

WHEN certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

XXIX.

WHY is it that we so constantly hear men complain-

* Some contend that the moderns have less strength than the ancients, but it would be nearer the truth, to insist that the moderns have less weakness; the muscularity of their mind on some points is not enfeebled by any rickety conformation on others, and this enables us to ascend the ladder of science, high enough to be on a level with the wisdom of our forefathers at some times, and above their errors at all times.

ing of their memory,* but none of their judgment; is it that they are less ashamed of a short memory, because they have heard that this is a failing of great wits, or is it because nothing is more common than a fool, with a strong memory, nor more rare than a man of sense with a weak judgment.

XXX.

AS the mean have a calculating avarice, that sometimes inclines them to give, so the magnanimous have a condescending generosity, than sometimes inclines them to receive.

XXXI.

PHILOSOPHY is to Poetry, what old age is to youth; and the stern truths of Philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one, as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.

XXXII.

NO reformation is so hazardous as that of retrenchment; it forces the corrupt to give a practical assent to a system which they outwardly extol, but inwardly execrate. Even the bright talent and still brighter integrity of M. Necker,† were not equal to the host of enemies which his inflexible adherence to economy had created around him. I was placed, says he, in a situation, where I was under the constant necessity of disobliging all those whom I knew, in

* Of all the faculties of the mind, memory is the first that flourishes, and the first that dies. Quintilian has said "*Quantum memoriæ tantum ingenii*;" but if this maxim were either true, or believed to be so, all men would be as satisfied with their memory, as they at present are with their judgment.

† So firm was the confidence reposed in this great man by the whole nation of France, that on his re-assumption of office, the French funds rose thirty per cent in one day. Had M. Necker had plenitude of power, or M. Mirabeau purity of principle, could the former have done what he would, or the latter what he could, in either case the French revolution had been prevented.

order to secure the interests of those whom I knew not. Even the ladies at court would demand pensions, says Madame De Staël, with as much confidence, as a Marshal of France would complain of being superseded. What, they would say, is three thousand livres to the king: three thousand livres, replied M. Necker, are the taxation of a village.

XXXIII.

SELFLOVE, in a well regulated breast, is as the steward of the household, superintending the expenditure, and seeing that benevolence herself should be prudential, in order to be permanent, by providing that the reservoir which feeds, should also be fed.

XXXIV.

SOME authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can persuade without being able to reason; some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light; and some in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dried. We should labour therefore, to treat with ease, of things that are difficult; with familiarity, of things that are novel; and with perspicacity, of things that are profound.

XXXV.

WHAT we conceive to be failings in others, are not unfrequently owing to some deficiencies in ourselves; thus plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; dull writers think all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty writers devoid of brilliance; old men can see nothing to admire in the present days; and yet former days were not better, but it is they themselves that have become worse.

XXXVI.

A THOROUGH paced Antiquarian not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think it proper to remember.

XXXVII.

SPEAKING, says Lord Bacon, makes a ready man, reading a full man, and writing a correct man. The first position perhaps is true. for those are often the most *ready* to speak, who have the least to say. But reading will not always make a full man, for the memories of some men are like the buckets of the daughters of Danae, and retain nothing; others have recollections like the bolters of a mill, that retain the chaff and let the flour escape; these men will have fulness, but it will be with the drawback of dulness. Neither will writing always accomplish what his Lordship has declared, otherwise some of our most voluminous writers, would put in their claim for correctness, to whom their readers would more justly award correction. But if we may be allowed to compare intellectual wealth to current, we may say that from a man's speaking, we may guess how much ready money he has; from his reading what legacies have been left him; and from his writing, how much he can sit down and draw for, on his banker.

XXXVIII.

DRUNKENNESS is the vice of a good constitution, or of a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

XXXIX.

TRUE goodness is not without that germ of greatness that can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant,

and the censures of the malignant. The approbation of God is her "*exceeding great reward*," and she would not debase a thing so precious, by an association with the contaminating plaudits of man.

XL.

WOMEN that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest ; and we are never more deceived, than when we would infer any laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanour, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to, to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own ; but it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armour, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

XLI.

WHAT Fontenelle said of cuckoldom, might *more* truly be said of fame ; it is nothing if you do not know it, and very little if you do. Nor does the similarity end here ; for in both cases, the principals, though first concerned, are usually the very parties that are last informed.

XLII.

AN ambassador* from Naples, once said of the young ladies of Paris, that they loved with their heads, and thought with their hearts ; and could the same ambassador

* This same ambassador was no disgrace to his corps, and some of his fraternity would not be the worse for a spice of his penetration : On being asked by a lady, how it happened that the women have so much political influence in France, but so little in England ? he replied, the reason is that men govern in France, but in England the Laws ; the women can influence the men, but they can have nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them.

now see a certain class of young gentlemen in London, he might as truly say of them, that they did neither, with either.

XLIII.

GOOD faith is the richest Exchequer of Princes, for the more it is drawn upon, the firmer it is, and its resources *increase*, with its payments. But a falsehood from Royal Lips, is to a nation, what the mistake of a signal is to an army: the word of a king is as a pharos to the mariner, to withhold his word is to withhold the light, but to give his word and not to fulfil it, is not only to withhold the true light, but to set up a false one.

XLIV.

WE pity those that have lost their eyes, because they admit their infirmity, are thankful for our assistance, and do not deny us that light which they themselves have lost. But it is far otherwise with the blindness of the mind, which, although it be a calamity far more deplorable, seldom obtains that full commiseration it deserves. The reason is, that the mentally blind too often claim to be sharp sighted, and in *one* respect are so, since they can perceive that in themselves which no one else can discover. Hence it happens that they are not only indignant at the proffered assistance of the enlightened, but most officiously obtrude their guidance upon them. Inflexibility, alas, is not confined to truth, nor inconstancy to error, and those who have the least pretensions to dogmatize, are not always those who have the least inclination to do so. It is upon such lamentable occasions as these, that the Scriptural Paradox has been carried to a still greater excess of absurdity, when the presumption of those that are blind, would insist upon leading *those that can see*.

XLV.

EVERY man, if he would be candid, and sum up

his own case, as impartially as he would that of his neighbour, would probably come to this conclusion, that he knows enough of others to be certain that he himself has enemies, and enough of himself, to be as certain that he deserves them. But we are dissatisfied, not so much with the quantum of the requital, as with the quarter from whence it comes, and are too apt to fancy that our punishment is not deserved, because it is not always inflicted precisely by the proper hand. But in as much as the bitter seeds of offence are sometimes sown without producing revenge, their proper harvest, so we also are not to wonder, if at other times the harvest should spring up, even where no seed has been sown.

XLVI.

GROSS and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent, for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

XLVII.

MARRIAGE is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than *the dinner*.

XLVIII.

THE freest possible scope should be given to all the opinions, discussions, and investigations of the learned ; if frail they will fall, if right they will remain ; like steam they are dangerous only when pent in, restricted, and confined. These discordancies in the moral world, like the *apparent* war of the elements in the natural, are the very means by which wisdom and truth are ultimately established in the one, and peace and harmony in the other.

XLIX.

GREAT examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy, for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds, as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand *pacific* ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss, the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.

L.

WHETHER we are fiddlers or philosophers we are equally puffed up by our acquirements, and equally vain of our art. But the fidler is more ingenuous than the philosopher, since he boldly places his own profession at the head of every other, and in all the self complacency of egotism exclaims "*one God, one Farrinelli.*" Perhaps he is right, for in both pursuits the value of the prize often consists solely in the difficulty of attaining it. But the philosopher, with as much arrogance as the fidler, has a trifle more of circumspection. Proud of being thought incapable of pride, he labours less to exalt his particular pursuit, than to lower those of his neighbours, and from the flimsiness of their structures, would slyly establish the solidity of his own. He would rather be the master of a hovel amidst ruins, than of a palace if confronted by piles of equal grandeur and dimensions. But pride is a paradoxical Proteus, eternally diverse yet ever the same; for Plato adopted a most magnificent mode of displaying his contempt for magnificence, while neglect would have restored Diogenes to common sense and clean linen, since he would have had no tub, from the moment he had no spectators. "Thus I trample," said Diogenes, "on the pride of Plato;" but, rejoined Plato, "with *greater pride, O Diogenes.*"

LI.

SO idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

LII.

CONTEMPORARIES* appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.

LIII.

WE shall at times chance upon men of profound and recondite acquirements, but whose qualifications, from the incommunicative and inactive habits of their owners, are as utterly useless to others, as though the possessors had them not. A person of this class may be compared to a fine chronometer, but which has no hands to its dial; both are constantly right, without correcting any that are wrong, and may be carried round the world without assisting one individual either in making a discovery, or taking an observation.

LIV.

Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν, know thyself, is a precept which we are informed descended from heaven, *a cælo descendit*, γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν. But the same authority has not been bold enough to affirm that it had yet reached the earth; and from all that we can observe, we might be pardoned for suspecting that this celestial maxim was *still on its journey*. The mind, like the eye, sees all things rather than itself, and philosophers, like travellers, are often far better informed as to what is going on *abroad* than at *home*. I blame not those who run to scale the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt, the cataracts of the Missouri, or the apex of Chimborasso; but

* Blair complains of the dearth of good Historians in *his* day; an era that could boast of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

if they would examine that which far surpasses, not only the artificial wonders of the old world, but the natural wonders of the new, they must return to themselves.

LV.

AS the mother tongue in which we converse, is the only language we *all* talk, though few are taught it, so the mother wit by which we act, is the only science we never learn: and yet we are all more or less obliged to practise it, although it is never heard of in the schools. The antient philosophers indeed scrutinized man in all his various bearings and connections, both as to his individual and social relations, as to his present capabilities, and future hopes. But although they have descanted so largely about him, and about him they have left us little that is satisfactory or conclusive, and one short sentence uttered by a despised and persecuted man in the streets of Jerusalem, perhaps, is worth it all. For truth is one, but error multifarious, since there may be a thousand opinions on any subject, but usually only one that is right. That these *sages of antiquity* wandered very far from the mark, may be collected from their glaring contradictions constantly of each other, and often of themselves. But like moles they were industrious, and like them they worked in the *dark*, fancied themselves very *deep*, when they were only a few inches beneath the surface, threw up a great deal of *rubbish*, and caused men to *stumble* and *trip*. Nevertheless they had so numerous an audience, that the common business of life ran a risk of being neglected for speculations upon it, and it was fortunate that some of these sages, not only walked barefoot themselves, but encouraged their followers to do the same; for logic had become far more cheap at Athens than leather, and syllogisms than shoes. But even this state of things had its portion of good; for he that knew not where to get a dinner, was in the highest state of practical discipline for a declamation on the advantages of temperance, and he that had no house over his head, might naturally be expected to surpass all others in his knowledge of the stars.

LVI.

THOSE who would draw conclusions unfavourable to Christianity from the circumstance that many believers have turned sceptics, but few sceptics, believers, have forgotten the answer of Arcesilaus, to one that asked him why many went from other sects to the Epicureans, but none from the Epicureans to the other sects;—Because, said he, of men, some are made Eunuchs, but of Eunuchs never any are made men. In matters of religion, it too often happens that belief goes before examination, and we take our creed from our nurse, but not our conviction. If the intellectual food should afterwards rise upon the stomach, it is because in this unnatural order of things, the act of swallowing has *preceded* the ceremony of tasting.

LVII.

FEW things are more destructive of the best interests of society, than the prevalent, but mistaken notion, that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud, in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it, on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves, than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest *with* success, requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest *without* success, requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty, than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects

it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those bye-paths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over, he will overreach, and those obstacles he cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the *filth* that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer. What then shall we say, that the rogue has *more* talent than the upright, let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man;—That *honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom*; since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times *more* difficult for knavery to *get off*; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no *other* reward, because they have heard that she is her *own*.

I.VIII.

IN all civilized communities, there must of necessity exist a small portion of society, who are in a great measure independent of public opinion. How then is this seeming advantage balanced in the great account? These privileged individuals surrounded by parasites, sycophants, and deceivers, too often become the willing victims of self-delusion, flattery, or design. Such persons commence by being their own masters, and finish by being their own slaves, the automata of passion, the Heliogaboli of excess, and the martyrs of disease. Undelighted amidst all delight, and joyless amidst all enjoyment, yet sateless in the very lap of satiety, they eventually receive the full measure of the punishment of their folly, their profligacy, or their vice; nay, they often suffer *more* than other men, not because they

are as amenable as their inferiors, but because they go greater lengths. Experience speaks to such in vain, and they sink deeper in the abyss, in precise proportion to the height from which they have plunged.

253.

LIX.

IT has been said, that we are much deceived, when we fancy that we "*can do without the world,*" and still more so when we presume that the world cannot do without us. Against the truth of the latter part of the proposition I have nothing to depose; but, to return to the first feature of the proposition, quoted above, I am inclined to think that we are independent, very much in proportion to the preference we give to intellectual and mental pleasures, and enjoyments, over those that are sensual, and corporeal. It is unfortunate, that although affluence cannot give this kind of independence, yet that poverty should have a tendency to withhold it, not indeed altogether, but in part. For it is not a more unusual sight to see a poor man who thinks, acts, and speaks for himself, than to see a rich man, who performs all these important functions at the will of another; and the only polite phrase I know of, which often means *more* than it says, is that which has been adopted as the conclusion of our epistles; where for the word *servant* might not unfrequently be substituted, that of *slave*.

LX.

IT is astonishing how parturescent is evil, and with what incestuous fertility the whole family of vice increase and multiply, by cohabiting amongst themselves. Thus if kings are tyrannical and oppressive, it is too often because subjects are servile and corrupt; in proportion to the cowardice of the ruled, is the cruelty of the ruler, and if he govern by threats and by bribes, rather than by justice and by mercy, it is because fear has a stronger influence over the base than love, and gain more weight with the mercenary,

than gratitude. Thus the gladiatorial shews of ancient Rome, brought upon the institutors of them, their own punishment; for cruelty begat cruelty. The tyrant exercised those barbarities on the people, which the people exercised upon the prisoner, and the slave; the physical value of man fell with his moral, and a contempt for the lives of others, was bred in all, by a familiarity with blood.

LXI.

AS we cannot judge of the motion of the earth, by any thing within the earth, but by some radiant and celestial point that is beyond it, so the wicked by comparing themselves with the wicked, perceive not how far they are advanced in their iniquity; to know precisely what lengths they have gone, they must fix their attention on some bright and exalted character that is not of them, but above them. When all moves equally (says Paschal) nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.

LXII.

THERE are two questions, one of which is the most important, and the other the most interesting that can possibly be proposed in language; Are we to live after death? and if we are—in what state? These are questions confined to no climate, creed, or community; the savage is as deeply interested in *them* as the sage, and they are of equal import under every meridian where there are men. I shall offer some considerations that have been decisive with me, on a subject that might well warrant a much larger demand than I shall make on the patience of my readers. Those who agree with me in drawing their hopes of immortality from the purest and the highest source, will not be offended at an

attempt to show, that on this most momentous question, the voice of reason re-echoes back the truths of Revelation, and that the calmest assent of philosophy coincides with the firmest conviction of faith. Many causes are now conspiring to increase the trunk of infidelity, but materialism is the main root of them all. Are we to live after death? and if we are, in what state? The second question evidently depends upon the first, for he that feels no conviction as to the *certainty* of a future life, will not be over-solicitous as to the *condition* of it; for to common minds the greatest things are diminished by *distance*, and they become evanescent, if to that distance be added *doubt*. But should the doubt of futurity introduce the denial of it, what must then be the result? all that endears us to our fellow men, and all that exalts us above them, will be swallowed up and lost, in the paltriness of the present, and the nothingness of now. The interests of society demand that a belief in a future state should be general; the probability of such a state, is confirmed by reason, and its certainty is affirmed by Revelation. I shall confine myself altogether to such proofs as philosophy and reason afford, and in so doing, I shall attack neither motives nor men. But if an argument can be proved to be false in its premises, absurd in its conclusions, and calamitous in its consequences, it must fall; we cannot desire it, because it has nothing to allure, and we cannot believe it, because it has nothing to convince.

The analogical* method of proof has very lately been

* Analogy is a powerful weapon, and like all instruments of that kind, is extremely dangerous in unskilful hands. The grounds of probability which this mode of reasoning affords, will be more or less firm in proportion to the length, the frequency, and the constancy, of the recurrence of the phenomena, on which the analogy itself is built. In some cases analogical proof may rise almost to mathematical certainty, as, when from the undeviating experience of the past, we anticipate the future, and affirm that the sun will rise to-morrow. On other occasions, where the phenomena have occurred at long and broken intervals, and with no regard to dates or periods, the analogical presumption of their recurrence will mount no higher than the lowest stage of proba-

resuscitated for the purpose of destroying the immortality of the soul. A bold and fresh attempt has been made to convert analogy into the $\Delta\omicron\varsigma$ $\pi\epsilon\iota\sigma\tau\omega$ of materialism, by the help of which, as by a lever, the Archimedes of scepticism may be enabled to overturn, not earth indeed, but heaven! Analogy has in fact supplied the *first* stone of the foundation, and that alone; but infidelity has reared the superstructure, with an industry as fertile of resource, and we might add, of *invention*, as that of the children of Israel, who continued to deliver in the tale of bricks, after the materials were denied. As much talent has been displayed in the support of these opinions which I am contributing my efforts to controvert, and as some of the positions on which the inferences are built, will be conceded, I think it right to commence, by observing, that falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and that no opinions so fatally mislead us, as those that are *not* wholly wrong, as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer, as those that are sometimes right.

The argument I contend against is this: "*The mind,*" (we are told) "*is infantile with the body, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated by disease, enfeebled in the decline of life, dozing in decrepitude, and annihilated by death.*" Now it so happens that out of all the positions which make the links in this formidable analogical chain, the *first* alone is universally true, and disturbed by *no* exceptions; the intermediate links are sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, and the last is mere assertion, wholly unsupported by proof. The uni-

bility, and will in no way affect the common concerns and business of life. It is on this principle that the inhabitants of Lisbon sleep securely in their beds, without any very disturbing perplexities on the probabilities of an earthquake. Where the phænomena occur with regularity, as in eclipses, mere distance of time does by no means invalidate the analogical proof, save and except that in consequence of the shortness of life, the verification of such phænomena, must be matter of testimony, rather than of experience. So powerful, however, is analogy, that in most disputes it has been courted as an ally by both parties; it has even sent arguments, as Switzerland troops, to both sides, and its artillery has at times by both been overcharged, until it has reacted upon themselves.

versal history of man, our own experience, and the testimony of others, are full of instances that clearly prove that the assertions which intervene between the first and the last, are as often false as they are true. And this is more than we want; for I must beg my reader's attention to this particular circumstance, namely, that *one* exception to *each* of the assertions advanced above, must necessarily be as fatal to the annihilating clause which is inferred from them, as one million. For if there be any force in that mode of argument which has been termed the *reductio ad absurdum*, it is evident that a single exception to each of the intermediate assertions, between the first position, and the last, forces the materialist upon the monstrous necessity of admitting two *discrete* orders of men, and that there is one law of existence for one description, and a second for another. For if we pursue the analogy no further than history, experience and observation warrant, and this is the only logical mode of pursuing it, we are then forced upon the absurdity mentioned above. For the only analogical chain which the facts authorise us to form is as follows: the mind is infantile with the body, it is *sometimes* manly in the adult, *sometimes* sick and debilitated by disease, *sometimes* enfeebled in the decline of life, *sometimes* doting in decrepitude, and *sometimes* annihilated by death!!!

But if the mind be only sometimes annihilated with the body, it must sometimes survive it; but an argument that would make one class of men mortal, and another immortal, by proving too much, proves nothing, and must fall by its own absurdity.

"*Circa Deos negligenter quippe addictus mathematicæ,*" is an accusation that is not, I fear, confined in the present day to any particular pursuit; for as there have been some mathematicians so devout as to fancy they have discovered the trinity in a triangle, so there are some anatomists who will *not* believe in the existence of a soul, because they have never yet been able to transfix it upon the point of their knife; and yet methinks there is one circumstance that ought

to lower the dogmatical confidence of the materialist, and this is, that mind happens to be the only thing on whose existence we can by intuition itself rely. We may go on heaping proof upon proof, and experiment upon experiment, to establish, as we suppose, the reality of matter, and after we have done all this, I know not of one satisfactory answer that we could give, to those who chose to affirm that with all our pains, we have only established the reality (not of matter, but) of sensation. We may also doubt about the existence of matter, as learnedly and as long as we please, as some have done before us, and yet we shall not establish the existence of matter by any such dubitations; but the moment we begin to doubt about the existence of mind, the very act of *doubting* proves it.

Another great source of error, in this most important of all questions, is the mistaking of a strong but inexplicable connection, for an inseparable identity. But, in the first place, I should humbly conceive that it is quite as unphilosophical to say that a lump of brain thinks, as that an eye sees; the one indeed ministers to thought, as the other to vision; for the eye, although it be necessary and subservient to vision, can, strictly speaking, no more be said to see, than a microscope or a telescope; it is indeed a finer instrument than either, but still an instrument, and capable of being assisted by both. This observation would apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to all of the senses, but I have selected that of vision, as the most refined. We all know that the two eyes paint *two* minute and *inverted* images of an object, upon the retina; having done this, they have done all that is expected of *them*. What power is it then that rectifies all the errors of this machinery, as to number, position, and size, and presents us with *one upright* object, in its just *dimensions* and *proportions*. All this is certainly not effected by the eyes, for a paralysis of the optic nerve instantly and totally destroys *their* powers, without in the slightest manner affecting their organization. The optic nerve then, it seems, and the eye, are *both* necessary to vision, but are

they *all* that is necessary? certainly not; because if we proceed a little farther we shall find that certain effects operating upon the brain, will completely and instantly destroy the powers of vision, the optic nerve and the eye both remaining unaltered, and undisturbed. How then are these effects produced; are their causes always mechanical as from pressure, or the violence of a blow? no, they are often morbid, the result of increased action, brought on by inflammation, or of diseased structure superinduced by abscess. But are there not causes neither morbid nor mechanical, that have been found capable of producing similar effects? yes—a few sounds acting on the tympanum of the ear, or a few black and small figures scribbled on a piece of white paper,* have been known to knock a man down as effectually as a sledge hammer, and to deprive him not only of vision, but even of life. Here then we have instances of mind acting upon matter, and I by no means affirm that matter does not also act upon mind; for to those who advocate the intimate connection between body and mind, these reciprocities of action are easily reconcileable; but this will be an insuperable difficulty to those who affirm the identity of mind and body, which however is not for us, but for those who maintain this doctrine, to overcome. But if mind be indeed so inseparably identified with matter, that the dissolution of the one must necessarily involve the destruction of the other, how comes it to pass that we so often see the body survive the mind in one man, and the mind survive the body in another. Why do they not agree to die together? How happened it that the body of Swift became for so many years the living tomb of his mind, and, as in *some* cases of paralysis, how are we to account for the phenomena of the body, reduced to the most deplorable and helpless debility, without any corresponding weakness or hebetation of the mind. Again, if the mind be indeed not the tenant of the corporeal dwelling, but an absolute and component part of the dwelling itself, where does the mysterious but *tangible* palladium of this temple reside? Where are we to go to find it, since *if material*, why can it

* See Mr. Rennells' Pamphlet.

not be felt, handled, and seen? but she resides, we are informed, in the inmost recesses of her sensorium the brain; a mere assertion that can never be proved; for if she doth indeed enlighten this little citadel, it is with a ray like that of those sepulchral lamps, which, the instant we discover, we destroy. But if we return to the evidence of facts, the dissections carried on by Morgagni, Haller, Bonnet and others, do most thoroughly and irrefutably establish one most important, and to me at least, consoling truth; that there is no part of the brain either cortical, or medullary, not even the pineal gland itself, that has not, in one instance or in another, been totally destroyed by disease, but without producing in the patient any corresponding alienation or hallucination of mind; in some cases without any suspicion of such disease during life, and without any discovery of it, until after death, by dissection.* But we shall be told, perhaps, that the thinking faculty may be something residing in the very centre of the pineal gland, but so minute as to survive the destruction even of that in which it is inclosed. The pineal gland does indeed contain a few particles of a schistous or gritty substance, but which, alas, prove little for the argument of him who would designate thought, to be nothing more than the result of a more curious and complicated organization; since these particles, on examination, turn out to be nothing more nor less than phosphate of lime!!!

And this intimate union between body and mind is in fact analogous to all that we see, and feel, and comprehend. Thus we observe that the material stimuli of alcohol, or of opium, act upon the mind, through the body, and that the moral stimuli of love, or of anger, act upon the body through the mind; these are reciprocities of action that establish the principle of connection between the two, but are fatal to that of an identity.

For those who would persuade us that the thinking faculty

* For an astounding collection of cases and authorities on this most interesting part of the subject, see the Quarterly Review, page 25 and 26. No. 43.—See also the excellent treatise of Dr. Burrows on Mania.

is an *identical* part of the body, matrescent *in* it, and dying *with* it, impose a very heavy task upon themselves; and if we consider the insuperable difficulties of their creed on the one hand, and the air of conviction with which they defend it on the other, we are perhaps justified in affirming that these men are the very last persons in the universe, to whom the name of *sceptic* ought to be applied; but a dogmatic doubter, although it may be a something beyond our philosophy, is too often *not* beyond our observation. We, I repeat, contend for a strong but inexplicable *connection* between body and mind; and upon this principle all the sympathies of mutual pleasure and of pain, and all the reciprocities of rest and of action, are both natural, and intelligible. But those who advocate the *identity* of the body, and of the mind, will find that they have embraced a theory surrounded by facts that oppose it at every point, facts which their system will neither enable them to explain, nor their experience to deny. For does not every passion of the mind act directly primarily, and as it were *per se* upon the body; with greater or with lesser influence in proportion to their force. Does not the activity belong on this occasion to the mind, and the mere passiveness to the body; does not the quickened circulation *follow* the anger, the *start* the surprise, and the swoon the sorrow. Do not these instances, and a thousand others, clearly convince us that priority of action *here* belongs to the mind, and not to the body, and those who deny this are reduced to the ridiculous absurdity of attempting to prove that a man is frightened because he runs away, not that he runs away because he is frightened, and that the motion produces the terror, not the terror the motion, a kind of logic this that would become a Falstaff much better than a philosopher. Again, is not mania* produced

* I shall insert a note from Dr. John Armstrong on Fever, p. 478, which those who only look at will think too long, but those who *read* will think too short.

"It will have been perceived, that I consider insanity as the effect of some disorder in the circulation, whether produced by agencies of a cor-

by *moral* causes, quite as often as by physical, and has not that mode of cure succeeded best, which was instituted with a reference to this cause. On examination, after death, of those who have laboured under chronic mania, it most

pooreal or mental nature. It might be shown by familiar facts, that the brain is the principal organ through which the operations of the mind are performed ; and it does not, as many have supposed, necessarily involve the doctrine of materialism to affirm, that certain disorders of that organ are capable of disturbing those operations. If the most skilful musician in the world were placed before an unstrung or broken instrument, he could not produce the harmony which he was accustomed to do when that instrument was perfect, nay on the contrary, the sounds would be discordant ; and yet it would be manifestly most illogical to conclude, from such an effect, that the powers of the musician were impaired, since they merely appeared to be so from the imperfection of the instrument. Now what the instrument is to the musician, the brain may be to the mind, for aught we know to the contrary ; and to pursue the figure, as the musician has an existence distinct from that of the instrument, so the mind may have an existence distinct from that of the brain ; for in truth we have no proof whatever of mind being a property dependant upon any arrangement of matter. We perceive, indeed, the properties of matter wonderfully modified in the various things of the universe, which strike our senses with the force of their sublimity or beauty ; but in all these we recognize certain radical and common properties, that bear no conceivable relation to those mysterious capacities of thought and of feeling, referable to that something which, to designate and distinguish from matter, we term mind. In this way, I conceive, the common sense of mankind has made the distinction which every where obtains between mind and matter, for it is natural to conclude, that the essence of mind may be distinct from the essence of matter, as the operations of the one are so distinct from the properties of the other. But when we say that mind is immaterial, we only mean that it has not the properties of matter ; for the consciousness which informs us of the operations, does not reveal the abstract nature of mind, neither do the properties reveal the essence of matter. When any one, therefore, asserts the materiality of mind he presupposes, that the phenomena of matter clearly show the real cause of mind, which as they do not, he unphilosophically places his argument on an assumption ; and his ground or reasoning is equally gratuitous—when he contends, that mind is an attribute of matter, because it is never known to operate but in conjunction with matter, for though this connection is constantly displayed, yet we have no direct proof of its being necessary.”

usually happens that no difference of structure is perceptible in the brain, on dissection. If, however, in some few instances there has been a perceptible difference, will not a retrospection to the *mental* origin of the malady, justly warrant us in asserting that the derangement of structure *was* not the cause, but is the consequence of the disease. That so many instances should occur where no such difference of structure is perceptible, is analogous to what so often happens in other disorders, where a total functional derangement is unaccompanied by the slightest organic destruction.

It is admitted that each and every component particle of the body is changed in the course of twenty years, and that corporeal identity is by these means so totally destroyed, that a man who lives to sixty shall have gradually received three distinct bodies, the last of which shall not contain one individual atom that composed the first. But those who would persuade us that mind is an absolute and component part of the body, so completely ingrafted as it were and incorporated with it, that the thinking faculty is only the result of a more curious and complicated organization, must admit, that the mind must sympathize not partially, but wholly with these changes of the body, changes so powerful that they must effect the total destruction of moral identity, as they certainly do of that which is corporeal. The materialist must admit this absurdity, as his only means of escaping a greater, namely, that a whole shall not be altered, notwithstanding a total change of all the parts that composed it. If indeed the materialist is inclined to admit that these changes do alter the body, but not the mind, then indeed he admits that which is true; but truth itself may be bought too dear, in the opinion of some, if the confession of their defeat be the price; but the admission alluded to above, is in fact all the concession for which we contend, namely, that body and mind, although they are *united*, are also *distinct*. In a former part of this argument, I have admitted that the proposition that the mind is infantile with the body, is a general rule disturbed by no exceptions. But this truism,

I presume, will perform but little, either for the materialist, or against him, because the terms are convertible. The mind is infantile with the body, says the materialist; but has not the immaterialist quite as much reason on his side, should he feel inclined to assert that the "*body is infantile with the mind?*" For observe, we do not contend that the mind has no beginning, but that it shall have no end, and it appears that the body is appointed to be the first stage of its existence. Therefore I should rather affirm that the body is infantile with the mind, than that the mind is infantile with the body, and that a fuller and stronger demonstration of all the powers and faculties of the mind evinces itself in proportion as a more matured developement of the organs of the body, enables it passively to receive the impressions, and actively to execute the sovereign volitions of the mind. And in confirmation of this mode of considering the subject, we may observe that children often have a tolerable idea of the thing desired or feared, long before they are able to express the term by which it is described. The mind precedes the tongue, and the effort and wish to speak evinces itself much earlier than the power to do so. The distinguishing and endearing characteristics of mother are sufficiently understood by the infant, long before it can call her by name; and the infantile mind is not without a thousand modes of expressing its feelings, long before the lagging organs of the body are sufficiently developed to accomplish the articulation of them.

But if mind be material, it must be both extended and divisible, for these are properties inseparable from matter. But the absurdity of such a supposition startled even the boldest of sceptics, because he happened also to be the most acute; I shall therefore quote a passage from Mr. Hume, who will be allowed by materialists at least, to be an orthodox authority. "There is one argument (says he) commonly employed for the immateriality of the soul, which seems to be remarkable; whatever is extended consists of parts, and whatever consists of parts is divisible, if not in reality, at least in

the imagination. But it is impossible any thing divisible can be conjoined to a thought or a perception, which is a being altogether inseparable and indivisible. For, supposing such a conjunction, would the indivisible thought exist on the left hand, or on the right of this extended divisible body, on the surface, or in the middle, on the back or foreside of it? if it be conjoined with the extension, it must exist somewhere within its dimensions. If it exist within its dimensions, it must either exist in one particular part, and then that particular part is indivisible, and the perception is conjoined only with it, not with the extension: or if the thought exists in every part, it must also be extended and separable, and divisible as well as the body; which is utterly absurd and contradictory. For can any one conceive *a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth and an inch in thickness? Thought therefore and extension are qualities wholly incompatible, and can never incorporate together into one subject.*" Mr. Hume seems to have been so fully convinced by the positions which this argument contains, that he has laboured to push its conclusions even up to the establishment of that celebrated paradox so formally laid down, and so stoutly defended by him. *This maxim* (to use again his own words,) is that an object may exist, and yet be no where, and I assert (says he) that this is not only possible, but that the greatest part of beings (by which he afterwards gives us to understand he means impressions and ideas) *do and must exist after this manner.* "A moral reflection (says he) cannot be placed either on the right or on the left hand of a passion, nor can a smell or a sound be either of a circular or square figure. These objects and perceptions so far from requiring any particular place, are absolutely incompatible with it, and even the imagination cannot attribute it to them."

These passages prove that materialists will sometimes find Mr. Hume to be a very dangerous ally. Again, all mind is conscious of its own existence; but if mind be material, matter must be conscious of its own existence too; for this consciousness is inseparable from mind, and if mind be com-

posed of matter, that which is inseparable from the one, cannot be denied to the other. These are some of the absurdities which the *capacious credulity of infidelity*, and the *bold belief of unbelievers*, will find it more easy to swallow, than to digest. It has been urged by some, that a total though temporal suspension of the thinking faculty takes place during sleep, and that a faculty that may be suspended, may also be destroyed. But it is evident that this again must be mere assertion that can never be proved; on the contrary dreams go to prove that there are seasons where the thinking faculty is not suspended by sleep; but since it is manifest that sleep cannot suspend it at all times, it may not suspend it any time. We have recollections of mental operations going on during sleep, which recollections are extremely vivid, on some occasions, and on some occasions equally faint and confused. These recollections vary from reality, almost down to nothingness, and these recollections we term a dream. But these operations of the thinking faculty may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been going on during sleep, unaccompanied by any after recollection of them when awake; and the gradations of distinctness with which we recollect our dreams, are confirmatory of such an hypothesis. But I conceive analogy will also assist us here; for I would ask one simple question with respect to our waking thoughts; have we not all forgot more of them than we remember? and yet none of us, I presume, are prepared to deny the existence of these thoughts on such a ground. To those who prefer a shorter mode of putting the argument, I would say that our apprehension of the operation of thought is not necessary to the existence of it; but that its existence is absolutely necessary to our apprehension of it.

But if mind be indeed material, what has death to do with the annihilation of it? for death has no such power over matter. But we are told that "*the thinking faculty is nothing more than the result of a more curious and complicated organization.*" Yet what is this, but an attempt to illustrate that which is obscure, by an explanation which is

more so. Can we, for one moment, believe that a mere juxtaposition of parts is able to convey the highest activity and energy, to *that* whose very essence it is, to be, on all other occasions, of all created things, the most inactive and inert. If we request the materialist to explain this kind of *hocus pocus*, I suspect he can only do it by repeating *hoc est corpus*, the well known etymology of the term. In a former part of this article, I have quoted a passage from Mr. Hume; the passage occurs in a work which he afterwards apologized for, and requested that the public would not consider it as containing his more matured philosophical opinions. He embodied, however, a great part of this work afterwards into his essays, against which he enters no such *caveat*; and it is known that he himself considered these essays his masterpiece, and in them the positions contained in the article I have quoted, are repeatedly referred to, and confirmed. In these essays the following passage occurs: "Is there any principle in all nature more mysterious than the union of soul with body; by which a supposed spiritual substance acquires such an influence over a material one, that the most refined thought is able to actuate the grossest matter? were we empowered by a secret wish, to remove mountains, or control the planets in their orbit, this extensive authority would not be more extraordinary, nor more beyond our apprehension." How unfortunate was Mr. Hume that he did not live in this *enlightened age*; when he might have been informed that this most inexplicable phænomenon was, after all, the result of the most *simple* contrivance, arising from nothing more nor less than a very slight alteration in the juxtaposition of a few particles of matter!! for the *thinking faculty* (we hear) is *only the result of a more curious and complicated organization!* Nature, then, it would seem, no less than art, has her *cups*, and her *balls*, and a small portion of matter thrown into the inside of a little *globe of bone*, acquires properties and powers diametrically opposite to all those, which on the *outside* of it, it has been ascertained invariably to possess. Neither does that gulph of

insurmountable ignorance, under which we labour as to the nature of this mysterious union of body with mind, invalidate in the slightest degree the proofs of its existence; for no one, I presume, will be hardy enough to deny the existence of life, and yet the union of life with body is quite as inexplicable as the union of mind, superadded to both. Let us then be as candid in the one case, as in the other, and apply the same reasoning to mind, that we have all consented to, with regard to life. Let us affirm of both of them, that we know nothing of either, *but by their effects*, which effects, however, do most fully and firmly establish their existence.

If indeed that marvellous microcosm man, with all the costly cargo of his faculties and powers, were indeed a rich Argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who amongst us that tolerate the present only from the hope of the future, who that have any aspirings of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to submit to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage? as to the common and the sensual herd, who would be glad, perhaps, under *any* terms, to sweat and groan beneath the load of life, they would find that the creed of the materialist, would only give a fuller swing to the suicidal energies of a selfism as unprincipled as unrelenting; a selfism that would not only make that *giftless gift* of life a boon the most difficult to preserve, but would at the same time render it wholly unworthy of the task and the trouble of its preservation. Knowledge herself, that fairest daughter of heaven, would be immediately transformed into a changeling of hell; the brightest reason would be the blackest curse, and weakness more salutary than strength; for the villainy of man would increase with the depravity of his will, and the depravity of his will, with every augmentation of his power. The force of intellect imparted to that which was corrupt, would be like the destructive energies communicated by an earthquake, to that which is inert; where even things inanimate, as rocks and mountains, seem endowed with a momentary impulse of motion and of life, only to overwhelm, to destroy and to be

destroyed. Justice is usually depicted as having no eyes, but holding a sword in the one hand, and a pair of scales in the other.* But under a system that destroyed the awful obligations of an oath, what could justice weigh? she must renounce her scales, and apply both her hands to the sword;

* The awful importance of the above article must excuse the length of it, and to show that I am not singular in my view of its scope, and bearings, I shall finish by a quotation from a work just published, which has many readers, and will certainly have more. "But there is another more important relation in which the mind is still to be viewed,—that relation which connects it with the Almighty Being to whom it owes its existence. Is man, whose frail generations begin and pass away, but one of the links of an infinite chain of beings like himself, uncaused, and co-eternal with that self-existing world of which he is the feeble tenant? or, Is he the offspring of an all-creating Power, that adapted *him* to *nature*, and *nature* to *him*, formed, together with the magnificent scene of things around him, to enjoy its blessings, and to adore, with the gratitude of happiness, the wisdom and goodness from which they flow? What attributes, of a Being so transcendent, may human reason presume to explore? and, What homage will be most suitable to his immensity, and our nothingness? Is it only for an existence of a few moments, in this passing scene, that he has formed us? or, Is there something within us, over which death has no power,—something, that prolongs and identifies the consciousness of all which we have done on earth, and that, after the mortality of the body, may yet be a subject of the moral government of God? When compared with these questions, even the sublimest physical inquiries are comparatively insignificant. They seem to differ, as it has been said, in their relative importance and dignity, almost as philosophy itself differs from the mechanical arts that are subservient to it. 'Quantum inter philosophiam interest,—et cæteras artes; tantum interesse existimo in ipsa philosophia, inter illam partem quæ ad homines et hanc quæ ad Deos spectat. Altior est hæc et animosior: multum permisit sibi; non fuit oculis contenta. Majus esse quiddam suspicata est, ac pulchrius, quod extra conspectum natura posuisset.'" It is when ascending to these sublimer objects, that the mind seems to expand, as if already shaking off its earthly fetters, and returning to its source; and it is scarcely too much to say, that the delight which it thus takes in things divine is an internal evidence of its own divinity. 'Cum illa tetigit, alitur, crescit: ac velut vinculis liberatus, in originem redit. Et hoc habet argumentum divinitatis suæ, quod illam divina delectant.' *Vide Introduction to Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

and it would be a bloody sword, strong indeed to exterminate, but feeble to correct. As to Justice herself, she would not only be more blind than Polyphemus, but she would also want more hands than Briareus, to enable her to combat the Hydra-headed monster of crime !

LXIII.

THERE are some characters who appear to superficial observers to be full of contradiction, change, and inconsistency, and yet they that are in the secret of what such persons are driving at, know that they are the very reverse of what they appear to be, and that they have one single object in view, to which they as pertinaciously adhere, through every circumstance of change, as the hound to the hare, through all her mazes and doublings. We know that a windmill is eternally at work to accomplish one end, although it shifts with every variation of the weathercock, and assumes ten different positions in a day.

LXIV.

THERE is nothing that requires so strict an œconomy as our benevolence. We should husband our means as the agriculturist his manure, which if he spread over too large a superficies produces no crop, if over too small a surface, exuberates in rankness and in weeds.

LXV.

THE women are satisfied with less than the men ; and yet, notwithstanding this, they are less easily satisfied. In the first place—preference and precedence are indispensable articles with them, if we would have our favours graciously received ; they look moreover to the mode, the manner, and the address, rather than to the value of the obligation, and estimate it more by the time, the cost, and the trouble we may have expended upon it, than by its intrinsic worth. Attention is ever current coin with the ladies, and they

weigh the heart much more scrupulously than the hand. A wealthy suitor purchases a watch for his idol, studded with gems, an artificer *makes* a far less costly one for his favourite, and I need not add which will be most propitiously received, since there will be one person at least, in the world, who will be certain that during the whole process of the fabrication of the present, the donor was thinking of her for whom it was designed.

LXVI.

PRIDE differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable.* Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that *we do actually possess*; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied and can extract a feeling of self-complacency, from qualifications that are *imaginary*. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many, and to the moment, pride to the future, and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself, he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his preten-

* See a very short and acute distinction between Pride and Vanity in an Analytical Dictionary on a novel and very ingenious plan by Mr. David Booth.

sions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt* which cancels all others, shall have been paid.

LXVII.

FEW things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no cause so effectually restrains us from revenge, as self-love. And this paradox naturally suggests another,—that the strength of the community is not unfrequently built upon the weakness of those individuals that compose it; a position not quite so clear as the first, but I conceive equally tenable and true. We receive an injury, and we are so constituted that the first consideration with most of us is revenge. If we happen to be kings, or prime ministers, we go straight forward to work, unless indeed it should happen that those that have inflicted the injury are as powerful as those that have received it. It is fortunate, however, for the interests of society, that the great mass of mankind are neither kings, nor prime ministers, and that men are so impotent that they can seldom bring evil upon others, without more or less of danger to themselves. Thus then it is that public strength, security, and confidence grow out of private weakness, danger, and fear. These considerations have given rise to this saying, “*It is better to quarrel with a knave than with a fool,*” for with the latter all consideration of consequences to himself, is swallowed up and lost in the blind and brutal impulse that goads him on to bring evil upon another. We hate our enemy much, but we

love ourselves more. We have been injured, but we will not avail ourselves of the legal means of redress, because of the *certain* expence and trouble, and the uncertain success; neither will we resort to illegal modes of retaliation, because we will not run the risk of the mortification, the disgrace, and the danger of a discovery. For it is as difficult for revenge to act, without exciting suspicion, as for a rattlesnake to stir without making a noise. The result is that we are quiet, and self-love is made to correct its own violence, as a steam engine its own velocity, and the fear of danger effects for the one, what the *safety-valve* accomplishes for the other. And it is highly necessary that things should be so, for retaliation aggravates resentment, and resentment produces fresh retaliation; Therefore were there nothing to restrain these causes from acting reciprocally upon each other, the destruction of all society must be the consequence, and a conflagration would be excited in the moral world, like that which is observable in the natural, where the fire increases the wind, and the wind increases the fire.

LXVIII.

IN the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as Death. Some have styled him the King of Terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of kings; others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him the end of all evil. He has been vilified as the cause of anguish, consternation, and despair, but these, alas, are things that appertain not unto death, but unto life. How strange a paradox is this, we love the distemper, and loathe the remedy, preferring the fiercest buffetings of the hurricane, to the tranquillity of the harbour. The poet has lent his fictions, the painter his colours, the orator his tropes to pourtray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades; but can he be called a destroyer? who for a perishable state,

gives us that which is eternal ; can he be styled the enemy ? who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest ; can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades ? who destroys that which is transient and temporary, to establish that which alone is real and fixed. And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia with which we surround him, the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcase, and the slimy worm ? These indeed are the idle fears and empty terrors not of the dead, but of the living. The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it ; but if they are rugged they are short, and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life, be it so, if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own ; or he summons us late ; the call is a reprieve rather than a sentence, for who would wish to sit at the board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure. Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power, could they sentence them to life. Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death ; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death, is a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then like centinels be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate, and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

LXIX.

AS in the game of billiards, the balls are constantly producing effects from mere chance, which the most skilful player could neither execute, nor foresee, but which when they *do* happen, serve mainly to teach him how much he has still to learn, so it is in the more profound and complicated game of politics, and diplomacy. In both cases, we can only regulate our play, by what we have seen, rather than by what we have hoped, and by what we have experienced, rather than by what we have expected. For one character that appears on the theatre of human affairs that can rule events, there are ten thousand that can follow* them,

* It is astonishing how many men the French Revolution obliged to be great, even in spite of themselves; events hurried on the political machine with such tremendous rapidity, that the passengers were compelled to travel not only faster, but farther than they had bargained for; most of them would very gladly have given up their *places*, had it not been more dangerous to jump out, even than it was to remain. There are four men who might have written the most interesting volumes that ever were bequeathed to posterity, could we only insure two things, that their own egotism would permit them to be candid, or that "*the Powers that be*" would permit their details to be read. Of the men I allude to, one is no more, and three remain—Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Sieyes, and Carnot. Such men as Talleyrand, Sieyes, Mazarin, Richlieu, and De Retz, go to prove that what Lord Chatham termed the College of Fishermen, had very different views of their vocation, from the College of Cardinals, and infallibility itself must prove itself fallible, the instant it sets about to reconcile the career of these men, with the life, and doctrine of him who expressly said,—"*My kingdom is not of this world.*" "*Be ye not called Rabbi.*" I shall finish this note with a quotation from the text and notes of "*Hypocrisy*," as the passage contains an anecdote of Sieyes, and an application of some lines of Juvenal to him, which have been thought happy, but the reader must judge.

As Sieyes shrewd, who in the direst times,
When Paris reeked with cruelties and crimes,
By turns ruled All;—and as each Colleague bled,
Contrived,—no trifling task,—to wear a head;
Though favourites daily fell, dragged forth to die
Unheard, or ere their plaizter Busts were dry.

Dr. Moore, father of the gallant General, was at Paris on the break-

sometimes with more success than these master-minds, always with more safety. He that undertakes to guide the vessel, may at last be swept away from the helm, by the hurricane; while those who have battened themselves down, determined to follow the fate of their vessel, rather than to guide it, may arrive safe on the shore. Fortune like other females, prefers a lover to a master, and submits with impatience to control; but he that woos her with opportunity, and importunity, will seldom court her in vain.

LXX.

IT is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it; and as misers often lose large sums of money in attempting to make more, so do hypochondriacs squander large sums of time in search of nostrums by which they vainly hope they may get more time to squander. Thus the diurnals give us ten thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well, and hence the use of

ing out of the Revolution. He wished to purchase a few of the busts of those Demagogues who had, each in their turn, strutted their hour on that bloody stage. "Ah Sir!" exclaimed the artist, "our's has been a losing trade of late; as the real heads have often taken leave of the shoulders of their owners, before the *artificial* ones, which we were modelling, could be exhibited for sale. It then became as dangerous to have them, as before it was to be without them. But here, Sir," said he, handing him the bust of the Abbe Sieyes, "here is a head that has not yet quarrelled with its shoulders. This head in some degree makes up for what we have lost by its companions; it is in great request still, and *sells well*."

The Abbé has lately had much *leisure* time upon his hands; may we indulge the hope that he has employed it in preparing the history of his own times? If to this delicate task he would bring the honesty of Burnet, without his credulity, he might bequeath to posterity the most interesting volume that ever was written.—ΚΤΗΡΑ ΟΣ ΑΙΟΙ.

For some account of the *present* state of this extraordinary man, see the following quotation from Juvenal.

"Venit et Crispi jucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite

that present which we have, is thrown away in idle schemes of how we shall abuse that future we may not have. No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years, in forty;—let him rise early, that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day, by determining to expend it on *two* sorts of acquaintance only, those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learnt.

LXXI.

THE rich patient cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician the rich patient; and it is rather paradoxical that the rapid recovery of the one, usually depends upon the procrastinated disorder of the other. Some persons will tell you, with an air of the miraculous, that they recovered *although* they were given over, whereas they might with more reason have said, they recovered *because* they were given over.

LXXII.

THE most adroit flattery is that which counterfeits a resentment at hearing our darling opinions so sturdily attacked, yet counterfeits it, only to bestow the meed of a victory wrested from us, as we pretend, by the more forcible weapons of our opponent.

Ingenium.—*Maria ac terras populosque regenti,
Quis comes utilior? Si clade et Peste sub illa
Sævitiâ damnare, et honestum afferre liceret
Consilium; sed quid Violentius aure Tyranni?
Ille igitur, nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem; nec civis erat qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
Sic, multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
Solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula."*

LXXIII.

IF a legislator were to transport the robbed, but to encourage and reward the robber, ought we to wonder if felonies were frequent? and in like manner, when women send the seduced to Coventry, but countenance and even court the seducer, ought we not to wonder if seductions were scarce?

LXXIV.

WE usually prefer ourselves, to our revenge; but there are cases where we prefer our revenge to ourselves. This reflection ought to make us extremely cautious how we too deeply injure another; for revenge is a dreadful engine, even in the feeblest hands; and as there are injuries which make life a burthen, can we wonder if that burthen be got rid of, by the very act that also set us even with our enemy.

LXXV.

THERE is a very cunning flattery, which great minds sometimes pay themselves, by condescending to admire efforts corresponding with, but vastly inferior to their own. This will help a close observer to account for a vast deal of otherwise unaccountable flummery, that is hawked about in the market of fame, but very cheap like all other articles, that are so doubly unfortunate as to be not only stale, but a glut.

LXXVI.

THE conduct of corporate bodies sometimes would incline one to suspect that criminality is, with them, a matter of calculation, rather than of conscience, since the individuals that compose these bodies, provided they can only *divide* the weight of the odium attached to an obnoxious

measure, have no objection to the full weight of the profit, and the whole weight of the guilt. I have heard of a plain countryman who had occasion to renew a fine in a certain diocese. He waited on every individual of the chapter separately, they were vastly civil; one gave him brandy, another beer, a third wine, a fourth Hollands, and so on. On the day following he appeared before them in their corporate capacity, when he found a terrible metamorphosis had taken place, and it was not without difficulty he could persuade himself they were the same men. Having concluded a very hard bargain, gentlemen, said our rustic, I can compare yca to nothing but the good cheer I received at your houses yesterday; taken separately, you are excellent, but mix you together, and you are a mess for the D——l.

LXXVII.

AS the next thing to having wisdom ourselves, is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves, is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number.

LXXVIII.

THE idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous *visitations* they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to the honor of his visit, solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it, amongst all his acquaintance.

LXXIX.

THE priest should be careful not to act the reverse of the physician, and in two most important points. The physician renders the most nauseous prescription palatable, by the elegance of its preparation, and the winning suavity with which it is recommended ; whereas the priest may possibly render a most refreshing cordial disgusting, by the injudicious addition of his own compounds, and the ungracious manner with which they are administered.

LXXX.

THE character of a people is raised, when little bickerings at home, are made to give way to great events that are developing themselves abroad ; but the character of a people is degraded, when they are blinded as to measures of the greatest moment abroad, by paltry jealousies at home.

LXXXI.

A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second ; but I should suspect his emptiness, if he carried on his reserve to a third.

LXXXII.

OUR vanity often inclines us to impute not only our successes, but even our disappointments, to causes personal, and strictly confined to ourselves, when nevertheless the effects may have been removed from the supposed cause, far as the poles asunder. A zealous, and in his way a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had

already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large, but to a practised eye, the deduction of even one was perceptible. What keeps our friend farmer B. away from us? was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. I have not seen him amongst us, continued he, this three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away. "No, your honour," replied the clerk, "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism! God forbid it should be Deism." "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Deism! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism!" "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism! impossible; nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes it is, your honour—it is *Rheumatism!*"

LXXXIII.

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love; but love, in friendship—never.

LXXXIV.

TO marry a rake, in the hope of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman, in the hope of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments; and yet I know a lady who fancies she has succeeded in the one, and all the world knows a divine who really has succeeded in the other.

LXXXV.

TO write to please the lowest, few would; to write to please the highest, fewer can; we must either stoop to the ignorance of the one, or surmount the envy of the other. Let us then strive to steer between them, if we would consult both our fortune and our fame. In the middle classes there is a measure of judgment fully equal to any demands we can make upon it—a judgment not too fastidious from

vanity, nor too insensible, from ignorance ; and he that can balance the centre, may not be fearful as to the two extremes. Were one half of the world philosophers, and the other, fools, I would either not have written these pages, or having written—burnt them.

LXXXVI.

IT is a curious paradox, that precisely in proportion to our own intellectual weakness, will be our credulity as to those mysterious powers assumed by others ; and in those regions of darkness and ignorance where man cannot effect even those things that are within the power of man, there we shall ever find that a blind belief in feats that are far beyond those powers, has taken the deepest root in the minds of the deceived, and produced the richest harvest to the knavery of the deceiver. An impostor that would starve in Edinburgh, might luxuriate in his Gynæceum at Constantinople. But the more we know as to those things that can be done, the more sceptical do we become, as to all things that cannot. Hence it is that no man thinks so meanly of a prime minister, as his private secretary, nor so humbly of a conjuror, as his own zany ; hence it is that no men have so little confidence in medicine, as physicians, nor in works of supererogation, as monks ; notwithstanding both respectively prescribe each, to others. And the converse of this proposition, being perhaps equally true, it then affords the same kind of conviction to the philosopher, that the joint proof of synthesis and analysis doth to the chemist. And we might transpose, for brevity, the proposition thus—the *less* we know as to things that can be done, the *less* sceptical are we as to things that cannot. Hence it is that sailors and gamblers, though not over remarkable for their devotion, are even proverbial for their superstition ; the solution of this phenomena is, that both these descriptions of men have so much to do with things beyond all possibility of being reduced either to rule, or to reason,—the winds

and the waves,---and the decisions of the dice-box. The gambler, indeed, abounds in two of the cardinal virtues---Faith and Hope; but as he lamentably fails in Charity, which is greater than these---He is nothing.

LXXXVII.

THOSE that are teaching the people to read, are doing all that in them lies to increase the power, and to extend the influence of those that can write;* for the child will read to please the master, but the man, to please himself.

* This question would require a volume, and all I shall observe upon it here, is, that a state of half knowledge in the lower orders, is far more dangerous to the tranquillity of a government, than a state of ignorance; for those that can see a little will submit to be led, far less readily than those that are blind, and the little glimmering such have, does not enable them to distinguish between the false light of the demagogue, and the true light of the patriot; between him who means their good, and him that means his own. But in spite of this, I am still an advocate for enlightening the people, notwithstanding this middle point must be passed in doing it; but it is a stage in the progress of a nation requiring not only much of firmness, but much of concession too, on the part of the rulers. In fact, I know of no political problem where the adjustment of the balance of the *suaviter* and the *fortiter* is so nice, and at the same time so necessary. I shall make no apology for quoting here the words of a learned foreigner, in his Preface of a most valuable work, addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister of England. "True and extensive knowledge never was, and never can be, hurtful to the peace of society. It is ignorance, or which is far worse than ignorance, false knowledge, that is chiefly terrible to states. They are the furious, the ill-taught, the blind, and misguided, that are prone to be seized with groundless fears, and unprovoked resentments; to be raised by incendiaries, and to rush desperately on to sedition, and acts of rage. Subjects that are most knowing, and best informed, are ever most peaceable and loyal. Whereas the loyalty and obedience of such, whose understandings extend not beyond names and sounds, will be always precarious, and can never be thoroughly relied upon, whilst any turbulent or artful men can by din and clamour, and the continual application of those sounds intoxicate and inflame them even to madness; can make them believe themselves undone, though nothing can hurt them; think

LXXXVIII.

THE greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

LXXXIX.

IF you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be your's.

XC.

THERE are many dogs that have never killed their own mutton ; but very few who having begun, have stopped. And there are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gamed ; but those who have done either but *once*, are very extraordinary animals, and more

they are oppressed, when they are best protected ; and can drive them into riots and rebellion, without the excuse of one real grievance. It will always be easy to raise a mist before eyes that are already dark, and it is a true observation, that it is an easy work to govern wise men, but to govern fools or madmen, a continual slavery. It is from the blind zeal and stupidity cleaving to superstition, it is from the ignorance, rashness, and rage attending faction, that so many mad, and so sanguinary evils, have destroyed men, dissolved the best governments, and thinned the greatest nations. And as a people well instructed, will certainly esteem the blessings they enjoy, and study public peace for their own sake, there is a great merit in instructing the people, and cultivating their understandings. They are certainly less credulous, in proportion as they are more knowing, and consequently less liable to be the dupes of Demagogues, and the property of ambition. They are not then to be surprised with false cries, nor animated by imaginary danger. And wherever the understanding is well principled, and informed, the passions will be tame, and the heart well disposed. They, therefore, who communicate true knowledge to their species, are true friends to the world, benefactors to society, and deserve all encouragement from those who preside over society, with the applause and good wishes of all good and honest men."

worthy of a glass case when they die, than half the exotics in the British Museum.

XCI.

WHEN we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness ; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

XCII.

THE young fancy that their follies are mistaken by the old, for happiness ; and the old fancy that their gravity is mistaken by the young, for wisdom. And yet each are wrong in supposing this of the other. The misapprehension is mutual, but I shall not attempt to set either of them right, because their respective error is reciprocally consolatory* to both. I would not be so severe on the old, as the lively Frenchman, who said, that if they were fond of giving good advice, it was only because they were no longer able to set a bad example ; but for their own sake, no less than of others, I would recommend cheerfulness to the old, in the room of austerity, knowing that *heaviness* is much more often synonymous with ignorance, than *gravity* with wisdom. Cheerfulness ought to be the *viaticum vitæ* of their life to the old ; age without cheerfulness, is a Lapland winter without a sun ; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth, if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age ; time will make a generous wine more mellow ; but it will turn that which is *early on the fret*, to vinegar.

* ———— "*pol me occidistis amici,*

"*Per quos demptus erat, vitæ dulcissimus error.*"

XCIII.

COURAGE is like the diamond—very brilliant, not changed by fire, capable of high polish, but, except for the purpose of cutting hard bodies, useless. The great Tamerlane* had his full share of it, yet he said its value was much overrated, because it required nothing more than the exercise of fortitude and patience for one short hour. One would suppose the Tartar had read Horace, and had his description of a battle in view:—

“concurritur—horæ
“ Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.”

XCIV.

IN great cities men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others, than in the country; for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.

XCV.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

XCVI.

IN the East, the women are chosen with reference to their personal charms, rather than their intellectual, considered as ministers to sensuality, rather than as ornaments of society, and abandoned the moment the slightest decay begins to manifest itself in those corporeal attractions which first enhanced their value, and insured their admiration. It would seem that there is a sound physical cause for this low and animal mode of appreciating female excellence, so pre-

* See White's Institutes of Tamerlane.

valent in the East, and in calculating which, if compared with the northern nations, the body has so much more weight in the scale, than the mind. The fact is, that under the ripening suns of the East, all the charms and beauties of the body are developed, long before the less precocious mind has put forth even the promise and the blossom of its ultimate but progressive perfection. But inasmuch as premature adolescence has a constant tendency to superinduce premature decrepitude, the charms of the body have ceased to flourish, when those of the mind are beginning to expand and to bud. Thus the unfortunate pride of the Harem has ceased to please as the mistress,* precisely at the moment when she might begin to interest as the friend. For that alliance may be said to have a double tie, where the minds are united, as well as the body, and the union will have all its strength, when both the links are in perfection together. But with regard to the state of society in the East, as connected with women, the evil we are now considering, like many others, acts in a circle; for the education of the female mind, in those regions of solar light, but of intellectual darkness, is sacrificed, even from the cradle, to the meretricious fascinations of the body; since no man is at great pains to cultivate that, which he knows before hand he shall have no relish to enjoy. Corporal charms may indeed gain admirers, but there must be mental ones to retain them; and Horace had a delicate feeling of this, when he refused to

* Women in warm climates are marriagable, says Montesquieu, at eight or nine years of age; infancy and marriage therefore almost always go together, and women become old at twenty. Reason then and beauty are in them never found together; when beauty wishes to sway, reason refuses it; and when reason might attain it, beauty is no more. And Prideaux, in his life of Mahomet, informs us, that Mahomet was betrothed to his wife Cadhisja at five years old, and took her to his bed at eight; and that in the hot countries of Arabia and the Indies, girls are marriagable at eight years old, and are brought to bed the year after.

restrict the pleasures of the lover merely to his eyes, but added also those of the ear.

“ *Qui sedens identidem, te*
“ *Spectat et audit !*”

XCVII.

LOVE is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, lest from motives far less philosophical than those of Empedocles,* he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind him, that will tell more tales than a slipper.

XCVIII.

WE often injure our cause by calling in that which is weak, to support that which is strong. Thus the ancient school-men, who in some instances were more silly than school-boys, were constantly lugging in the authority of Aristotle, to support the tenets of christianity ; and yet these very men would laugh at an engineer of the present day, who should make a similar blunder in artillery, that they have done in argument, and drag up an ancient battering ram, to assist a modern cannon.

XCIX.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our

* Horace, speaking of this philosopher, says,
“ *ardentem frigidus Ætnam,*

“ *Insiluit.*”

The mountain threw out his slipper, which discovered his fate. It is recorded that Aristotle, from motives of the same unquenchable curiosity, threw himself into the Euripus ; the phenomena of the flux and reflux of this river, puzzled our philosopher so much, that he jumped into the stream, exclaiming, “ since I cannot comprehend the Euripus, the Euripus shall comprehend me.”

hopes, until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts, when we have.

C

THE ancients, in their poetical and dramatical machinery, made their gods the prime agents of as much evil as good. They have described them, as mixing themselves up with human infirmities, and lending themselves to human passions, in so gross a manner, that it is almost impossible to admire virtue, and to esteem such gods; or to look up to heaven with affection, without looking down upon its rulers with abhorrence.* It is on this account that I should rather

* In confirmation of the above remarks, I shall quote a passage from one of the finest writers of the last century :—

“ Be it how it will, the wonderful in poetry has begotten that of knight-errantry, and certain it is, that the devils and conjurors cause much less harm in this way of writing, than the gods and their ministers did in the former.

“ The goddess of arts, of knowledge and wisdom, inspires the bravest of all the Greeks with an ungovernable fury, and suffers him not to recover his senses she had taken from him, but only to make him capable of perceiving his folly, and by this means to kill himself out of mere shame and despair.

“ The greatest and most prudent of the goddesses favours scandalous passions, and lends her assistance to carry on a criminal amour.

“ The same goddess employs all sorts of artifices to destroy a handful of innocent people, who by no means deserved her indignation.

“ She thought it not enough to exhaust her own power, and that of the other gods, whom she solicited to ruin Æneas, but even corrupts the god of sleep to cast Palinurus into a slumber, and so to order matters, that he might drop into the sea; this piece of treachery succeeded, and the poor pilot perished in the waves.

“ There is not one of the gods in these poems that does not bring the greatest misfortunes upon men, or hurry them on to the blackest actions. Nothing is so villanous here below, which is not executed by their order, or authorized by their example: and this it was that principally contributed to give birth to the sect of the Epicureans, and afterwards to support it.

“ Epicurus, Lucretius, and Petronius, would rather make their gods

side with Plato, who would have interdicted the ancient tragedy to the Athenians, than with Aristotle, who with some qualifications, recommended it. For the writers of the Greek tragedy were continually placing their audience in situations where if they exercised their pity, it could only be at the expence of their piety, and where disgust was a feeling far more liable to be excited, than devotion. In short, there seems to be this difference between the superstition of the Pagans, and the religion of the Christians; the

lazy, and enjoy their immortal nature in an uninterrupted tranquillity, than see them active and cruelly employed in ruining ours.

“Nay, Epicurus by doing so, pretended he shewed his great respect to the gods; and from hence proceeded that saying which Bacon so much admires, *Non Deos vulgi negare profanum, sed vulgi opinionem diis applicare profanum.*

“Now I dont mean by this, that we are obliged to discard the gods out of our works, and much less from those of poetry, where they seem to enter more naturally than any where else. *A Jove principium musæ.* I am for introducing them as much as any man, but then I would have them bring their wisdom, justice, and clemency along with them, and not appear, as we generally make them, like a pack of impostors and assassins. I would have them come with a conduct to regulate, and not with a disorder to confound every thing.

“Perhaps it may be replied, that these extravagancies ought only to pass for fables and fictions, which belong to the jurisdiction of poetry. But I would fain know what art and science in the world has the power to exclude good sense? If we need only write in verse to be privileged in all extravagancies, for my part I would never advise any man to meddle with prose, where he must immediately be pointed at for a coxcomb, if he leaves good sense and reason never so little behind him.

“I wonder extremely, that the ancient poets were so scrupulous to preserve probability in actions purely human, and violated it after so abominable a manner, when they come to recount the actions of the gods. Even those who have spoken of their nature more soberly than the rest, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct.

“When they establish their being, and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good. But at the very moment they set them a working, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop; there is no folly or wickedness which they do not make them commit.”

former lowered a God to a man ; the latter exalts a man to a God !

CI.

ON a former occasion I have observed, that every historian has described the age in which he happened to write, as the worst, because he has only *heard* of the wickedness of other times, but has *felt* and *seen* that of his own. I now repeat this proposition, for the purpose of introducing a very shrewd remark I have since chanced upon, which will give rise to a few observations. “How strange it is, (says an old author) that we of the present day, are constantly praising that past age, which our fathers abused, and as constantly abusing that present age, which our children will praise.” This assertion is witty, and true ; but if the praise and the censure awarded by the parties, were equally *true*, it would follow that the world must have become so bad by this time, that no security, and of course no society could be found within it. For if every succeeding generation praises the past, but abuses the present, and is *right* in doing it, how very good must men have been in the first ages of the world, and how excessively bad must they have become now. On the former supposition, a deluge of water would not have been necessary, and on the latter, a deluge of fire would hardly effect a cure. But let us pause to enquire who they are ? that are most commonly the great admirers of the “*olden time* ;” the “*laudatores temporis acti*.” They are almost invariably to be found, amongst the aged ; and the rising generation, having no experience of their own, but trusting to those who have,—hear, and believe. But is it not natural ? that the old should extol the days of their youth ; the weak, the era of their strength ; the sick, the season of their vigour ; and the disappointed, the spring-tide of their hopes ! Alas, it is not the times that have changed, but themselves.

CII.

WE often regret we did not do otherwise, when that very otherwise would in all probability have *done for us*. Life too often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods. Like the fallen angels of Milton, we all know the evils that we have, but we are ignorant what greater evils we might have encountered, by rushing on *apparent* goods, the consequences of which we know not.

“Evertere domus totus, optantibus ipsis

“Dii faciles ;”

By which even a Pagan moralist suggests that the prayers of men are sometimes granted by the gods, to the destruction of the supplicants.

CIII.

WE injure mysteries, which are matters of *faith*, by any attempt at explanation, in order to make them matters of *reason*. Could they be explained, they would cease to be mysteries; and it has been well said, that a thing is not necessarily *against* reason, because it happens to be *above* it. Doctor B*****† once told Horne Tooke that he had just witnessed an exemplification of the Trinity, for he had seen three men in one whiskey! Poh, poh! replied our etymologist, that is no exemplification at all, you should have seen *one* man in *three* whiskeys! A certain missionary once asked a new convert, if he had any clear notions on this sacred subject; his Asiatic proselyte immediately made three folds in his garment, and having held them in that state a few seconds, pulled them back again into one. We believe the doctrine of the Trinity, because, though above reason, it is matter of faith; but we are not bound to be-

† This anecdote is rather against the Doctor, for the wit is Parson Horne's, but the profaneness is the Doctor's; perhaps even I shall not wholly escape for relating it.

lieve in all the explanations of it, which are often *against both*, and matter of *neither*. The attention of the religious world, in the West of England, was lately much occupied, by a very learned controversy on this subject, carried on by three doughty champions, each of whom with more of erudition, but perhaps less of gentleness, than the shepherds in Virgil, were "*et cantare pares, et respondere parati.*" The individuals, however, were more at home in knocking down each other's arguments, than in establishing their own; which led the sharp-sighted editor of a certain journal, whose columns our polemics had filled, without much profit to the sale, to suppose that it was high time for him to interfere, and to sum up, with all due impartiality, between the parties :—

"*Componere lites*
" Inter Peliden festinat, et inter Atriden."

He did so, and though luminous on many other points, "*The Western Luminary*" was rather obscure upon this :—

"*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*"

To convince him, however, that his three learned correspondents, however they had disagreed in particulars, agreed as to the main, and that he himself in summing up, had settled the controversy, in a manner more conclusive, than superficial observers might admit, or accede to, I sent him the following little "*jeu d'esprit*," which he had the candour to insert :—

Cleve—Dennis—Carpenter—agree !
 And fully prove a Trinity :
 For in their writings, all may see
 Not one incomprehensible—but *three* !

Yet Flindell deemed the task undone,
 So finished what these scribes begun,
 And shewed, more clearly than the sun,
 Not three incomprehensibles—but *one* !

CIV.

IT is in the middle classes of society, that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property, too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first, places us beneath the influence of opinion---the second, above it.

CV.

POSTHUMOUS fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it; or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead; but unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

CVI.

WE make a goddess of Fortune, says Juvenal, and place her in the highest heaven.* But it is not fortune that is exalted, and powerful, but we ourselves that are abject, and weak. We strive to make externals a part of ourselves, over which fortune has power, neglecting that which is within, over which she has none. The storm may strip the mountain of its garniture, and expose its breast to the winds---but the mountain remains. Bias flying from his country, which was wrapt in flames, and reeking with the blood of the vanquished, incumbered himself with none of his goods, or rather, says his biographer, bore them *all* in his breast, not to be seen by the eye, but prized by the soul, inclosed in the narrow dwelling of the mind, not to be

* *Te facimus Fortuna Deam, caeloque locamus.*"

demolished by mortal hands, fixed with those that are settled, not retarding those that travel, and not forsaking those that fly.

CVII.

THE benevolent have the advantage of the envious, even in this present life; for the envious is tormented not only by all the ill that befalls himself, but by all the good that happens to another; whereas the benevolent man is the better prepared to bear his own calamities unruffled, from the complacency and serenity he has secured, from contemplating the prosperity of all around him. The sun of happiness must be totally eclipsed, before it can be total darkness with him! But the envious man is made gloomy, not only by his own cloud, but by another's sunshine. He may exclaim with the poet, "*Dark! dark! amidst a blaze of light!*" Desperate by his own calamities, and infuriated also by the prosperity of another, he would fain fly to that hell that is beyond him, to escape that which is within. In short, envy is almost the only vice, that constantly punishes itself, in the very act of its commitment; and the envious man makes a worse bargain, even than the hypocrite, for the hypocrite serves the devil, without wages—but the envious man serves him, not only without reward, but to be punished also; for his pains.

CVIII.

THE affairs of *this* world are kept together by what little truth and integrity still remains amongst us; and yet I much question whether the *absolute* dominion of truth, would be compatible with the existence of any society now existing upon the face of the earth. Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves. They will not advance

their minds to the standard, therefore they lower the standard to their minds. But the high and sterling excellence of truth would appear from hence, that it becomes more safe, practicable, and attainable, the nearer we advance to perfection. No bad man ever wished that his breast was made of glass, or that others could read his thoughts. But the misery is, that the duplicities, the temptations, and the infirmities that surround us, have rendered the truth, and nothing but the truth, as hazardous and contraband a commodity as a man can possibly deal in. This made Sir Walter Raleigh affirm, that it was dangerous to follow truth too near, lest she should kick out our teeth. But let us for a moment figure to ourselves a state of things where truth should be the sole principle of all our thoughts, words, and actions. Constituted as men are at present, could any civilized society keep itself together under such circumstances, for one single year? Would not eternal truth become as insupportable to our imperfect mind, as eternal day to our imperfect vision? Gracious heaven, what a scene would the above supposition produce upon the earth! What recriminations, what eclairsissements, what animosities, what exacerbations; what a pulling of caps by the one sex, and of triggers by the other. The most polite levees would become an aceldama, and the most polished routes a bear-garden. What mourning brides, and merry widows, what rancorous friends and greeting enemies, what accepted sinners, and rejected saints. The whole world would appear to have *put on* a mask, merely from having taken one *off*. How few bargains at the Exchange, litigations at the bar, or long speeches at the senate. What would become of the numerous tribe of schismatics in religion, polemics in controversy, partizans in politics, and empyrics in science; of enthusiasts, who believe what they cannot explain, and of impostors, who explain what they do not believe. As to literature, bulky quartos would dwindle into duodecimos, and a folio would be unknown. Authors would be restricted to what was true, and critics would be precluded from

what was false. No revolution nor revulsion would be equal to this that we are considering; being nothing less than a transition from an order of society where nothing is what it seems, to another where every thing is what it appears. It is manifest that men would be quickly compelled either to alter such a state of things, or themselves; but I fear the former measure would be found the most convenient. Taking things not as they ought to be, but as they are, I fear it must be allowed that Machiavelli will always have more disciples than Jesus. Out of the millions who have studied and even admired the precepts of the Nazarite, how few are there that have reduced them to practice. But there are numbers numberless who throughout the whole of their lives have been practising the principles of the Italian, without having even heard of his name; who cordially believe with him that the tongue was given us to *discover* the thoughts of others, and to conceal our own; and who range themselves either under the standard of Alexander the Sixth, who never *did* what he *said*, or of his son Borgia, who never *said* what he *did*.

CIX.

WHAT is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession, deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but Disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience, that *must*. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and

Epicurus in both ; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although like some other gallants they all boasted of more favors, than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit ; he thought, by slander, to woo her ; by shunning, to win her ; and proudly presumed, that by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm ; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected often obtained ; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love ; Brutus in glory ; Cæsar in dominion ; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel ; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun ; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen ; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone ; alas ! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She dispatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power ; to Avarice, Wealth ; to Love, Jeal-

lousy ; to Revenge, Remorse ; alas ! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment. Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes ; she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings ; few are more willing, none more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects ; she mocks them indeed with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her ? She is travelling incognita to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a *tete a tete* and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear then, mighty queen ! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much ; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstance, and an *Ephemeris* of Time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence ; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand, and by Health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground.

CX.

DEATH is like thunder* in two particulars ; we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is formidable only

* It is a doubt whether those that are killed by the lightning, even hear the thunder which *follows* the stroke ; be that as it may, the comparison in the text may be still farther illustrated by a fine thought of the philosopher Arcesilaus ; Death, said he, of all human evils, is the only one whose presence is never troublesome to any one, and which makes us uneasy only by its absence.

from that which preceded it. The rich man, gasping for breath, and reduced to be a mendicant even of the common air, tantalized with luxuries that must no more be tasted, and means that must no longer be enjoyed, feels at last the impotence of gold; that death which he dreaded at a distance as an enemy, he now hails when he is near, as a friend; a friend that alone can bring the peace his treasures cannot purchase, and remove the pain his physicians cannot cure.

CXI.

WE should take care that we do not carry our religious controversies so far as to give the infidel the same advantage over us in matters of faith, that the ancient Phyrionists obtained over other sects, in matters of philosophy. For *all* the sects of philosophers agreed in one thing only—that of abusing each other. He therefore that abused them all round, was sure of a majority; and as no sect got any praises except from the disciples of their own particular school, such party panegyric went for nothing.

CXII.

GREAT minds that have not as yet established a name, must sometimes bend to lesser minds that have; or if they cannot bend, must break. If any able man were to write an impartial account of those defunct literary characters of our own country, who have been overrated, and also of those that have been underrated, and enter somewhat philosophically into the causes, he might produce a very interesting volume. He would have all the clergy on his side, for his labours would at least be orthodox, inasmuch as it might be said of him “*He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted the humble and meek.*” Speaking generally, no man appears great to his cotemporaries, for the same reason that no man is great to his servants—both know too much of him. Envy also has her share, in with-

holding present fame. If an author hath written better than his cotemporaries, he will be termed a plagiarist ; if as well, a pretender ; if worse, a genius of some promise, of whom they do not quite despair. .

CXIII.

IT is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other ; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation. If an individual is worthy of his ancestors, why extol those with whom he is on a level ; and if he is unworthy of them, to laud them, is to libel himself. And nations also, when they boast of their antiquity,* only

* I do not mean to deny the probability that a state of society highly cultivated and refined, may have existed in various parts of the globe, previous to any written or authentic documents that have been transmitted us. India is not without monuments of such a state of civilization, and some late discoveries go to establish the same supposition even in America. I admit that it is more fair to infer such a state of things from monuments that are extant, than to assert its non-existence from the want of documents which after all may have been left, but may also have been lost. Setting aside the traditions of the Athenians, concerning their Musæus, of the Thebans of their Linus, of the Thracians as regards their Orpheus, or the Phœnicians of Cadmus, yet still it must be admitted that Thales did actually discover a state of society in the East, which would have justified him on his return from travelling, in applying the same degrading title to the Greeks themselves, which they afterwards bestowed upon others. The magnificent ruins of ancient cities, of which no record remains, the pyramids, concerning which the remotest antiquity has nothing to depose, the advanced state of the science of geometry and astronomy amongst the Egyptians and the Babylonians, do warrant us of after times, in the presumption that a high state of cultivation and knowledge did exist anterior to any written documents, or historical records ; but after all, both individuals and nations, when they vaunt themselves on what they *were*, must do it at the hazard of provoking enquiry as to what they *are*. But it ought to suppress the arrogance of national talent to reflect, that destruction may have caused many things to be discoveries, which without it, to us at least, had been none ; and a pride founded only on antiquity, may also

tell us, in other words, that they are standing on the ruins of so many generations. But if their view of things is limited, and their prospect of the sciences narrow, and confined, if other nations who stand upon no such eminence, see farther than they do, is not the very antiquity of which they boast, a proof that their forefathers were not giants in knowledge, or if they were, that their children have degenerated. The Babylonians laid claim to an antiquity of four hundred and seventy thousand years, founded on a series of astronomical observations. But with all their knowledge of the heavens, they knew no more of things appertaining to the earth, than their neighbours, and they suffered their glory to be eclipsed, by a little horde of Macedonians. The Chinese of the present day are not behind hand with the Babylonians in looking backwards, but with most other nations in looking forwards. They unite all the presumption, with all the prejudice of ignorance. As a nation, notwithstanding their longevity, they have not yet arrived at manhood, and when they boast of their antiquity, they only boast of a more protracted period of childhood and imbecility.

CXIV.

*"Hope, thy weak being ended is,
 "Alike, if thou obtain, or if thou miss.
 "Thee, good or ill, doth equally confound,
 "And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
 "The joys we should pure virgins wed,
 "Thou brings't deflowered, to the nuptial bed."*

THESE lines prove that the spirit of poetry cannot be tamed, even by a marriage with such a shrew as Metaphysicks, and that the hand of Apollo can draw forth har-

be rebuked, in a nation that suffers more modern ones to outstrip it, on the principle that they have made so bad a use of so long an experience, and have profited so little, in having neither been taught by the wisdom, nor warned by the folly of their forefathers.

mony, even from the discordant croaking of the schools. I have elsewhere observed, that sleep, that type of death, is restricted to earth, that it avoids hell, and is excluded heaven. This idea might also be applied to Hope, whose habitation is manifestly terrestrial, and whose very existence must, I conceive, be lost, in the overwhelming realities of futurity. Neither can futurity have any room for fear, the opposite of hope; for fear anticipates suffering, and hope enjoyment; but where both are final, fixed, and full, what place remains, either for hope, or for fear? Fear, therefore, and hope, are of the earth, earthy, the pale and trembling daughters of mortality; for in heaven we can fear no change; and in hell, no change is to be feared.

CXV.

NO porter ever injured himself by an attempt to carry six hundred weight, who could not previously carry five, *without* injury; and what obtains with strength of body, obtains also with strength of mind; when we attempt to be wise, beyond what is given to man, our very strength becomes our weakness. No man of pigmy stature, or of puny mould, will ever meet the fate of Milo,* who was wedged to death, in an attempt to split an oak; and no man ever finished by being an accomplished fool, so well as Des Cartes, because he began, by being a philosopher; for a racer, if he runs out of the course, will carry us much farther from it, than a cart horse. Ignorance is a much more quiet, manageable, and contented thing, than half knowledge. A ploughman was asked on his cross-examination, whether he could read Greek; this appeared to be a problem he had never taken the trouble to solve, therefore, with as much *naivete* as truth, he replied, that he did not know—because he had never tried.

* ————— “*viribus illè*”

“*Confusus periit, admirandisque lacertis.*”

CXVI.

HE that sets out on the journey of life, with a profound knowledge of books, but a shallow knowledge of men, with much sense of others, but little of his own, will find himself as completely at a loss on occasions of common and of constant recurrence, as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his mistress, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

CXVII.

IF Diogenes used a lanthorn in broad day solely and simply for the purpose of discovering an honest man, this proceeding was not consistent with his usual sagacity. A lanthorn would have been a more appropriate appendage, if he had been in search of a *rogue*; for such characters skulk about in holes and corners, and hate the light, because their deeds are evil. But I suspect this philosopher's real motive for using a lanthorn in mid-day, was to provoke enquiry, that he might have the cynical satisfaction of telling all that asked him what he was searching for, that none of them at least were the men to his mind, and that his search had hitherto been fruitless. It is with honesty in one particular, as with wealth, those that have the thing, care less about the credit of it, than those who have it not. No poor man can well afford to be thought so, and the less of honesty a finished rogue possesses, the less he can afford to be supposed to want it. Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself, yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double that sum, by means of it. I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply, to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world: Sir, said he, it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man—*may know himself*.

CXVIII.

NO disorders have employed so many quacks, as those that have no cure; and no sciences* have exercised so many quills, as those that have no certainty. Truth lies in a small compass, and if a well has been assigned her, for a habitation, it is as appropriate from its narrowness, as its depth. Hence it happens that those sciences that are capable of being demonstrated, or that are reducible to the severity of calculation, are never voluminous, for clearness is intimately connected with conciseness, as the lightning which is the brightest thing, is also the most brief; but precisely in proportion as certainty vanishes, verbosity abounds. To foretel an eclipse, a man must understand astronomy; or to find out an unknown quantity, by a known one, he must have a knowledge of calculation; and yet the rudiments that enable us to effect these important things, are to be found in a very narrow compass. But when I survey the ponderous and voluminous folios of the schoolmen and the metaphysicians, I am inclined to ask a very simple question; *what have either of these plodders done, that has not been better done, by those that were neither?*

CXIX.

WERE a man to deny himself the pleasure of walking, because he is restricted from the privilege of flying, and refuse his dinner, because it was not ushered in on a service of plate, should we not be more inclined to ridicule, than to pity him? and yet we are all of us more or less guilty of similar absurdities, the moment we deny ourselves pleasures that are present, and within our reach, either from a vain repining after those that must never return, or from as vain an aspiring after those that may never arrive.

* I suspect that *some* of the sciences are derived from the Greek word *σκηνα*, rather than from the Latin word *scio*.

CXX.

NOBILITY of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog, rather than a spur. For the favour and consideration of our fellow-men, is perhaps the strongest incentive to intellectual exertion; but rank and title, unfortunately for the possessors of them, insure that favour and consideration, even without exertion, that others hardly can obtain, by means of it. Therefore men high in rank, are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from want of ability, as from want of application; for it is the nature of man, not to expend labour on those things that he can have without it, nor to sink a well, if he happen to be born upon the banks of a river. But we might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a Gladiator, without training, as the vigorous intellect of a Newton, without toil.

CXXI.

UNITY of opinion, abstractedly considered, is neither desirable, nor a good; although considered *not in itself*, but with reference to something else, it may be both. For men may be all agreed in error, and in that case unanimity is an evil. Truth lies within the Holy of Holies, in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule, that leads unto it. Luther began by having his doubts, as to the assumed infallibility of the Pope, and he finished, by making himself the corner stone of the reformation. Copernicus, and Newton, doubted the truth of the false systems of others, before they established a true one of their own; Columbus differed in opinion with all the old world, before he discovered a new one; and Galilæo's terrestrial body was confined in a dungeon, for having asserted the motion of those bodies that were celestial. In fact, we owe almost all our knowledge, not to those who have agreed, but to those

who have differed; and those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves; as he that leads a crowd, must begin by separating himself some little distance from it. If the great Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, had not differed from all the physicians of his own day, all the physicians of the present day would not have agreed with him. These reflections ought to teach us that every kind of persecution for opinions, is incompatible with sound philosophy. It is lamentable indeed to think how much misery has been incurred from the intemperate zeal, and bigotted officiousness of those who would rather that mankind should not think at all, than not think as they do. Charles the Fifth, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watch-maker; he one day exclaimed, "what an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together." We should remember also, that assent, or dissent, is not an act of the will, but of the understanding; no man can will to believe that two and two make five, nor can I force upon myself the conviction, that this ink is white, or this paper black. If we arrive at certain conclusions, and act conscientiously upon them, a Judge that is both just and merciful, will require no more, provided we can answer satisfactorily to the following interrogations: Have we made use of *all* the means in our power to arrive at true conclusions? Did no interest warp us? no prejudice blind us? no party mislead us? no sloth retard us? and no fear intimidate us? No hierarchy, constituted authority, nor political establishment, either of ancient, or modern times, has made so horrible a use of the mistaken notion that *unanimity is a good in itself*, as the church of Rome. They have appropriated the term Catholic, to their own pale, and branded with the name of heretic, all that are without it; and

the latter title has made even the merciful deem it a crime to pity them, and the just, injustice, to do them right ; so closely allied in common minds are names to things. Unity* of

* Their pretence of unity captivates multitudes. They upbraid the Protestants with divisions, faction, and schism ; which they wholly impute to their departure from the Church of Rome, the pillar and ground of truth, and from their Pope, the head and centre of unity. But suppose their union was greater than it is, it can be no certain argument of the truth of the Church, and excellency of their profession. If all men, says Mr. Chillingworth, would submit themselves to the chief Mufti of the Turks, there would be no division ; yet unity is not to be purchased at so dear a rate. He adds, it is better to go to heaven by diverse ways, or rather by diverse paths of the same way, than in one and the same path to go peaceably to hell. Should all the rest of the angels have joined with the arch-rebel in the grand apostacy, their unity would have been no commendation of their cause.

But after all, this is but a pretence. Their divisions have been as great and as scandalous, as of any other body of Christians in the world. Bellarmine confesses twenty-six several schisms in their church ; Onuphrius reckons up thirty, one of which lasted, with great animosities, for fifty years. It was begun upon the election of Urban VI. ; at which the cardinals being offended, withdrew, and chose another Pope, viz. Clement VII., who sat in France, as Urban and his successors did at Rome. We have a full account of these matters in Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Geddes. The historians of this time, says Dr. Stillingfleet, tell us there was never known so dismal an age for wars and bloodshed, for murders and parricides, rapines and sacrilege, for seditions and conspiracies, for horrible schisms and scandals to religion. The priests opposing the bishops, the people the priests ; and in some places not only robbing the churches, burning the tithes, but trampling under foot the holy eucharist, that was consecrated by such, whom Pope Hildebrand had excommunicated. The Bishop adds, and must we, after all this, believe that the Roman See is the fountain of unity in the Catholic Church ? that all wars and rebellions arise from casting off subjection to the Popes, when they themselves have been the great fomenters of rebellion, and the disturbers of the peace of Christendom.

It is an admirable fetch of their policy, and which very much contributes to secure and enlarge their interest, the suiting religion to the various humours and inclinations of men. The great wisdom of the court of Rome (says Dr. Stillingfleet) appears in this, “ that as long as persons are true to them in the main points, they can let them alone in smaller differences among themselves ; and not provoke either of the dissent-

opinion is indeed a glorious and a desirable thing, and its circle cannot be too strong and extended, if the centre be truth ;

ing parties, lest they give them occasion to withdraw from their communion. They can allow different rites and ceremonies in the several orders of religion among them, and grant exemptions and privileges in particular cases ; if they can but hold them fast, and render them serviceable to their common interest, it is enough.

They make very different representations of religion, as the case may require ; and indeed have provided wonderfully for the entertainment of all sorts of persons. What the Jewish Rabbies say of their Manna, that it had every kind of taste, either of oil, or honey, or bread, as would be most grateful to several palates ; such a Manna is Popery, only it does not come from heaven. If you be for pomp and glory, their worship cannot miss of giving full satisfaction. Their altars are adorned with costly paintings ; hung with images of extraordinary Saints ; enriched with gold and pearl, and whatever can charm the spectator's eye ; their priests officiate in costly habits ; their churches resound with the choicest music, vocal and instrumental ; and their public processions carry an air of magnificence, every way proper to amuse the minds of superstitious people. If on the other hand you are for severity, they can accommodate you ; they know how exactly to fall in with that humour. You will hear amongst them many notable harangues in commendation of voluntary poverty, vows of abstinence, penance, and mortification, by going barefoot, fasting, wearing sack-cloth, and exercising the sharpest discipline towards the body. Glorious is the character of their St. Francis, whom they make the highest saint in heaven, because he made himself the poorest and vilest wretch on earth. If you are for strict morals, they have casuists for your purpose, that will talk seraphically, and carry things to an excessive height. If you are for greater liberties in practice, they can turn you to such as will condescend as much as you can desire, that will promise you salvation, though you have no other grace or qualification, but that of subjection and obedience to the church. And it is by this and the like stratagems, that such multitudes are drawn into their net. " This is one of the sorceries of the whore, by which so many nations are deceived.

It is a very great inducement to Popery, and a special means of propagating it in the world, that they have contrived so easy a way of salvation. You may go to heaven if you live and die in the Church of Rome, without either repentance towards God, or faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ ; you need be at no pains to mortify your lusts and corruptions, to purify your heart, and govern your lives according to the laws of the gospel ; what they call attrition, (and what that is you

but if the centre be error, the greater the circumference, the greater the evil, and the strength of the parts serve only to give it an energy to be execrated, and a durability to be deplored.

CXXII.

CRITICISM is like champagne, nothing more exe-

have been told) with the sacrament of penance, and the absolution of a priest is sufficient. And you know how well they provide for the safety of any sort of cattle by holy fraternities. No less a man than their Gregory IX. says, that St. Francis obtained this privilege of God, that whoever had his habit on, could not die ill. And St. Francis says himself, that whoever loved his order in his heart, how great a sinner soever he was, he should obtain mercy of God. And in the like strain they talk (as you have heard) of other of their Saints, and the societies called after their name. To enter among them, and wear their badge, is a sufficient warrant for heaven, whether he be a Saint or the worst of sinners that has it.

I must not omit the great delusion of all, and that is their tales of visions, apparitions and miracles. If they find the people a little boggle at any of their opinions, and not so readily swallow them down as they could wish, presently heaven engages in the cause! Thus the immaculate conception was established by a revelation; as was purgatory, transubstantiation, auricular confession, &c. And by this means also the reputation of their several orders has been raised; the credit of their images kept up, and image-worship introduced and supported.

For the same purpose they have recourse to miracles. The legends of their Saints abound with stories of prodigious things; some of which are ludicrous; as their St. Swithin's making whole a basket full of eggs, by the sign of the cross; Patricius his making the stolen sheep bleat in the thief's belly after he had eaten it; their St. Bridget's bacon, which in great charity she gave to an hungry dog, and was, after the dog had eaten it, restored again in her kettle. Of the like nature is their story of St. Dunstan, who took the devil by the nose with his tongs, till he made him roar; Dominicus made him hold the candle till he burnt his fingers; Lupus imprisoned the devil in a pot all night; a consecrated host being put into an hive of bees, to cure them of the murrain, was so devoutly entertained, that the bees built a chappel in the hive, with steeple and bells; erected an altar, and laid the host upon it, and sung their canonical hours like monks in a cloister.—*Vid. Bennet against Popery.**

* I suspect an error here—The bees built the chappel, but the drones performed mass.

crable if bad, nothing more excellent if good ; if meagre, muddy, vapid, and sour, both are fit only to engender cholic and wind ; but if rich, generous and sparkling, they communicate a genial glow to the spirits, improve the taste, expand the heart, and are worthy of being introduced at the symposium of the Gods. In the whole range of literature, nothing is more entertaining, and I might add, more instructive, than sound and legitimate criticism, the disinterested convictions of a man of sensibility, who enters rather into the spirit, than the letter of his author, who can follow him to the height of his compass, and, while he sympathizes with every brilliant power, and genuine passion of the poet, is not so far carried out of himself, as to indulge his admiration at the expense of his judgment, but who can afford us the double pleasure of being first pleased with his author, and secondly with himself, for having given us such just and incontrovertible reasons for our approbation. When death deprived the house of commons of the talents of Charles Fox, I conceive he did not leave behind him a more elegant classic, in all that enlightened body. I once heard him say, that he was so idle at Eton, that he verily believes he should have made but little comparative progress in the Greek language, had it not been for the intense pleasure he received on his first taking up Longinus. It was lucky for me, he would say, that I did not then know where to procure an English translation, and I never quitted him, until I could read him with such facility, as to derive more pleasure from his remarks upon Homer, than from the poet himself. On mentioning this circumstance to an old Etonian, he confirmed it by the following anecdote : he said, that on one occasion, by a wilful kind of mistake, Fox took his favourite Longinus, a book *above* his class, into the school room, and it happened rather unluckily, that he was called upon to go through a portion of some other author appropriated to that day ; he was not a little puzzled, and the master perceived his embarrassment—What book have you got there, Sir. said he, hand it to me. On perceiving that it was a

Greek copy of Longinus, Sir, said the master I shall punish you severely for having neglected to bring the right book, unless you can immediately construe and parse this page, in the author you have thought proper to choose for yourself, picking out at the same time one of the most difficult passages in the volume. The *man* was never less at a loss in answering Pitt, than was the *boy* on this occasion, in accepting the challenge of the master, to the astonishment of whom, no less than of his school-fellows, he accomplished off-hand the task imposed upon him, rendering the passage into English, not at all unworthy of the eloquence of the original, "Who was himself the great sublime he drew." But, to revert to the subject, criticism written in the style of Longinus, must ever be extremely rare, until great genius be extremely common. There is indeed another kind of criticism which will never be rare, because it requires only labour and attention; I mean that which is principally confined to dates, facts, chronologies, niceties of grammar, and quantities of prosody; a criticism conversant with words, rather than things, and with the letter, rather than the spirit. A style of criticism, like that of him who, when all the world were enraptured by a Ceres of Raphael, discovered that the knot in the wheat-sheaf, was not tied as a reaper would have tied it. To be a mere verbal critic, is what no man of genius would be, if he could; but to be a critic of true taste and feeling, is what no man without genius could be, if he would. Could Johnson have had less prejudice, Addison more profundity, or Dryden more time, they would have been well qualified for the arduous office of a critic. Materials for a good critic, might be found in the three, since each had many of the requisites, but neither of them all. As to the three great names of Bentley, Porson, and Parr, they came nearer to our purpose, but have not fully accomplished all that we want. Bentley united two things that were very incompatible, dogmatism, and whim, and was at the same time both conjectural, and dictatorial; he often substituted creation for correction, invented where he

ought rather to have investigated, and gave us what he conceived his author should have said, rather than what he did say. Porson was too cold and costive in his approbation, and too microscopical in his views, for the perfect critic, being more occupied about the syllables, than the sense, with the counters of knowledge, rather than knowledge itself. His temper too was not sufficiently placid for his mission, which required more patience than that of Job, and more meekness than that of Moses. He was too apt not only to quit the game, but to do so in order to worry some mongrels of his own pack, who were at fault, from having over-run the scent. He took his Greek, as some persons take their snuff, that is, he not only stuffed his head with it almost to suffocation, but his pockets as well,* and not with-

* Porson was once travelling in a stage coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! roused our slumbering professor, from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle;—shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, I think, young gentleman, said he, you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there. Oh, Sir, replied our Tyro, the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since *you* were at college. The professor applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book; after rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, “upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides.” “Then perhaps, Sir,” said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, “you will be so good as to find it for me, in that little book.” The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, “*Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach.*” The tittering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble;—at last, Bless me, Sir, said he, how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus. The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, Stop the coach—halloah, coachman, let me out I say, in-

out occasionally bespattering his neighbours with the superfluity. As to Doctor Farr, fortunately for the interests of

stantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out; he must be Porson, or the Devil!

I wish to make some observations on anecdotes, and I think I may as well take this opportunity as another. Imprimis, I am not so particular about their originality, as their application. If an anecdote comes across my mind, which tends to the support of any argument or proposition I am advancing, I hesitate not to adduce it. There are no anecdotes in these pages that will be new to all my readers, and perhaps there are none but may be new to some of them. Those to whom any anecdote is old, will not be offended, if it be well applied; and those to whom it may be new, will receive the double pleasure of novelty and of illustration. In fact there are only two modes by which an anecdote can be perfectly original; the parties who relate it, must either have heard it *from*, or made it *for* the principals. Anecdotes, like the air, are private property, only so long as they are kept in; the instant the one is told, or the other liberated, they are common stock. But the principal reason that has induced me to intersperse these pages with anecdotes, is to tempt young minds to a higher, and more intellectual kind of reading. If they read a book on such subjects as mine, they must think at least, before they differ with the author, and this is one of the most exalted, noble, yet rare employments of man. But a volume that compels a reader to think, will not be his favourite at first, although it is sure to become so in the end. It is on this account I have occasionally attempted to lead on young minds by anecdotes; they will in all probability be new to them, and I have endeavoured so to write them, that he that runs may read, and he that reads, may understand. There are two classes of people, that profit little by reading, those that are very wise, and those that are very foolish; I cannot presume to inform the one, and I cannot hope to improve the other. I have therefore attempted to make *LACON* an intelligible book, capable of doing some good to that valuable class of the community who have *other* things to do, as well as to read, and who, when they snatch a few hours from their occupations, to devote to literary pursuits, must necessarily prefer that author who gives them the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time. An era is fast approaching, when no writer will be read by the great majority, save and except those who can effect that for bales of manuscript, that the hydrostatic screw performs, for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period, that before occupied a page; celebrity will be awarded

literature, he is still alive, "*vivit adhuc*," and may, if he please, remove the principal objection that can justly be brought against his pen, by using it more often; the quality is so good, we more deeply regret the smallness of the quantity, "*verbum sapienti sat*."

to no pen that cannot imitate the pugilist, in three essentials; that of hitting hard, and sharp, and at *short* distances.

Let a man of common sense, having read an author with some attention, lay down the book, and then ask himself this question, what has this writer told me that is really new—true, clear, and convincing, and which I did not know before? He will generally find that he may put all this down in a very small compass, and that the task may be performed, even by the most busy, without the help of an amanuensis. Literary characters, indeed, who are constantly on the hunt for interesting anecdotes, will no doubt recognise many of mine as old acquaintances, but such characters are not numerous, and I see no reason why that which amuses, and also instructs, should be monopolized by any class, and particularly by a small one; as Whitfield, when he set divine psalms, to airs that were profane, did so, because he could not see why the devil should have all the best tunes, so neither can I conceive why all the best stories should be confined to the *Literati*, who, by the bye, are not a whit better able to enjoy them than the unlearned, since their common sense is often deficient, precisely in proportion to their possession of that which is not so; in which case, we might apply the repartee of Des Cartes, to a certain Marquis who had animadverted rather illiberally on this philosopher's indulging himself in the luxuries of the table.—"*What, Sir, do you think that Providence made good things only for fools?*"

To finish this gossiping and rambling note, tedious to my readers, and particularly tiresome to him that writes it, because it is on himself, I shall merely add one more observation. In such a variety of remarks, and multiplicity of propositions, which a work of the nature of *LACON*, must necessarily involve, repetition will be a rock which it will be somewhat difficult wholly to avoid. On a comparison, however, of passages apparently similar, the candid reader will, I think, perceive a difference,

————— "*facies non omnibus una,
"Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum."*

If, like modern physicians, I sometimes vary my prescriptions, it is for the same reason that they do, "*To give the disorder an opportunity of choosing for itself.*"

CXXIII.

GIBBON sitting in an elegant apartment, quaffing Noyeau, and talking infidelity, was cautioned as to the danger which such doctrines might bring upon society. "Sir," said the historian, "the doctrines we are now discussing, are not unlike the liqueur we are drinking;—safe, pleasant, and exhilarating to you and I, that know how to use, without abusing them; but dangerous, deleterious and intoxicating, if either were broached in the open streets, and exposed to the discretion of the mob." With two such strong reasons against their continuing *upright* members of society, I think we might agree with Gibbon, that it would be hazardous to answer either for their heads, or their hearts. But our philosophical historian, was no philosopher here; the bars and the bolts that were efficient in confining his drams, were perfectly nugatory, in restricting his doctrines, they were too volatile for such an imprisonment. In fact it will be possible to have one set of opinions for the high, and another for the low, only when they cease to see by the same sun, to respire by the same air, and to feel by the same sensorium. For opinions like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into low ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as the rains unto the sea.

CXXIV.

AN author of talent and genius, must not hope that

But to return to Porson. In the notes of Hypocrisy I have mentioned a curious fact, with respect to this learned professor. After death, his head was dissected, and to the confusion of all craniologists, but to the consolation of all blockheads, it was discovered that he had the thickest skull of any professor in Europe. Professor Gall, on being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory, with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied, "How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business, not mine; I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

the plodding manufacturers of dulness will admire him ; it is expecting too much ; they cannot admire him, without first despising themselves. When I look out of my window, and see what a motly mob it is, high and low, mounted and pedestrian, that an author is ambitious to please, I am ashamed of myself, for feeling the slightest anxiety, as to the verdict of such a tribunal. When I leave this class of judges, for that which aspires to be more intellectual, I then indeed feel somewhat more ground for anxiety, but less for hope ; for in this court I find that my judges have their claims and pretensions no less than myself, pretensions that are neither so low as to be despised, nor so high as to be above all danger of suffering by competition. So small indeed is the fountain of fame, and so numerous the applicants, that it is often rendered turbid, by the struggles of those very claimants who have the least chance of partaking of the stream, but whose thirst is not at all diminished, by any sense of their unworthiness.

CXXV.

THE power of love consists mainly in the privilege that Potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falshoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.

CXXVI.

MEN, by associating in large masses, as in camps, and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals ; thus a retrocession in the one, is too often the price they pay, for a refinement in the other.

CXXVII.

WE are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another, for points on which we agree. The reason perhaps is this ; when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement ; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince, and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred. This reflection is strengthened by two circumstances observable in man ; first, that the most zealous converters are always the most rancorous, when they fail of producing conviction ; but when they succeed, they love their new disciples, far better than those whose establishment in the faith, neither excited their zeal to the combat, nor rewarded their prowess with a victory. Priestley owed much of the virulence with which he was attacked, to the circumstance of his agreeing *partly* with every body, but *entirely* with nobody. In politics, as in philosophy, in literature as in religion, below the surface in *hydrostatics*, or above it in *pneumatics*, his track might still be traced, by the host of assailants that pursued it, and like the flying-fish, he had no sooner escaped one enemy in the *water*, than he had to encounter another in the *air*.

CXXVIII.

WHO are the least proper to hold this, or to have that ; to preside here, or advise there ; to be absent from this place, or present at that ? Generally speaking, those are the least proper to obtain these ends, who most desire them. Who desires to hold preferment, more than the professing pluralist, or to have place more than the pretended patriot, and who deserves them less ? Who wishes to preside at the senate more than the sycophant, or to advise at the council, more than the knave ? Who wishes to be absent from the trial more than the criminal, or to be present at the plunder, more than the thief ? For that wealth,

power, or influence which are desired, only that they may be *properly* applied and exerted, are not usually those which are most vehemently desired; since such an application of them cannot be a profitable task, but must be a troublesome, and may be a thankless one. Therefore when we see a man denying himself the common comforts of life, passing restless days, and sleepless nights, in order to compass something where the *public* good is the apparent motive, we may always venture to pause a little, just to consider whether *private* good may not be the real end.

CXXIX.

NONE know the full extent of present hate, but those who have achieved that which will insure the highest meed of future admiration.

CXXX.

IF a man be sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is an union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death. The adorer of truth therefore, is above all present things—Firm, in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them, decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought, and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin, which is always painted more *crooked* than a ram's horn,* although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

* The dolphin is not only the straightest fish that swims, but also the swiftest; and for this last property, he is indebted to the first.

CXXXI.

A prodigal starts with ten thousand pounds, and dies worth nothing ; a miser starts with nothing, and dies worth ten thousand pounds. It has been asked which has had the best of it ? I should presume the prodigal ; he has spent a fortune—but the miser has only left one ;—he has lived rich, to die poor ; the miser has lived poor, to die rich ; and if the prodigal quits life in debt to others, the miser quits it, still deeper in debt to himself.

CXXXII.

THAT time and labour are worse than useless, that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others ; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but also to root out.

CXXXIII.

GENIUS, in one respect, is like gold, numbers of persons are constantly writing about *both*, who have *neither*. The mystifications of metaphysics, and the quackeries of craniology, may be combined and conglomerated without end, and without limit, in a vain attempt to enable common sense to grasp and to comprehend the causes of genius, or the modes of their operation. Neither are men of genius themselves one jot better able to give us a satisfactory solution of the springs and sources of their own powers, than other men. The plain unvarnished fact, after all that may be said or sung about it, and about it, is this ; that genius, in one grand particular, is like life. *We know nothing of*

cither, but by their effects. It is highly probable that genius* may exist, under every sun and every sky, *like moss*, and

* There is so much of true genius, and poetic feeling of the highest order, in the following stanzas, that I cannot withstand the temptation of enriching my barren pages, with so beautiful a gem. This ode of Doctor Leyden's, in my humble opinion, comes as near perfection as the sublunary Muse can arrive at, when assisted by a subject that is interesting, and an execution that is masterly. It adds a deeper shade to that sympathy, which such lines must awaken, to reflect that the spirit that dictated them has fled.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Chérical, Malabar.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine !
 What vanity has brought thee here ?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?—
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight-converse, arm in arm ;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chérical's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot lov'd while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd,
 Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !—
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime
 That once so bright on fancy play'd,
 Revives no more in after-time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave ;
 The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime,
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
 A gentle vision comes by night

with as many varieties ; but it may have been more fully developed in some situations, than in others. The fogs of Iceland, however, have been warmed by poetry, and those of Holland by wit—" *Verecūm in patria, crassoque sub aere nasci ingenium.*" If, indeed, any inferior power can have the slightest influence on genius, which is itself the essence of power, if ought which is of earth can control that which is of heaven, this influence must be looked for, not in soils, nor suns, **nor** climates, but in social institutions, and in the modes and forms of governments. The Jews have been much the same in all periods, and are the same in all places, because their social institutions are the same. Look also at Greece and at Italy, two countries the most adducible, inasmuch as they have been the most highly favoured with talent. The bee and the nightingale, the olive and the grape, remain, because the climate is the same ; but where are the Grecians ? where are the Romans ?

My lonely widow'd heart to cheer ;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine :
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear !—
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that lov'd me true !
 I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart :—the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

Ha ! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne ?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 Thy memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn !—
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay.

the governments and the institutions are changed, and with them the men. Freedom is not indeed the mother, but she is the nurse of Genius, giving scope to its aspirations, confidence to its darings, and efficiency to its strength. As to those causes that may have been supposed to impart any particular bias or scope to genius, no sooner have we laid down some general rule on this head, than a thousand exceptions rush in to overturn it. If we affirm, with Johnson, that *genius is general power accidentally determined to some particular direction*, this may be true of the ten, but false of the ninety. Paley and Adam Smith have declared their total incapacity, with regard to all works of fiction, fancy, or imagination; and had Mr. Locke indulged in poetry, it is probable he would have failed more lamentably than Pope, when he dabbled in metaphysics. Such characters as Crichton and Mirandola, on the contrary, would seem to support the theory of Dr. Johnson, and go to prove that extension is not always purchased at the price of profundity. Shakspeare possessed an universality of talent that would have enabled him to accomplish any thing,

“To form one perfect whole, in him conspire

“The painter’s pencil, and the minstrel’s lyre,

“The wisdom of the sage, and prophet’s hallow’d fire.”

Neither can we lay down any certain rule for genius, as regards the periods of its developement. Some have gone into the vineyard at the third hour, and some at the ninth; some, like the Nile, have been mean and obscure in their source, but like that mighty river, majestic in their progress, with a stream both grand and fertile, have enriched the nations, rolling on with accumulated magnificence, to the ocean of Eternity. Others again there are, who seem to have adopted the motto of Cæsar for their career, and who have burst upon us from the depth of obscurity, as the lightning from the bosom of the cloud. Their energy has been equalled only by their brilliance, and like that bolt of heaven to which I have compared them, they have shivered

all opposition with a strength that obstacle served only to awaken, and resistance to augment.

"Blind, and denied the gross corporeal light,

"Their intellectual eye but shone more bright;

"Strength in disease they found, and radiance in night."

See Hypocrisy—Character of Milton.

CXXXIV.

DOCTOR Johnson observed of the ancient Romans, "that when poor, they robbed others, and when rich, themselves." This remark ought not to have been confined to that people only, for it is more or less applicable to all. Persecution too has been analogous in one respect to plunder, having been at all times both inflicted and endured, as circumstances might serve. When the conquered happen to have become in their turn the conquerors, it is not the persecution that has been crushed, but the persecutors that have been changed; so long has it taken mankind to learn this plain and precious truth, that it is easier to find a thousand reasons why men should differ in opinion, than one why they should fight* about them. Persecution has been the vice of times that are past, may be the vice of times that are present, but cannot be the vice of times that are to come, although we have already witnessed some events in the year eighteen hundred and *twenty-one*, that would lead us to suspect that centuries take a much longer time to arrive at years of discretion, than men. In Booth's Review of the Ancient Constitutions of Greece and of Rome, there is a passage that expresses what I have to say, in the happiest manner: 'It thus appears that the constitutions of antiquity were

* I shall quote here, for obvious reasons, the Morning Prayer of the celebrated Doctor Franklin:

"O Powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide! increase in me that wisdom, which discovers my truest interest, strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates, accept my kind offices to thy other creatures as the only return in my power for thy continued favors to me."

as inimical to religious freedom, as the worst of the governments of modern Europe ; and that conformity of opinion on the causes of the universe, has at no time been obtained, except by the assistance of penal statutes. An absolute freedom in religious discussions has never yet existed, in any age or country. It is one of the dreams of the new philosophy. The superstition of the Lacedemonians prohibited all enquiry on the subject of religion, but was of little advantage to morality. The Spartan ladies celebrated their nightly orgies ; and the warriors, who, every evening during their expeditions, sung hymns, in concert, to the honour of the gods, were ready, without remorse, to join in the *cryptia*, or massacre of their slaves. The religion of Athens was interwoven with its constitution, and the lives of Æschylus, Anaxagoras, Diagoras, Protagoras, Prodicus, Socrates, and Alcibiades, demonstrated that neither genius, learning, courage, nor the softer virtues, uncombined with the superstition of the age, could screen their possessors from the persecutions of an implacable priesthood.

“ Among the Romans, too, it was *toleration*, not freedom ; and even toleration itself was refused to the citizens of Rome. It was in vain, however, that those mighty masters of the world thus endeavoured to fetter the transmission of thought, and to fix the religion of the human race. Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot of this globe, and limited, in his existence, to a few courses of the sun, has nevertheless an imagination which no despotism can controul, and which, unceasingly, seeks for the author of his destiny, through the immensity of space, and the ever-rolling current of ages. The petty legislators of the hour threaten, with their thunders, as if they were the gods of this lower world, and issue their mandates that a boundary shall be drawn round the energies of mind. “ Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther ! ” Such is the fiat ; but it is as useless as that which would restrain the waves of the ocean. Time, who successively consigns to oblivion the ever-changing governments and religions of

men, now sits over the ruins of those proud and boasted republics. Time, the eldest of the gods of Greece and Rome, has seen Olympus despoiled of its deities, and their temples crumbled into dust. But, amid those mighty revolutions, religion has survived the wreck. Man, never ceasing to look for happiness in the heavens, has raised other structures for his devotion, under the symbols of the Crescent and the Cross."

CXXXV.

THE distinguishing peculiarity and most valuable characteristic of the diamond, is the power it possesses of refracting and reflecting the prismatic colours; this property it is that gives fire, life, and brilliancy to the diamond. Other stones reflect the light as they receive it, bright in proportion to their own transparency, but always colourless; and the ray comes out, as it went in. What the diamond effects as to the natural light, genius performs, as to that which is intellectual; it can refract and reflect the surrounding rays elicited by the minds of others, and can divide and arrange them with such precision and elegance, that they are returned indeed, not as they were received, dull, spiritless, and monotonous, but full of fire, lustre, and life. We might also add, that the light of other minds is as necessary to the play and the developement of genius, as the light of other bodies is to the play and radiation of the diamond. A diamond, incarcerated in its subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not from a common stone; and a Newton or a Shakespeare, deprived of kindred minds, and born amongst savages—savages had died.

CXXXVI.

IN literature our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.

CXXXVII.

HE that shortens the road to knowledge, lengthens life ; and we are all of us more indebted than we believe we are, to that class of writers whom Johnson termed “the pioneers of literature, doomed to clear away the dirt and the rubbish, for those heroes who press on to honour and to victory, without deigning to bestow a single smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress.”

CXXXVIII.

SELF-LOVE, in spite of all that has been said against it, performs divers necessary offices, in the drama of life, and like friction in mechanics, is not without its compensations of good. Self-pride is the eldest daughter of self-love, and this it is that consoles us on many occasions, and exhilarates us on more ; it lends a spring to our joys, and a pillow to our pains ; it heightens the zest of our reception, and softens the asperity of our repulse ; and it is not until this is mortally wounded within us, that the spirit to endure, expires. This Self-pride is the common friend of our humanity, and like the bell of our church, is resorted to on all occasions ; it ministers alike to our festivals, or our fasts ; our merriment or our mourning ; our weal, or our woe.

CXXXIX.

LAWS that are too severe, are temptations to plunder on the part of the criminal, and to perjury on the part of the prosecutor, since he would rather burden his conscience with a false oath, than with a true one, which would arm cruelty to kill, in the garb of justice. Such laws, therefore, reverse the natural order of things, transferring the indignation of public feeling which ought to follow the criminal, to the ferocity of that sentence by which he is to suffer, and taking from legislation its main support, the sympathy of public esteem and approbation ; for the victim to too severe a law is considered as a martyr, rather than a

criminal, and that which we pity, we cannot at the same time detest. But there is if possible a stronger objection against such laws; they open a door to all kinds of favouritism, and partiality, for they afford the executive a power of pardoning a friend, under the pretext of mercy; or of destroying a foe, with the forms of justice. A law of this nature may be compared to a mastiff, that is so ferocious that he is never suffered to be let loose, and which is no terror to the depredator, because it is known that he is constantly chained. Hence it happens that we often witness the jury, and even the judge in a criminal process, resorting to falsehood and contradiction, from an amiable determination to adhere to that which is merciful, rather than that which is legal, and compelling themselves to consider even perjury, and prevarication as matters of lesser weight and moment, when the life of a fellow creature is put into the scale against them. The fault is in the system, not in the men, and there is one motto, that ought to be put at the head of our penal code, "*summum jus, summa injuria.*" A law overcharged with severity, like a blunderbuss overloaded with powder, will each of them grow rusty by disuse, and neither will be resorted to from the shock and the recoil that must inevitably follow their explosion.

CXL.

NOTHING more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity himself, than straight forward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave, than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest man, than with both. He can combat a fool by management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptations. But the honest man is neither to be bamboozled, nor bribed. Therefore the knave has to combat here, with something quite out of his calculation; for his creed is that the world is a market, where every thing is to be bought, and also to be sold; and it is unfor-

fortunate that he has such good reasons for so bad a faith ; he himself is ready either to buy or to sell, but he has now to do with something that is neither, and he is staggered and thrown off his guard, when opposed to that inflexible honesty, which he has read of perhaps in a book, but never expected to see realized in a man. It is a new case in his record, a serious item not cast up in his accounts, although it makes the balance tremendously heavy against him. *Here*, he can propose nothing that will be acceded to, he can offer nothing that will be received. He is as much out of his reckoning, as a man who being in want of jewels, should repair to the diamond mart, with five pounds in his pocket ; he has nothing to give as an equivalent, he exposes his paltry wares of yellow dust, or dirty trick, and fancies that he can barter such trash for the precious pearls of principle and of honour, with those who know the value of the one, and the vileness of the other. Napoleon was a notorious dupe, to his false conceptions, on this subject ; inflexible integrity, was an article that he neither found in himself, nor calculated upon in another. He had three modes of managing men ; force, fraud, and corruption. A true disciple of Machiavelli, he could not read what was not in his book. But when he was opposed to a British force, he found out his mistake, and his two omnipotent metals proved false divinities here. He had to contend with those, whom he could neither beat with his *iron*, nor bribe with his *gold* ; whom he could not attack without being overcome, nor run from, without being *overtaken*.

CXLI.

RELIGION* has treated knowledge sometimes as

* I do most particularly *except* from the observations above, that religion which has been justly termed the *reformed* ; for the reformation was a glorious and practical assent to my position, that "*knowledge has become of age.*" While the christian looks to this faith chiefly as a future

an enemy, sometimes as an hostage; often as a captive, and more often as a child; but knowledge has become of age; and religion must either renounce her acquaintance, or introduce her as a companion, and respect her as a friend.

CXLII.

HE that undertakes a long march, should not have tight shoes, nor he that undertakes great measures, tight manacles. In order to save all, it is sometimes necessary to risk all; to risk less would be to lose the whole, since half would be swallowed up by those who have deserted us, and the other half by those who have defeated us. The Marquis of Wellesley doubled the resources of India, but there was a time when his *Leaden-hall** Directors fancied

good, even the sceptic should befriend it as a present good, and the sound philosopher as both. I shall finish this note by a splendid quotation from Sir William Drummond who began by going to the skies for scepticism, and finished by making a pilgrimage to Rome, not to establish his faith, but his infidelity. "*He that will not reason is a Bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.*" This passage is taken from his preface, an effort so superior to his book, that one wonders how the two could have *come together*, I have, however, heard such an union accounted for, by an observation that the match was perfectly legal, because *they were not of kin*.

* These Gentlemen by way of postscript to the letter alluded to above, settled eight thousand pounds per annum, on the Marquis for life. On another occasion they gave Lord Cornwallis one hundred thousand pounds, and the freedom of the city, in the *Grocers'* Company, and on the same day they gave the freedom of the city to Sir William Meadows, and made him also a Grocer, but forgot to give him a single sous to set up shop. It was thought that Sir William was hardly dealt with, considering his services, which had been successful and splendid, and this Epigram appeared on the occasion, addressed from Sir William to Lord Cornwallis:

From Leaden-hall the news is come,
That we must *Grocers* be,
To you, my lad, they gave a plum,
But not a fig for me.

that they foresaw in the expense of his equipment, bankruptcy and ruin. They sent him a long letter of remonstrance; "*Verbosa et grandis Epistola venit a Capreis.*" He sent back this truly laconic reply: "*Gentlemen, I cannot govern Kingdoms by the Rule of Three.*"

CXLIII.

THE great, perhaps the principal cause of that delight we receive from a fine composition, whether it be in prose* or in verse, I conceive to be this; the marvellous and magic power it confers upon the reader; enabling an inferior mind at one glance, and almost without an effort, to seize, to embrace, and to enjoy those remote combinations of wit, melting harmonies of sound, and vigorous condensations of sense, that cost a superior mind so much perseverance, labour, and

This brings to my mind another Epigram on a similar occasion, but which I shall relate, as I think it has something more of point. Admiral Keppel underwent a trial of court martial at Liverpool, on the score of having shown more *prudence* in a naval engagement than suited the views of the party that opposed him, and which has been still more eclipsed by the brilliance of modern tactics. Burke assisted him on his trial, and he was honourably acquitted. After this acquittal the freedom of the City of London was presented to him in a box of *Heart of Oak*, and on the same day Rodney received the same compliment, in a box of *GOLD*. Rodney was at that time known to be a little embarrassed in his affairs, and the following Epigram appeared on the occasion:

Each favourite's defective part,
 Satyric Cits you've told,
 For cautious Keppel wanted *heart*,
 And gallant Rodney, *gold*.

* I am persuaded that the rhythm of prose is far more difficult, and in much fewer hands than the harmony of poetry. We have so many middling *Poets* that we might exclaim with Juvenal:

—————" *Miserum est cum tot ubique
 " Vatibus occurras.*"

If most of them could be melted down into one sterling writer of solid prose, their publishers and their readers would have less to complain of.

time. And I think I am supported in this proposition, by the fact that our admiration of fine writing, will always be in proportion to its real difficulty, and its apparent ease. And on the contrary, it is equally corroborative of my statement, that any thing of confusion or obscurity, creative of a pause in the electric rapidity excited within us, by genuine talent, weakens in some sort its influence, and impedes the full success of its power.

CXLIV.

IN comparing ourselves with those, our good grandfathers, and grandmothers, the antients, we may fairly congratulate ourselves on many superiorities; But in some things we are still in error, and have rather changed than conquered our delusions. For it is not a less destructive infatuation, to flee good as an evil, than to follow evil as a good, to shun Philosophy as Folly, than to pursue Folly as Philosophy; to be surfeited by the voracious credulities of blind confidence, than to be starved by the barren perplexities of doubt. It is a truism, that the same effects often proceed from causes that are opposite; for we are as liable to be bewildered from having too many objects, as from having none; Whether we explore the naked desert of sand, and of sterility, or the exuberant wilderness of forest that none can clear, and thicket that none can penetrate.

CXLV.

JOHNSON said that wit consists in finding out resemblances, and judgment in discerning differences, and as their provinces were so opposite, it was natural that they should seldom coexist in the same men. This position of Johnson's, like many more that came from his pen, sounds so much like truth, that it will often pass for it. But he seems to have overlooked the fact, that in deciding on things that differ, we exercise the very same powers that are called

out in determining on things that resemble. Thus in comparing the merits of a picture as regards its faithfulness to the original, he would give a very false account of it, who should declare it to be a perfect likeness, because the one feature was correct, while all the others were dissimilar. But this can never happen, because the same acumen that discovers to us the closeness of one feature to the original, shows us also the discordancy of all the others. But the direct proof that Johnson was wrong is this: There happens to have been quite as much wit exercised in finding out things that differ, as in hitting upon those that resemble. Sheridan once observed of a certain speech, that all its facts were invention, and all its wit, memory; two more brilliant yet brief distinctions perhaps were never made. Mr. Pitt compared the constant opposition of Sheridan, to an eternal drag chain, clogging all the wheels, retarding the career, and embarrassing the movements of government; Mr. Sheridan replied, that a real drag chain differed from this imaginary drag chain of the minister, in one important essential; it was applied only when the machine was *going down the Hill*. In the first volume I have recorded an anecdote of Doctor Crowe, where Johnson himself was vanquished by a piece of wit, the only merit of which lay in the felicitous detection of a very important difference. Those who have sat in Mr. Sheridan's company might record many similar examples, it was never my good fortune but once, to be a satellite, where he was the luminary. He kept us in the sphere of his attraction, until the morning, and when I reflect on his rubicund countenance, and his matchless powers of conviviality, he seemed to preside in the throne of wit, with more effulgence than Phaeton in the Chariot of the Sun; But as an humble example of my present subject, I would add this distinction between them: The first by his failure turned the day into night; but the latter by his success, by the beams of his eloquence, and the flashes of his wit, turned the night into day.

CXLVI.

MOTION is the only property we can affirm with certainty to be inseparable at all times, from all matter, and consciousness,* from all mind. With these two exceptions the whole universe of things is parcelled out, and partitioned into regions of probability or improbability, acquiescence or hesitation, confidence or conjecture. But that emperor who chiefly sways these petty states, who numbers the greatest census of subjects, and lords it over the richest extent of territory, is the capricious despot,—doubt. He is at once the richest and the poorest of potentates, for he has locked up immense wealth in his treasury, but he cannot find the key. His huge and gloomy palace floats and fluctuates on the immeasurable ocean of uncertainty; its moorings are more profound than our ignorance, but more strong than our wisdom; the pile is stable from its very instability, and has rode out those storms that have so often overthrown the firmest pharos of science, and the loftiest lighthouse of philosophy. Nothing is more perplexing than the power, but nothing is more durable than the dynasty of doubt, for he reigns in the hearts of all his people, but gives satisfaction to none of them, and yet he is the only despot that can never die, while any of his subjects live.

CXLVII.

IN the complicated and marvellous machinery of

* Some may ask is not consciousness suspended by sleep, certainly not, otherwise none could dream but those who are awake, the memory is sometimes suspended in dreams, and the judgment always, but there is no moment when consciousness ceases, although there may be many when it is not remembered. It may also be asked as to matter, whether there be any motion going on in the component parts of the diamond; we may be assured there is, but a motion compared to our finite faculties, almost infinitely slow, but to which it must gradually yield, and cease to be a diamond, as certainly, but not as quickly, as this table I am writing on, will cease to be a table. It is curious that of the two brightest things we know, the one should have the quickest motion, and the other the slowest, lightning and the diamond.

circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that *preceded* them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivalling in its hues the tints of the rainbow; there are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel, and the ribbon, but where the connection has been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year 16 hundred and thirty, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally *thrown into* the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year 16 hundred and thirty-two, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great.

CXLVIII.

TO look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it is another; if we look backwards to antiquity, it should be as those that are winning a race; to press forwards the faster, and to leave the beaten still farther behind.

CXLIX.

DULL authors will measure our judgment not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their *vapidity* is to have supèrior taste, to despise it is to have none.

CL.

WE may concede any man a right, without doing

any man a wrong, but we can favour no one, without injuring some one. Where there are many claimants, and we select one for his superior merit, this is a preference, and to this preference, he has a right; but if we make our election from any other motive, this is a partiality, and this partiality, although it may be a benefit to him, is a wrong to another. We may be very active, and very busy, but if strict justice be not the rudder of all our other virtues, the faster we sail, the farther we shall find ourselves from "*that haven where we would be.*"

CLI.

THERE is not a little generalship and strategy required in the managing and marshalling of our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all. For pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another, and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest. Thus drinking will soon destroy the power, gaming the means, and sensuality the taste for other pleasures less seductive, but far more salubrious, and permanent as they are pure.

CLII.

IN proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth. But there are two questions that would completely reverse this order of things; what keeps some persons poor? and what has made some others rich? the true answers to these queries, would often make the poor man more proud of his poverty, than the rich man is of his wealth, and the rich man more justly ashamed of his wealth, than the poor man unjustly now is, of his poverty.

CLIII.

IT is lamentable that the intellectual light, which

has so much more power than the solar, should have so much less rapidity; the sons of science mount to their meridian splendour, unobserved by the millions beneath them, who look through the misty medium of prejudice, of ignorance, and of pride. Unlike the sun in the firmament, it is not until they are set themselves, that they enlighten others.

CLIV.

PATRIOTISM, Liberty, Reform, and many other good things have got a bad name, by keeping bad company; for those who have ill intentions, cannot afford to work with tools that have ill sounds; when a knave sallies forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words, as naturally as his body in his best clothes; but they must expect a Flemish account, that give him credit either for the one, or for the other.

CLV.

ENGLAND can bear more mismanagement, luxury, and corruption, than any other nation under heaven; and those who have built their predictions of her downfall from analogies taken from other nations, have all fortunately failed, because England has four points of strength and revivescence, not common to those examples from which these analogies have been drawn. Two of these sources of strength are *physical*, her coal, and her iron; and two of them are *moral*, the freedom of the press, and the trial by jury; and they are mutually conservative of each other, for should any attempt be made to destroy the two last, the two first are admirably adapted to defend them.

CLVI.

EVERY fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

CLVII.

THE more we know of History, the less shall we esteem the subjects of it, and to despise our species, is the price we must too often pay for our knowledge of it.

CLVIII.

THE three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are Wealth, Health, and Power

CLIX.

IT is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say, not for what they do; and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

CLX.

MAN is a compound Being, and what little knowledge he can arrive at, to be practical, scarcely can be pure. Like the air he breathes, he may refine it, until the one is unfit to be respired, and the other to be applied. Mathematicians have sought knowledge in figures, Philosophers in systems, Logicians in subtleties, and Metaphysicians in sounds; It is not in any nor in all of these. He that studies only men, will get the body of knowledge without the soul, and he that studies only books, the soul, without the body. He that to what he sees, adds observation, and to what he reads, reflection, is in the right road to knowledge, provided that in scrutinizing the hearts of others, he neglect not his own, and

like the Swiss,* doubles his exertions abroad, that he may more speedily profit by them at home.

CLXI.

NO duels are palatable to both parties, except those that are engaged in, from motives of revenge. Such duels are rare in modern times, for law has been found as efficacious for this purpose as lead, though not so expeditious, and the lingering tortures inflicted by parchment, as terrible as the more summary decisions of the pistol. In all affairs of honour, excepting those where the sole motive is revenge, it is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear we accept a challenge, and from fear we refuse it. From the false fear of opinion we enter the lists, or we decline to do so, from the real fear of danger, or the moral fear of guilt. Duelling is an evil that it will be extremely difficult to eradicate, because it would require a society composed of such materials as are not to be found without admixture; a society where all who are not christians, must at least be gentlemen, or if neither---philosophers.

CLXII

SOME praters are so full of their own gabble, and so fond of their own discord, that they would not suspend their eternal monotonies, to hear the wit of Sheridan, or the point of Swift; one might as well attempt to stop the saw of a task-working stone cutter, by the melodies of an Æolian harp. Others again there are, who hide that ignorance in silent gravity, that these expose by silly talk, but they are so coldly correct, and so methodically dull, that any attempt to raise

* This pining to revisit their native land peculiar to the Swiss, is termed *Nostalgia*, a word that signifies a strong desire to return. They have been known even to die when this cannot be attained, and it is remarkable that the same remedy that cures a Swiss, kills a Scot.

the slumbering sparks of genius, by means of such instruments, would be to stir up a languishing fire, with a poker of ice. There is a third class, forming a great majority, being a heavy compound of the two former, and possessing many of the properties peculiar to each; thus they have just ignorance enough to talk amongst fools, and just sense enough to be silent amongst wits. But they have no vivacity in themselves, nor relish for it in another, to attempt to keep up the ball of conversation with such partners, would be to play a game of fives against a bed of feathers.

CLXIII.

MAN grows up to teach his children as a father, and he looks back to the time when he himself was taught as a child. Hence he often becomes a pedagogue by circumstance, and a dogmatist by choice. He carries these principles beyond his own contracted sphere, into regions without his jurisdiction, and assumes the dignity of the preceptor, in situations where the docility of the pupil would be more consonant to his powers, but less congenial to his pride. Neither are words, those tools he works with, less imperfect than his skill in applying them. Words "*those fickle daughters of the earth,*" are the creation of a being that is finite, and when applied to explain that which is infinite they fail; for that which is made surpasses not the maker; nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts, be measured by our tongues. Man is placed in a system where he sees benevolence acting through the instrumentality of wisdom; these proofs multiply upon him, in proportion to his powers of intellectual perception, and in those departments of this system which he understands the best, these marks of wisdom and benevolence are most discernible. An astronomer would have a sublimer view of the powers of the first cause in magnitude than an anatomist, but the anatomist would have a finer conception of this wisdom in minuteness than the astronomer. A peasant may have as

sincere a veneration for this Being, and adore him with as pure a worship as either the astronomer, or the anatomist; but his appreciations of him must be less exalted, because they are built upon a narrower base. If then in all the parts of this system, which we can understand, these marks of goodness are so plain and legible, is it not rational to infer the same goodness in those parts of the system which we cannot comprehend? The designer of this system has not left himself without a witness, but has unfolded his high qualities so fully in most instances, that if there are some where he *appears* to us obscure, or unintelligible, to believe in our own ignorance, rather than the injustice of such a Being, is not only the safest creed, but the soundest philosophy. The end may be a state of optimism, and this would be worthy of God; but the means are a state of discipline, and this is fitting for man.

One endowed with a moderate share of mathematical knowledge, might be capable of following Sir Isaac Newton through the rationale of many of his propositions, and would find him clear and irrefragable in all of them. But presently he comes to that philosopher's discovery of fluxions, the principles and deductions of which happen to be *beyond his* comprehension; would it not be the height of presumption for such a man to suspect Sir Isaac Newton of obscurity, rather than himself of incapacity? But if this reasoning have any weight between one man and another, with how much greater power must it operate between man and his Maker. Infidelity, alas, is not always built upon doubt, for this is diffident, nor philosophy always upon wisdom, for this is meek; but pride is *neither*. The spoilt children of human science, like some other bantlings, are seen at times to spurn at the good that is offered, in a vain but boisterous struggle for the evil that is withheld.

CLXIV.

NO man can live or die so much for himself as he

that lives and dies for others, and the only greatness of those little men who have conquered every thing but themselves, consists in the steadiness with which they have overcome the most splendid temptations to be good, in consequence of their low schemes and grovelling wishes to be powerful, like Napoleon, who

“ Though times, occasions, chances, foes and friends,
Urged him to purest fame, by noblest ends,
In this alone was great,—to have withstood
Such varied vast temptations to be good.”

Conflagration of Moscow.

CLXV.

WERE we to say that we admire the tricks and gambols of a monkey, but think nothing of that Power that created those limbs and muscles by which these are performed—even a coxcomb would stare at such an asseveration; and yet he is in the daily commission of a much grosser contradiction, since he neglects his Maker, but worships himself.

CLXVI.

TRUTH is the object of Reason, and this is one; Beauty is the object of taste, and this is multiform.

CLXVII.

ORATORY is the huffing and blustering spoilt-child of a semi-barbarous age. The Press is the foe of Rhetoric, but the friend of Reason; and the art of declamation has been sinking in value, from the moment* that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and hearers wise enough to read.

* There are no potentates of modern times that would imitate Philip, and offer a town containing ten thousand inhabitants, for an Orator. The antients were a gossiping and a listening, rather than a writing or

CLXVIII.

LIGHT, whether it be material or moral, is the best Reformer; for it prevents those disorders which other remedies sometimes cure, but sometimes confirm.

CLXIX.

MAN, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

a reading set. This circumstance gave an orator great opportunities of display; for the tongue effects that for thoughts, that the Press does for words; but the tongue confers on them a much shorter existence, and produces them in a far less tangible shape; two circumstances that are often not unfavourable to the speechifier. An antient Demagogue said, that so long as the people had ears, he would rather that they should be without understandings. All good things *here* below, have their drawbacks; and all evil things their compensations. The drawback of the advantage of printing is, that it enables coxcombs to deluge us with dullness; and the compensation for the want of that art was this, that if blockheads wrote nonsense, no one else would transcribe it; neither could they take their trash to the market, when it cost so much time and labour to multiply the copies. Booksellers are like horse-dealers in one respect, and if they buy the devil, they must also sell the devil—but the misfortune is that a bookseller seldom understands the merits of a book, so thoroughly as the horse-dealer the merits of a horse, and reads with far less judgment than the other rides. But to return to the speechifiers. An orator, who, like Demosthenes, appeals to the head, rather than the heart, who resorts to argument, not to sophistry, who has no sounding words, unsupported by strong conceptions, who would rather convince without persuading, than persuade without convincing, is an exception to all rules, and would succeed in all periods. When the Roman people had listened to the long diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero, they departed, saying to one another, what a splendid speech our orator has made; but, when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject matter of his oration, that they quite forgot the orator, but left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge, and exclaiming, let us go and fight against Philip.

CLXX.

WE often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often to despise what we really fear.

CLXXI.

AS in our amours those conquests that have cost the conqueror the most difficulty, have retained him the longest in subjection, causing him like Pyrrhus by victory to be undone, so it is also in our appetites; those enjoyments we have come over to with the most repugnance, we abandon with the most regret.

CLXXII.

SLANDER cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse, it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

CLXXIII.

MANY schemes ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized, the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species; that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

CLXXIV.

IT is a common observation that any fool can get money; but they are not wise that think so. The fact is that men apparently dull do get money, and yet they have no reason to thank their dulness for their wealth. They appear to be stupid on every thing unconnected with their ob-

ject, money, because they have concentrated all their powers to this particular purpose. But they are wise *in their generation*, as those who have any dealings with them, will find out. Like moles they are considered blind, by common observers, although in the formation of their little *yellow* heaps, both are sufficiently sharp-sighted, and have better eyes for their own low and grovelling purposes, than those bye-standers, who suspect that they have none.

CLXXV.

IN Women, we love that which is natural, we admire that which is acquired, and shun that which is artificial. But a system of education that combines the evil of all, and gives us the good of neither, that presents us with the ignorance of that which is natural, without its artlessness, and the cunning of that which is artificial, without its acquirements, that gives us little to admire, less to love, and much to despise, is more calculated to procure the female a partner for the minuet, than for the marriage, and for the ball, than for the bed.

CLXXVI.

TIME does as much for a first rate poet, as for a first rate painter, but in a very different manner; that poet whose efforts have established his reputation, and whose celebrity has gone down to after ages, will receive a meed of renown even greater than he deserves, and that text of scripture will be verified as to his fame, which says, "to him that hath shall be given." Time in fact, effects that for a fine poem, that distance performs for a fine view. When we look at a magnificent city from some height that is above it, and beyond it, we are sufficiently removed to lose sight of its little alleys, blind lanes, and paltry habitations; we can discover nothing but its lofty spires, monuments and towers, its palaces, and its sanctuaries. And so it is with a

poem, when we look back upon it through a long interval of time ; we have been in the habit of hearing only the finest passages, because these only are repeated ; the flats and the failings, either we have not read, or do not remember. The finest passages of Milton, or of Shakespear, can be rehearsed by many who have never waded through all the pages of either. Dacier observed that Homer was a thousand years more beautiful than Virgil, as if Calliope traced the *etymology* of her name, to her wrinkles, rather than her dimples. Voltaire carried this opinion so far that he seems to infer that distance of time might make a poet still more interesting, by making him invisible, for he asserts that the reputation of Dante will continually be growing greater, and greater, because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at *this* point of greatness, and may in some sort be said to have survived their own apotheosis.

CLXXVII.

IT is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body, we are half dead, before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

CLXXVIII.

LIBERTY will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty, it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. That nation cannot be free where reform is a common hack, that is dismissed with a kick, the moment it has brought the rider to his place. That nation cannot be free where parties are but different roads, leading to one common destination, plunder. That nation can not be free where the rulers will not feel *for* the people, until they are obliged to feel *with* the people, and

then it is too late. That nation cannot be free that is bought by its own consent, and sold against it; where the rogue that is in rags, is kept in countenance by the rogue that is in ruffles, and where from high to low, from the lord to the lacquey, there is nothing radical but corruption, and nothing contemptible but poverty; where both patriot and placeman, perceiving that money can do every thing, are prepared to do every thing for money. That nation cannot be free, where religion is, with the higher orders, a matter of indifference; with the middle, of acquiescence; and with the lower, of fanaticism. That nation cannot be free where the leprosy of selfishness sticks to it as close as the curse of Elisha to his servant Gehazi, where the rulers ask not what recommends a man, but who; and where those who want a rogue, have no occasion to make, but to choose. I hope there is no nation like this under Heaven; but if there were, these are the things that however great she might be, would keep such a nation from liberty, and liberty from her. These are the things that would force upon such a nation, first, a government of expedients, secondly, of difficulties, and lastly, of danger. Such a nation could begin to feel, only by fearing all that she deserved, and finish by suffering all that she feared.

CLXXIX.

A free press is the parent of much good in a state. But even a licentious press is a far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right; a licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it give the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal, it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that decoys us to our destruction.

CLXXX.

ALL nations that have reached the highest point of civilization, may from that hour assume for their motto, "*videri quam esse.*" And whenever, and wherever we see ostentation substituted for happiness, profession for friendship, formality for religion, pedantry for learning, buffoonery for wit, artifice for nature, and hypocrisy for every thing, These are the signs of the times which he that runs may read, and which will enable the Philosopher to date the commencement of national decay, from the consummation of national refinement.

CLXXXI.

WE should chuse our books as we would our companions, for their sterling and intrinsic merit, not for their adscititious or accidental advantages. For with books as with men, it seldom happens that their performances are fully equal to their pretensions, nor their capital to their credit. Therefore to repeat a sentence in my preface, we should consider rather what is said, than who says it, and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him that delivers it; for wise things have sometimes escaped from heads that are foolish, and foolish things from heads that are wise. We should prefer preceptors who teach us to think, such as Bacon and Locke, rather than those that teach us to argue, as Aristotle, and Cicero; and we should give our days and our nights to those who like Tacitus and Sully, describe men as they are, than to those who like Harrington and Bolingbroke, describe men as they ought to be. Of the poets, it will be most safe to read chiefly those of times that are past, who are still popular in times that are present; and when we read a few of those that are antient, this is the most pleasing and compendious mode of reading all that is good, in those that are modern. The press enables poets to deluge us with streams from Helicon, rapid, over-

flowing, and inexhaustible, but noisy, frothy, and muddy withal, and profuse rather than profound. But we shall find more difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of the poets, than of all other writers. For in science, reason is the guide; but in poetry, taste. Truth, I have before observed, is the object of the one, which is uniform and indivisible; beauty is the object of the other, which is varied and multiform.

CLXXXII.

THERE are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent, as he would be, that exacted more than *his* due from his debtors, and paid less than *their* due to his creditors.

CLXXXIII.

IT is a piece of pedantry to introduce foreign words into our language, when we have terms of legitimate English origin that express all that these exotics convey, with the advantage of being intelligible to every one. For foreign sounds, like foreign servants, ought not to be introduced to the disadvantage of the natives, until these are found unworthy of trust. I was once asked at a party what was the difference between a conversation, and a *converzationé*; I replied, that if there were any difference, I considered it must be this: In a conversation, if a blockhead talked nonsense, you were not obliged to listen to him; but in a *converzationé* you were. I have heard of an old gentleman, who was a better theologist than a chymist, gravely asking a friend, if he would be so good as to explain to him the difference between the old word *calvinism*, and the new term *galvanism*. He might have replied, that both of them had a great deal to do with *fire*, but that neither of them had been hitherto

able to explain the nature of that element with which they were so intimately connected.

CLXXXIV.

A system of mal-government begins by refusing man his rights, and ends by depriving him of the power of appreciating the value of that which he has lost. It is possible that the Polish cerf, or the Russian boor, or the descendant of the kidnapped negro, may be contented with their condition; but it is not possible that the mind of a Franklin, or a Howard, could be contented to see them so. The philosopher knows that the most degrading symptom of hopeless vassalage, is this very apathy that it ultimately superinduces on its victims, as the surgeon knows that the most alarming symptom of a deadly mortification having taken place, is the cessation of pain on the part of the patient.

CLXXXV.

IF sensuality be our only happiness, we ought to envy the brutes; for instinct* is a surer, shorter, and safer guide to *such* happiness, than reason.

* There are some facts recorded of the Elephant, that one scarcely knows how to reconcile to mere instinct, *if* the facts be authentic. I have heard the late sir George Staunton say, that when general Meadows reviewed four war Elephants that had been sent from Ceylon, to Madras, to assist in getting the British artillery through the *gauts*, a very extraordinary circumstance took place. The war Elephant it is well known is trained to perform the grand Salam, which is done by falling on the first joint of the fore leg, at a certain signal. The largest of the four Elephants was particularly noticed by the general, as being terribly out of condition; the keeper was ordered up to explain the cause, and was in the act of doing this to the general, when the Elephant advanced a few steps out of the line, and with one stroke of his proboscis laid his keeper dead at his feet. He then retired back again into his position, and performed the grand *salam*. This circumstance excited some con-

CLXXXVI.

IF we read the history of disorders, we are astonished that men live, if of cures, we are still more astonished, that they die. But death is the only sovereign whom no partiality can warp, and no price corrupt. He neither spares the hero, his purveyor by wholesale, nor the physician,* his caterer by retail, nor the lawyer, his solicitor-general, nor the undertaker, his master of the wardrobe, nor the priest his chamberlain, and privy-counsellor; even his truest minion and prime sycophant, the sexton, who has spent his whole life in hiding his bad deeds from the world, and concealing his deformities, is at last consigned to the bed of clay, with his own shovel, and this by the hands of some younger favourite, who suc-

siderable alarm, when the wife of the keeper ran up to his dead body, and in a broken sort of exclamation, cried out that she was always afraid something of this sort would happen, as he was constantly in the habit of robbing that Elephant of his rations of rice, by taking them away from his crib after they had been served out to him, under the inspection of his superior. This anecdote is rather a staggering one, but I have mentioned it to many persons who have been in India, and most of them were no strangers to the circumstance. One gentleman informed me that it was authentically recorded in the philosophical transactions of that day, but this I cannot vouch for, having never searched for it.

* I remember when at Paris being introduced to a physician who had fitted up a large apartment with portraits, sent him by those patients whom he had recovered. This circumstance put me in mind of a remark of Diogenes to one that admired the multitude of votive offerings in Samothracia given to the temple of Neptune, by those who had escaped from shipwreck; there would have been many more, said Diogenes, if those who have perished could have presented theirs. There is a Spanish story that runs thus: All the physicians in Madrid were suddenly alarmed by the intrusion of the ghosts of their patients, their doors were so besieged by the spectres of the dead, that there was no entrance for the living. It was observed that a single physician of no repute, and living very obscurely, was incommoded with only one of these unearthly visitors; all Madrid flocked to him, and he got all the fees, until his brother practitioners promulgated the unfortunate discovery that this single ghost, was, when alive, the only patient that ever consulted him.

ceeds alike to his salary, and his sentence, his department, and his doom.

CLXXXVII.

THE minor miseries superinduced by Fashion, that queen of fools, can hardly be conceived by those who live in the present day, when common sense is invalidating every hour the authority of this silly despot, and confirming the rational dictates of comfort. The quantum of uneasiness forced upon us by these absurdities, was no small drawback from the sum total of that happiness allotted to the little life of man; for small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight, they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon ball, than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets. It is within the recollection of very many of my readers, that no gentleman or lady could either pay or receive a visit, or go out to a dinner, or appear at a public party, without submitting to have seven or eight pounds of fat and flour worked into their hair, by the hands of that very industrious and important personage the friseur, on whose co-operation their whole powers of locomotion depended, and who had so much to do that he could seldom be punctual. Nothing was more common than for ladies at a race ball, an election invitation, or a county assize meeting, to undergo the tremendous operations of the friseur on the evening that preceded, and to sacrifice one night's rest to fashion, in order that they might sacrifice another night to folly. Our fair country women laugh at the Chinese ladies, who deprive themselves of the use of their feet, by tight shoes and bandages, and whose characters would be ruined if they were even suspected of being able to walk. But they themselves, by the more destructive and dangerous fashion of tight lacing, destroy functions of the body far more important, not only to themselves, but to their offspring, and whole troops of dandies

quite as taper waisted, and almost as masculine as their mothers, are the natural result of such an absurdity. If to be admired is the motive for such a custom, **it** is a most paradoxical mode of pursuing this end; for that which is destructive of health, must be still more destructive of beauty; that beauty, in a vain effort to preserve which, the victims of this fashion have devoted themselves to a joyless youth, and a premature decrepitude. Another of the minor miseries formerly imposed upon society by the despotism of fashion, was the necessity of giving large sums, denominated vails, to a whole bevy of butlers, footmen, and lacqueys. This was carried to such an excess, that no poor man could afford to dine with a rich one, unless he inclosed a guinea with his card of invitation; and yet this custom, more mean, if possible, than absurd, kept its ground until a few such men as Swift, Steele, and Arbuthnot, happened to make a discovery in terrestrial bodies, productive of more comfort than any made before or since, in those that are celestial. After a due course of experiments, both synthetically and analytically pursued, they found out and promulgated to the world, that two or three friends, a joint of Welsh mutton, a blazing hearth, a bottle of old wine, and a hearty welcome at home, were far better things than cold fricasees, colder formalities, sour liquors, and sourer looks abroad, saddled, moreover, with the penalty of running the gauntlet of a whole gang of belaced and betassled mendicants, who proceeded from the plunder of the pocket of the guest, to their still more barefaced depredations on the cellar of their master. There is a little Italian story so much to my present purpose, that I shall conclude by relating it. A nobleman, resident at a castle, I think near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. Most providentially, however, on the very morning of the feast, a poor fisherman made his appearance, with a turbot so large, that it seemed

to have been created for the occasion, "*animal propter convivia natum.*" Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. One hundred lashes, said the fisherman, on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain. The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, well, well, the fellow is a humourist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence. After fifty lashes had been administered, hold, hold, exclaimed the fisherman, I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share. What, are there two such madcaps in the world, exclaimed the nobleman, name him, and he shall be sent for instantly; you need not go very far for him, said the fisherman, you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in, until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot. Oh, oh, said the nobleman, bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice. This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

CLXXXVIII.

HAPPINESS is that single and glorious thing, which is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe, and where she is not, it were better that nothing should be. Without her,* wisdom is but a shadow, and virtue

* Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady, what new work he was employed about; I am writing nothing just at present he replied; well, but Doctor, said she, if I could write like you, I should be always

a name ; she is their sovereign mistress ; for her alone they labour, and by her they *will* be paid ; to enjoy her, and to communicate her, is the object of their efforts, and the consummation of their toil.

CLXXXIX.

IT is with ridicule as with compassion, we do not like to be the solitary objects of either, and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight, by dividing the load. A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipsic, told me a humorous anecdote, which may serve to illustrate the above position. It will be remembered, that our government had dispatched a rocket brigade to assist at that action, and that Captain Boger, a very deserving young officer, lost his life in the commanding of it. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers of all arms, and of all nations ; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there ; a British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, enquired if this piece of coin was current there ; oh yes, replied he, you may have whatever the house affords for that money, it passes current here at present. Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the single identical shil-

ling, merely for the pleasure of it ; pray, madam, retorted he, do you sincerely think that Leander swam across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming.

ling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation elicited from "*mine host of the garter*, by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a very Christian wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. Do you see, said he, that large hotel opposite? that fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five francs piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day. Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech, and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipsic; Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes in execution; I shall certainly do all I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday; and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day.

CXC.

IF you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not over ready to give him credit on the score of character which he may have attained for any great ability in points which you do not understand.

CXCI.

EMULATION looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory ; Ehvy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.

CXCII.

TRUTH can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy, and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs ; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

CXCIII.

IT is adverse to talent, to be consorted, and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, *however high they may rank*. The foal of the racer, neither finds ~~out~~ his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out ~~with~~ the common herd, that are destined for the collar, and the yoke.

CXCIV.

THE good people of England do all that in them lies to make their king a puppet ; and then with their usual consistency, detest him if he is not what they would make him, and despise him if he is.

CXCV.

HE that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead ; and by an egotism that is suicidal, and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter. Some fancy that they make all matters right by cheating their relations, and leaving all their ill-gotten wealth, to some public institution. I have heard a story of his satanic majesty, that

he was one day sitting on his throne of state, with some of his prime ministers attending him, when a certain imp just arrived from his mission to this nether world, appeared before him. Sirrah, said he, you have been long absent from us, what news from above? I have been attending, and please your majesty, the death bed of a miser, and I have put it into his head to leave all his immense wealth to charitable institutions; Indeed, said the sable monarch, and call you this attending to my interest? I am afraid we shall lose him; fear not said the imp, for he has made no *restitutions*, and has also many starving relatives; but if we were so unlucky, we are sure after all to be gainers, for I also instilled it into his mind to appoint *twelve trustees*, and your majesty may safely reckon upon every soul of them, to a man.

CXCVI.

“*OMNE simile non est idem*,” is an axiom which men of powerful imaginations ought to keep constantly in view; for in mental optics those do not always see the farthest who have mounted the highest, and imagination* has sometimes blinded the judgment rather than sharpened its acumen. Minds of this kind have been beautifully compared to those angels described in the Revelations, who hid their *eyes* with their *wings*.

* Wit also, will sometimes bribe the judgment to a false decision, and make us more inclined to say what is brilliant, rather than what is true, and to aim at point rather than at propriety. Voltaire was once desired by a poet to criticise a tragedy that he had written. He prefaced his request by saying that he knew the value of this philosopher's time, and therefore he requested him to express his candid opinion in the shortest manner. Unfortunately our tragedian had written the single word *Fin* at the bottom of his piece, and our merciless critic confined his whole criticism merely to scratching out the letter *n*, thus *Fi*. Nevertheless the tragedy did not deserve so severe a sentence; but the wit was too great a temptation.

CXCVII.

SOME conversions have failed not for any want of faith in the convert, but for a deficiency of that article in the converter; and when matters have been brought to the point, it has been discovered that the disciple was ready to perform his part of the ceremony, provided the master were equally so to perform his. I remember having somewhere read a story of a certain lady in Italy, who being of the protestant faith, was about to be united in marriage to a papist. Great pains were taken to work her conversion; at length she consented to take the holy sacrament, according to the ritual of the church of Rome, provided the making up, and manufacturing of the wafer to be used in this ceremony were allowed her. This was granted, and when the priest had finished the consecration, she solemnly asked him if he firmly believed that the act of consecration had transformed those elements into the real body of Christ? he replied there could not be the shadow of a doubt of it. Then, said she, I am ready to swallow them if you will only set me the example, but must candidly inform you, added she, that before the miracle of transubstantiation had been performed, on the consecrated host, the principle ingredient in its composition was arsenic. The monk did not deem it prudent to make a convert on such terms.

CXCVIII.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived; since words that cost little, are exchanged for hopes that cost less. But we must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much, for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the the strongest dose, only to the *weakest* patient. The truly great will bear even reproof, if truth support it, more patiently than flattery accompanied with falshood; for by

venturing on the first, we pay a compliment to their heart, but by venturing on the second, we inflict an insult on their head. Two painters undertook a portrait of Hannibal; one of them painted a *full likeness* of him, and gave him two eyes, whereas disease had deprived him of one; The other painted him in *profile*, but with his blind side *from* the spectators. He severely reprimanded the first, but handsomely rewarded the second.

CXCIX.

HUMAN life, according to Mandeville* and others of his school, is a constant system of hypocrisy acting upon hypocrisy, a kind of double duping, where pretenders pursue virtue that they esteem not, for the sake of praises which those who proffer, value not. Thus, according to him, instead of feeling any gratitude for those who have lost their lives in the service of their country, our feelings ought rather to be those of pity, and contempt, for beings so weak as to permit the love of glory, to overcome the love of life. In conformity to this system, he asserts that all the virtues

* If we were inclined to pun after the manner of Swift, on the name of Mandeville, we might say that Mandeville was a devil of a man, who wrote a book to prove man a devil.

I am rather surprised to see such men as Hobbes, Machiavelli, Mandeville, or Spinoza, receive any attention in that republic which alone is fixed and free—the Republic of Letters. They carry, it is true, their own antidote for the absurdity of their doctrines is usually in proportion to their atrocity. I would have them read, notwithstanding, and promulgated and examined, and would give them all possible fairplay. I am certain this is the most efficacious mode of satisfying ourselves how much more powerful their names are, than their pens. I shall be told that there are moments when these men evince great strength of mind, as there are times when madmen evince great strength of body; but one is the strength of error, and the other of disease. Now we shut up the one, and clap a strait-waistcoat upon him; but I would give the other all possible liberty, for the more they are *seen* and *known*, the fewer converts they will have, and the less mischief they will do.

are nothing more than the political offspring that flattery begets upon pride. Were such a system to be general, with Machiavelli for our tutor, and Mandeville for our moralist, we might indeed deny a heaven, but if we denied a hell, it would not be for want of a *prototype* upon earth. Mr. Hume on the other hand seems inclined to make utility the test of virtue, and this doctrine he has urged so speciously as to draw after him "*a third part of the Host of Heaven.*" Paley has been in some degree seduced, but Paley's authority is on the decline. If one were disposed to banter such a doctrine, by pursuing up its conclusions to the absurdities to which they would lead us, one would say that if a building were on fire, a philosopher ought to be saved in preference to a fool, and a steam Engine, or a loom, in preference to either; no parent ought to have any affection or tenderness for a child that was dying of a disorder pronounced to be incurable; and no child ought to take any trouble for a parent that was in a state of dotage. If we met with a beggar with one leg, we ought to give him nothing, but reserve a double alms for a beggar who had two, as being the most useful animal. As to religion, all adoration would be transferred to the felt and visible source of all utility, the sun, and the religion of Persia, would be the universal faith. Another mode of accounting for human actions, is self-interest; a system that has more plausibility, and perhaps more proselytes than the two that precede it. It would indeed be very unfortunate for mankind if any virtuous action whatsoever could be proved to be detrimental to the self-interest of him who performed it, if the view taken of it be enlarged and comprehensive. And it is on this ground, that I have asserted elsewhere that it is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest. Swift in his detached thoughts observes that there are some whose self-love inclines them to please others, and some whose self-love inclines them to please themselves; the first he designates as the virtuous, and the

second as the vicious. Rosseau* saw the difficulty of the egotistical creed, and to avoid it, divides self-love into two orders, a higher, and a lower, a sensual and a spiritual; and labours to convince us that his higher order of self-interest is compatible with virtue, the lower not. He gives us as an "*instantia crucis*," the case of the juryman who was resolved rather to perish than permit the conviction of another man, for a murder which he himself had perpetrated. But that knowledge which is necessary, is seldom abstruse, and for all practical purposes, conscience is the best casuist, and to do as we would be done by, the safest rule. I believe the worst man that ever existed, never committed a bad action without some compunction, nor a good one without some delight, and he that would ~~persuade~~ us that both are indifferent, would approximate us nearer to the brute from our insensibility, than to the philosopher from our stoicism. Human nature may grovel, but it can also soar. We see a man deny himself to gratify others, forget himself to remember others, endanger himself to rescue others, and lastly die that others may live.† Are we after this to subscribe to the moralist, and write this character down a selfish being, because he sought all his delights and gratifications in being the source and distributor, to others, of both.

CC.

DEATH is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

* Rosseau was more fond of a paradox, than Shakespeare of a pun, and it is seldom that any reliance can be placed upon his opinion, even if he possessed one; thus at the very time he was ranting about liberty, he suffered this sentiment to escape him, in a confidential letter to a friend, "*a mon avis le sang d'un seul homme est d'un plus grand prix que la liberté de tout le genre humain.*"

† See the accounts of some late shipwrecks in the channel.

CCI.

IS the Deity able to prevent evil, but not willing, where is his benevolence? is he willing but not able, where is his power? is he both able and willing, whence then is evil? These formidable questions all resolving themselves into the "*unde malum*," of the Epicureans, have been handed down as heir looms from one generation of sceptics to another; a generation, that, like the family of the Wrongheads, can trace back its ancestry to the remotest antiquity, and who like the Jews of the present day, are confined to no meridian, climate or country, but who are as obstinate in rejecting all creeds, as the latter are in adhering to one. Whence is evil? this is that triumphant question resorted to as the trustiest weapon of the infidel, when closely pushed; a weapon produced with as much solemnity as the sword which the Highland chieftain exhibits as the brand of his fore-fathers, and the title to his domains,* and which is considered as terrible as ever, although the stalworth hands that formerly wielded it, are mouldering in the dust. Whence is evil, I will not presume to break a lance with this formidable champion that has foiled so many, neither am I quite inclined, like Æneas, to escape in a cloud. The method I shall adopt will be to retreat fighting, and with my face to the foe. I admit the existence of evil to its full extent, and I also admit my own ignorance, which is not the least part of the evil I deplore. I also find in the midst of all this evil, a tolerably fair proportion of good. I can discover that I did not make myself, and also that the being that did make me, has shown a degree of power and of wisdom far beyond my powers of comprehension. I can also see so much good proceeding from his system even here, that I am inclined to love him; but I can see so much evil, that I am inclined also to fear him. I find

* King James held a convocation at Perth, and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands; they all with one simultaneous movement, rose up and drew their swords.

myself a compound being, made up of body and mind, and the union is so intimate, that the one appears to perish, at the dissolution of the other. In attempting to reconcile this last evil, death, and the many more that lead to it, with the wisdom, power, and goodness, that I see displayed on many other occasions, I find that I have strong aspirings after a state that *may* survive this apparent dissolution, and I find that I have this feeling in common, with all the rest of my species; I find also on looking within, that I have a mind capable of much higher delights than matter, or earth can afford. On looking still more closely into myself, I find every reason to believe that this is the first state of existence I ever enjoyed, I can recollect no other, I am conscious of no other. Here then I stand as upon a point acknowledged, that this world is the first stage of existence to that compound animal man, and that it is to him at least the first link in that order of things in which mind is united to matter. May not then this present state, be, as relates to mind, a state of infancy and childhood, where the elements and the rudiments of a progressive state are to be received and acquired, and may not such be necessarily a state of discipline, and may not an all-wise, and all-perfect Being take *less* delight in creating stones and blocks, and in making them capable of eternal happiness, than in *ultimately* granting this glorious boon to creatures whom he had formed intellectual, and responsible. And is not this supposition far less absurd, and monstrous, than to conclude the Deity unjust, and the voluntary author of evil, necessary from his prescience that foresaw it, yet permitted it, and gratuitous from his power, that could yet would not prevent it. Having arrived at these conclusions by looking into myself, I then look to things around me, and without me, and I find an external state of things, corresponding precisely with these internal conclusions. I find a *mixed* state and condition to be the lot of man; he has much of good to enjoy, and much of evil to encounter, and the more or the less of either I observe depends in very many instances on himself. I farther find

that this is no particular discovery of mine, that it has struck the profoundest thinkers, and the justest reasoners of all ages, quite as forcibly, and been much better expressed. I farther see that a state of discipline naturally presupposes for its proper theatre a *mixed* state of good and of evil, since a *mixed* state alone it is, that calls many virtues into action, that could not be exercised in a state of perfection, such for instance, as benevolence in alleviating the miseries of others, or resignation in bearing our own. In short, I find it to be precisely what I conceive mind in its cunabular and compound state might most naturally require, namely, a state of discipline,* with quite enough of good to keep intellectual agents from despair, and quite enough of evil to keep them from presumption; good also, not so independent of our exertions, as to justify our idleness, and evil not so necessary and unavoidable as to paralyse us with despondency.

CCII.

I HAVE strong doubts as to the permission of those phænomena that have been termed supernatural, *since* the era of the apostles; and if there be any who think they have witnessed such things, they should reflect that there is this hazard in divulging them,—they voluntarily wedge themselves up into the awkward dilemma of being considered either as Liars, or Fools. To withhold our assent to such things, if we have witnessed them, is difficult; but to give our assent to them because they have been witnessed by others,† is absurd. In this latter case, the reasoning of Mr. Hume will apply, and is conclusive against all such phænomena, subsequent to the era stated above; for *here* we trust not to experience, but to testimony, and it is contrary to our experience that such superhuman appearances should be true, but it is not contrary to our experience that the human testi-

* This view of the case is confirmed by Revelation.

† It has been my lot to witness some things connected with this subject, as impossible for me to explain, as for those who have not witnessed them to believe.

mony, by which they are supported, should be false. I know not which is most detrimental to the happiness of mankind: to believe in such things, if they have never happened, or to disbelieve them if they have. But it is obvious that to deny them even in opposition to our *own* experience, would savour *less* strongly of presumption, than to admit them on the bare testimony of others, would of weakness; and the advocates of supernatural appearances having happened in modern times, are sure to be in the minority, not only as to number, but also as to weight.

CCIII.

EARLY impressions are not easily erased; the virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions serve rather to indent the former ones, than to eradicate them. To change the metaphor, we might say that the new cask takes its odour from the first wine that it receives, what may be poured in afterwards, will be contained, but the first is *imbibed*. Rosseau carried his envy, hatred, and malice, of all literary contemporaries, almost to phrenzy. A social savage on this point, he recoiled as sullenly from the courtesy of Hume, as from the caustic of Voltaire. This ænigma in his character may be solved, by recollecting that when he was clerk to M. Dupin, he was not permitted to dine at his table, on those days when the literati assembled there. Even then he felt his *own* powers, and despised him who, "*like the base Judæan threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.*" Therefore he commenced his campaign with no very charitable feelings for his cotemporaries, but entered, says Grimm, the field of literature, as Marius re-entered Rome, breathing revenge, and remembering the Marshes of Minturnæ.

* I here allude to Rosseau's appreciation of *himself*, but he was a pearl I should have no objection to buy at my price, if I could only sell him at his own.

CCIV.

IN all places, and in all times, those Religionists who have believed too much, have been more inclined to violence and persecution, than those who have believed too little, I suspect the reason is that indifference is a much less active principle than enthusiasm.

CCV.

WE seek the society of the ladies with a view to be pleased, rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is flattering to our vanity, to set them right. Therefore I would have the ladies indulge with somewhat less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflected, without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

CCVI.

IF an author write better than his cotemporaries, they will term him a plagiarist; if as well a pretender; but if worse, he may stand some chance of commendation, as a genius of some promise, from whom much may be expected, by a due attention to their good counsel and advice; when a dull author has arrived at this point, the best thing he can do for his fame, is to die before he can follow it; his brother dullards will in this case club their efforts to confer upon him one year of *immortality*, a boon which few of them could realise for themselves; and this year of fame may be even extended to two, provided the candidate can be proved to have died on classic ground, and to have been buried within

the verge of the meanderings of the 'Tiber, or the murmurings of the Melissus.

CCVII.

A **TORRENT** of declamation, where all is sound and verbiage, has often served the ends of the oppressor, and proved more fatal to the oppressed, than any force of argument or reason that could be brought against him ; just as an expert swimmer is in more danger from the froth and foam of the surf, than from the deepest water of the ocean ; for although the former has no profundity, it has also no buoyancy, neither can the voice of distress be heard, amidst the roar of the breakers.

CCVIII.

THE British Constitution is the proudest political monument of the combined and progressive wisdom of man ; throughout the whole civilized world its preservation ought to be prayed for, as a choice and peerless model, uniting all the beauties of proportion, with all the solidity of strength. But nothing human is perfect, and experience has shown that this proud monument of human wisdom, wants that which its earlier designers had conceived that it possessed ; a self-preserving power. Those therefore are its truest friends who are most vigilant and unremitting in their efforts to keep it from corruption, and to guard it from decay ; whose veneration, as it regards what it has been, and whose affection, as relates to what it may be, is exceeded only by their fears for its safety, when they reflect upon what it is. And it is a feeling as dishonourable to those who entertain it, as unmerited by those against whom it is entertained, to suspect that those hearts and hands that are most zealous and vigilant in preserving this beautiful fabric from decay, would not be equally brave and energetic in defending it from danger.

CCIX.

IT is much easier to ruin a man of principle, than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple, and can bend, but Honesty is firm and upright, and yields not. It was upon this ground that Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, recommended Louis the Fourteenth to secure the approbation of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, as to his marriage with Madame de Maintenon.

CCX.

A CALUMNIATOR will sometimes tell truths that are injurious to himself, if by doing so, he can gain believers as to those falsehoods which he circulates of another. Thus Rousseau, who had much method in his madness, and more malice, has shown that his reputation was less dear to him than his revenge; for he bespatters himself with infamy in his *confessions*, only to make that dirt stick the stronger, which he accumulates upon others, and affects the greatest candour, only to exercise the greatest cruelty.

CCXI.

THE French Revolution* was a machine invented and constructed for the purpose of manufacturing liberty; but it had neither lever-clogs, nor adjusting powers, and the consequences were that it worked so rapidly that it destroyed its own inventors, and set itself on fire.

* That France, having no materials to work with, but such as could be found in the heads of Frenchmen, should merge into a military despotism, required no prophet to foretel. Bonaparte said that on his return from Egypt, he found the Constitution in abeyance, and the crown upon the ground. He stooped down, and picked it up. He had not, like Washington, the courage to spurn the glittering bauble, but he had the art to make despotism palatable. He gave to Frenchmen conquest in the room of freedom, and while he contracted their liberties, enlarged their prison; holding out to them this compensation, *you shall be Masters of Europe, but my Slaves.*

CCXII.

METAPHYSICIANS have been learning their lesson for the last four thousand years, and it is high time that they should now begin to teach us something. Can any of the tribe inform us why all the operations of the mind are carried on with undiminished strength and activity in dreams, except the judgment, which alone is suspended, and dormant. This faculty of the mind is in a state of total inefficiency during dreams, let any man carefully examine his own experience on this subject, and he will find that the most glaring incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance, are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer, without the slightest dissent or demurrage of the judgment. The moment we are wide awake the judgment reassumes her functions, and shocks us with surprise at a credulity that even in sleep could reconcile such a tissue of inconsistencies. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in the continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imported the melancholy tidings, without experiencing *at the time*, the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree, until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood. The only plausible account that offers itself to my mind as to the phenomenon of this suspension of the judgment seems to be this; all dreams are *a piece of vivid painting to the mind's eye*, we clearly see all that we dream about; there is no doubt, and of course no reasoning, for the panorama is before us, and all its objects are *oculis subjecta fidelibus*. As all dreams, so far as I can recollect my own, or find out by enquiring of others, seem to be produced by vivid paintings on the mind's eye, it would be a matter of very curious enquiry of what

forms, shapes, or figures, are the dreams of those composed who have been born blind; do they ever dream? and if they do, can they explain what they have been dreaming about, by any reference to outward objects which they have never seen? I merely suggest these hints for the use of those who have leisure and opportunity for such investigations.

CCXIII.

IT is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense, in languages that are living; to acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one, is the labour of a life.

CCXIV.

IN writing, we should be careful to introduce no arguments that are controvertible; arguments are like soldiers, it is better to have a few who, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, are capable of defending a post, than a number like those myriads of Persians that accompanied Xerxes, and that served only to swell the triumph, and augment the fame of the victor. There is another reason why we should be careful to have a "*corps elite*," of good arguments, rather than to increase their number by an addition of any that are weak, which is this; our adversary will not fail to reply to those that are weak, and by overcoming them, will take the credit, and often gain it too, of having conquered those that are strong; for as in fortifications, extended works are seldom without some points that are weak, so in controversy, multiplied arguments are seldom without some positions that are indefensible. In conversation also, no less than in writing, a rule somewhat similar to that insisted on above, might be recommended, if we would wish wholly to avoid the caustic sarcasm uttered by Bentley to one whose tongue like

the race horse went the faster the less weight it carried, namely, that he showed his learning to the ignorant, but his ignorance to the learned. In fact, if men would confine their talk to those subjects only which they understand, that which St. John informs us took place once in heaven, would happen very frequently on earth, "*silence for the space of half an hour.*" Halley, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject; and once when he had descanted somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short, with this observation. I always attend to you, Doctor Halley, with the greatest deference, when you do us the honour to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because these are subjects that you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because this is a subject which you have not seriously examined, and do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it, because you despise it.

CCXV.

TO cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst. An antient philosopher of Athens, where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection; I have lost my money, and with it my cares; for when I was rich I was afraid of every poor man, but now that I am poor, every rich man is afraid of me.

CCXVI.

A THOROUGH paced knave will rarely quarrel with one whom he can cheat; his revenge is plunder; therefore he is

usually the most forgiving of beings, upon the principle that if he come to an open rupture, he must defend himself, and this does not suit a man whose vocation it is to keep his hands in the pockets of another

CCXVII.

LADIES of Fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

CCXVIII.

GREAT wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundation of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is dust. Men of talent may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter, as a citadel may be carried by musquets, after a road has been battered out for them by cannon.

CCXIX.

THERE is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

CCXX.

THERE are many moral Actæons, who are as miserably devoured by objects of their own chusing, as was the fabulous one, by his own hounds.

CCXXI.

HE that threatens us, not having the power to harm

us, would perhaps do so if he could; but he that threatens, having the power, is not much to be feared. A man in a paroxysm of passion, may exclaim, I would stab you if I had a sword, and perhaps he would be as good as his word; but he that has a sword, will either use it without threatening, or threaten without using it.

CCXXII.

WOMEN of superior acquirements, and of sterling qualifications, if they can so far forget themselves, as to envy pretty fools the little attentions they receive from prating coxcombs, act as absurdly as if they were to begrudge the fly her paramour, or the moth her may. Madame de Stael however, has often been heard to say that she would gladly have exchanged all the brightest qualities of the mind, for that which niggard nature had denied her, the perishable but attractive beauties of the body. A sentiment, after all, more discreditable perhaps to our sex, than to herself.

CCXXIII.

A man who succeeds to his father's reputation, must be greater than him, to be considered as great; but he that succeeds to his father's riches will have to encounter no such deduction. The popular opinion adds to our means, but diminishes our merits; and it is not an unsafe rule to believe *less* than you hear with respect to a man's fortune, and *more* than you hear with respect to his fame.

CCXXIV.

COULD any nostrum be discovered that would considerably lengthen the life of man, this specious good would be a real evil to the best interests of humanity, first, by diminishing the value of the reversions of virtue, by postponing the period of their realization, and secondly, by giving

longevity to the developement, and permanence to the prosperity of vice.

CCXXV.

EXTEMPORANEOUS and oral harangues will always have this advantage over those that are read from a manuscript; every burst of eloquence or spark of genius they may contain, however studied they may have been before hand, will appear to the audience to be the effect of the sudden inspiration of talent. Whereas similar efforts, when written, although they might not cost the writer half the time in his closet, will never be appreciated as any thing more than the slow efforts of long study, and laborious application; "*olebunt oleum, esti non oleant,*" and this circumstance it is that gives such peculiar success to a pointed reply, since the hearers are certain that in this case all study is out of the question, that the eloquence arises *ex re nata*, and that the brilliancy has been elicited from the collision of another mind, as rapidly as the spark from the steel.

CCXXVI.

THERE can be no christianity, where there is no charity, but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those, who to their other failings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment, and meditates revenge.

CCXXVII.

THOSE who take their opinion of women, from the reports of a rake, will be no nearer the truth, than those who take their opinions of men, from the lips of a prostitute.

CCXXVIII.

HE that knowingly defends the wrong side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to all his hearers; it is in plain English this, falsehood supported by my talents, is stronger than truth supported by yours.

CCXXIX.

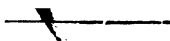
THE horrible catastrophes that sometimes happen to the vitious, are as salutary to others by their warning, as the most brilliant rewards of the virtuous are, by their example. And on the contrary the successes of the bad, and the sufferings of the good, might make us tremble for the interests of virtue, were not these very things the strongest proofs of an hereafter.

CCXXX.

THE upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man, more than the eye of God.

CCXXXI.

THE secret of some men's attractions might be safely told to all the world, for under any other management but that of the possessor, they would cease to attract. Those who attempted to imitate them, would find that they had got the fiddle, but not the fiddle-stick, the puppet-show, but not punch.



CCXXXII.

HOW happens it that all men envy us our wealth, but that no man envies us our health. The reason perhaps is this; it is very seldom that we can lose our wealth, without some one being the better for it, by gaining that which

we have lost ; but no one is jealous of us, on account of our health, because if we were to lose that, this would be a loss that betters no one.

CCXXXIII.

SOME men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out ; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat, and monotonous ; like hand organs, we have heard all their tunes, but unlike those instruments, they are not new barrelled so easily.

CCXXXIV.

HE that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little farther, and try to plant in a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labour to renew ; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

CCXXXV.

WOULD morality suffer more from a philosopher, who like Arcesilaus decried it by his words, but supported it by his deeds, or from him who, like Aristippus, gave sobriety his praise, but sensuality his practice. Some preceptors perceiving this dilemma, have run upon both the horns of it, in endeavouring to escape them, and have taught us what we ought to do by their precept, and what we ought not to do by their example.

CCXXXVI.

WHEN we are in the company of sensible men we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things, their good opinion, and our own improvement,

and disclose one thing which had better have been concealed, our self-sufficiency; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

CCXXXVII.

PRIDE either finds a desert, or makes one; submission cannot tame its ferocity, nor satiety fill its voracity, and it requires very costly food—Its keeper's happiness.

CCXXXVIII.

LOVE is an alchemist that can transmute poison into food—and a spaniel, that prefers even punishment from one hand, to caresses from another. But it is in love, as in war, we are often more indebted for our success to the weakness of the defence, than to the energy of the attack; for mere idleness has ruined more women than passion, vanity more than idleness, and credulity more than either

CCXXXIX.

CALUMNY crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris,* and *like him*, rides upon a poisoned arrow.

CCXL.

IT is pleasant enough for a bye stander who happens to be in the secret, to note the double deception, and the reciprocal hypocrisy that is constantly going on between the young and the old, in this wicked and *transitory* world. The young are constantly paying every kind of attention to the old, without feeling the slightest esteem, and the old are as constantly levying the discount of their post obits from the

* See the fabulous history of Abaris.

young, without intending the smallest remuneration. I remember a rich old gentleman at college, who constantly calculated the state of his health, by the rise and fall of these mercenary attentions. Some little time before he died, his physician would fain have persuaded him that he was much better; it would not do, he had just discovered, he said, *six* fatal symptoms in his own case,—*three presents, and three visits in one day from his dear friend Mr. H.*

CCXLI.

EVILS in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

CCXLII.

IF a man could make gold, he would incur a double danger, first, from his own avarice, and secondly from the avarice of other men. The first would make him a slave, or the second a prisoner; for princes and potentates would think a goldmaker a very convenient member of their exchequer, and as there would be very little chance of his dismissal, they would take care that he should not enjoy a sinecure place.

CCXLIII.

IN the preface to the first volume of Lacon, I have observed that there are but two modes to obtain celebrity in authorship, discovery, or conquest. Discovery, by saying what none others have said, with this proviso, that it be true as well as new; and conquest, by saying what others have said, but with more point, brevity and brightness. To demand that any writer, be his powers or *calibre* what they may, should avail himself of no materials whatever, except those

that arise out of his own resources and invention, is as unjust and extravagant as it would be to insist that a Michael Angelo or a Canova, should have no credit for a statue, because they did not create* the block of marble from which it was produced.

CCXLIV.

"Queis dulce est digilo monstrari et dicier hic est."

PERICLES overrated the paltry distinction, if he were so pleased as we are told he was, by being pointed out to a stranger in the streets of Athens; for the very same thing happens every day in London, to Cribb the champion. Yet London is a far superior city to Athens, and Cribb a far inferior man to Pericles.

CCXLV.

THERE are some horses full of figure, that bend the knee, plant the hoof, and throw in their haunches to admiration, but with all these qualifications, they possess little or no speed, cannot carry weight, and when put to the proof, are hollow beat by steeds of far less showy acquirements. By the gentlemen on the turf knowing in horse-flesh, these animals are significantly termed *flatcatchers*. This term should not be monopolised by quadrupeds, and there is a large room in the vicinity of Westminster, where some *bipeds* may be both heard and seen, who, as they possess all the qualities stated above, ought not to be denied the designation.

* Readers of taste and candour will perceive the drift of this article, and apply it, if not according to my hopes, assuredly according to my deserts. I am certain it is a very easy thing to find fault with a work embracing so many topics as this which I have attempted, and I am as certain that it would be a very useful thing to produce something similar, but superior; I shall most freely forgive the one, to those who shall accomplish the other.

CCXLVI.

SOME men commence life in a career of honesty, but meet with so many disappointments that they are obliged to disrobe themselves of their conscience, for fear it should grow as threadbare as their coat, "*Declinant cursus, aurumque volubile tollunt.*" This is a degradation that will happen to most men, whose principles are rooted only on earth, unrefreshed by the dews of heaven. Such men begin well, but end ill; like a certain lawyer, who on being asked why he defended so many bad causes, replied that he did so, because he had lost so many good ones.

CCXLVII.

IT has often struck me that most of those arguments which are adduced as pregnant with consolation under our misfortunes, are not an alleviation, but an aggravation of our ills, and that they derive what little efficacy they possess, solely from our selfishness. Thus if our friends can prove to us that the calamity under which we labour, is what *all* are liable to, that *none* will in the end be exempted from it, and that *many* others are now actually suffering under it, these melancholy truisms, which are so constantly urged as matters of consolation, ought rather to a benevolent mind to be a matter of regret, unless indeed we have the feelings of a Herod, who ordered many noble Jews to be executed at his death, that he might make sure of some companions, in calamity. There would indeed be something in such reasoning, if it could be proved that an evil is diminished in weight, by being put on many shoulders; but life is a campaign where no man's knapsack is one jot the lighter, because his comrade bears one too. My fever is not diminished, because I suffer it in an hospital, nor my plague, because I linger in a lazaretto. Because thousands have died in the bloom of youth, I am not the less unwilling to undertake the same journey in the maturity of manhood. If indeed my friends

cite instances of those who have borne calamities similar to my own, with fortitude and resignation, this indeed is a proper topic on which to insist, and we have a right to rejoice, not because *they had the same calamities*, but because they have borne them well. But after all, I fear it must be admitted that our self-love is too apt to draw some consolation, even from so bitter a source as the calamities of others; and I am the more inclined to think so, when I consider the converse of this proposition, and reflect on what takes place within us, with respect to our pleasures. The sting of our pains is diminished, by the assurance that they are *common to all*; but from feelings equally egotistical, it unfortunately happens that the zest and relish of our pleasures, is heightened, by the contrary consideration, namely that they *are confined to ourselves*. This conviction it is, that tickles the palate of the epicure, that inflames the ardour of the lover, that lends ambition her ladder, and extracts the thorns from a crown.

CCXLVIII.

MANY books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason;—they made no such demand, upon those who wrote them. Those works therefore are the most valuable, that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation. For as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers, and dormant principles of vegetation contained in the kernel, but which, without such a stimulus, would neither have struck root downwards, nor borne fruit upwards, so it is with the light that is intellectual; it calls forth and awakens into energy those latent principles of thought in the minds of others, which without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, nor examination improved, nor action embodied.

CCXLIX.

THERE is only one circumstance in which the up-

right man will imitate the hypocrite; I mean in his attempts to conciliate the good opinion of his fellow men. But here the similarity must cease, for their respective motives are wider than the poles asunder; the former will attempt this to increase his power of doing good, the latter to augment his means of doing harm.

CCL.

WORDS are in this respect like water, that they often take their taste, flavour, and character, from the mouth out of which they proceed, as the water from the channels through which it flows. Thus were a spendthrift to discourse of generosity with a miser, a demagogue to declaim on public good to a patriot, or a bigot to define truth to a philosopher, ought we to wonder if the respective parties mutually misunderstood each other, since on these particular terms, each is his own lexicographer, and prefers his own etymologies to the industry of a Skinner, the real learning of a Junius, or the assumed authority of a Johnson.

CCLI.

PHILOSOPHY is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade Religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.

CCLII.

THERE are many that despise half the world, but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

CCLIII.

THE Man of Pleasure should more properly be termed the Man of Pain; unlike Diogenes, he purchases repentance at the highest price, and sells the richest reversion, for the poorest reality.

CCLIV.

WHO for the most part are they, that would have all mankind look backwards instead of forwards, and regulate their conduct by things that have been done? those who are the most ignorant as to all things that are doing; Lord Bacon said, time is the greatest of innovators, he might also have said the greatest of improvers, and I like Madame de Stael's observation on this subject, quite as well as Lord Bacon's, it is this, "that past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present, was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it;" and yet there are not a few grown children of the present day, that would blubber and pout at any attempt to deliver them from the petticoat government and apron-string security of their good great grandmother—Antiquity.

CCLV.

THERE is a hardihood of effrontery, which will, under many circumstances, supply the place of courage, as impudence has sometimes passed current for wit; Wilkes had much of the first, and Mirabeau of the second. He received challenge after challenge, but unlike Wilkes, he accepted none of them, and contented himself, with merely noting down the names of the parties in his pocket book; it is not fair, he would say, that a man of talent like myself should be exposed to blockheads like these. It would seem that he had argued himself into the same kind of self importance with Rosseau, who came to this very disinterested

conclusion, that it was incumbent upon him to take the utmost possible care of Jean Jacques for the good of society.

CCLVI.

WE devote the activity of our youth to revelry, and the decrepitude of our age to repentance, and we finish the farce by bequeathing our dead bodies to the chancel, which when living we interdicted from the church.

CCLVII.

CHARLES FOX said that restorations were the most bloody of all revolutions; and he might have added, that reformatations are the best mode of preventing the necessity of either.

CCLVIII.

SOME men will admit of only two sorts of excellence, that which they can equal, and what *they* term a still higher, that which they can surpass, as to those efforts that beat them, they would deny the existence of such rather than acknowledge their own defeat. They are dazzled by the rays of genius, and provoked at their inability to arrive at it; therefore like those idolaters that live too far from the temple, they form and fashion out a little leaden image of their own, before which they fall down, and worship.

CCLIX.

AGE and Love associate not, if they are ever allied the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its termination, and an old man, like a spider,* can never make love, without beating his own death watch.

* It may not be generally known that the male spider is supplied with a little bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and that ticking noise

CCLX.

THE interests of society often render it expedient not to utter the whole truth, the interests of science never; for in this field we have much more to fear from the deficiency of truth, than from its abundance. Some writers, and even on subjects the most abstruse, write so as to be understood by others, firstly, because they understand themselves, and secondly, because they withhold nothing from the reader, but give him all that they themselves possess. For I have before observed, that clear ideas are much more likely to produce clear expressions, than clear expressions are to call out clear ideas, but to minds of the highest order, these two things are reciprocally to each other, *both* cause and effect, producing an efficiency in mind, somewhat similar to momentum in machinery, where the weight imparts continuation to the velocity, and the velocity imparts power to the weight. In Science, therefore, the *whole* truth must be told. The boldest political writer of the last century was once asked by a friend of his, a brother author in the bargain, how it happened that whatever came from his pen, excited so great a sensation, and was instantly read by every one, whereas, added his friend, when I write any thing, no such effects are discernible. Sir, said the former in reply, if I were to take a shoe, and cut it longitudinally, into two equal parts, and then show one of the parts so cut, to a savage, and ask him what it was intended for, he would twist it and turn it about in all directions, and presently hand it back again to me, saying he was quite puzzled, and could not say for what it was meant; but if I were to show the same savage the whole shoe, instead of the half of one, he would instantly reply that it was *meant for the foot*. And this is the difference between you and me—you show people half the truth, and nobody knows what it is meant for; but I show them the whole of the truth, and then every body knows that it is *meant for the head*.

which has been termed the death watch, is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and to allure *his mistress*.

CCLXI.

WHEN articles rise, the consumer is the first that suffers, and when they fall, he is the last that gains.

CCLXII.

BED* is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

CCXLIII.

*"Evertere domus totas optantibus ipsis,
"Dii fuciles."*

NOTHING is more frequent than the verification of this line of the satirist, and our history is little more than an

* As a proof that indulgence in Bed has a two fold tendency to shorten life, I shall here observe that Sir John Sinclair in his remarks on longevity, discovered that it was compatible with every walk of life, with every profession, habit, or occupation, save and except the peculiar cases of those engaged in manufactories of articles of a deleterious and destructive nature; as for instance, the oxydising of some of the metals. Old men, it would seem, were to be found amongst those who had travelled, and those who had never been out of their own parish. Excess could produce her veterans, no less than temperance, since some had kept off the grim tyrant by libations of wine, as successfully as others by potations of water; and some by copious applications of brandy and of gin, seem to have kept off their summons to the Land of Spirits. In short, it appeared that many who agreed in scarcely any thing else, agreed in having attained longevity. But there were only two questions, in which they all agreed, and these two questions, when put, were always answered in the affirmative, by the oldest of those Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners to whom they were proposed. The questions were these: were you descended from parents of good stamina? and *have you been in the habit of early rising?* Early rising therefore not only gives us more life in the same number of our years, but adds likewise to their number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence in the same measure of time, but increases also the measure.

exemplification of the truth it contains. With toil and trouble, and danger and difficulty, we pass our lives either in pursuing evil, under the semblance of good, or of fleeing good, under the semblance of evil; desiring that which we ought to dread, and dreading that which we ought to desire, embracing that which turns out a torment, and avoiding that which would become a cure. The reason is to be found in our own vanity, which dictates unto us, that we are wiser than nature, or Nature's God; who nevertheless can humble us in spite of all our pride, foil us in spite of all our wisdom, but who can also in spite of all our presumption pardon, and in spite of all our folly, save us. Pilgrimages were performed, masses were muttered, and solemn supplications made, to insure a male heir to the Second James; the prayers of the righteous prevailed, and no true Catholic doubted of the cause. But what was the consequence? this heir, the object of the father's fondest hopes, and fervent prayers, proved his ruin; for this event united the whole kingdom in the firmness of despair, against the monarch; The nation was prepared to tolerate a Catholic ascendancy for the *life of James*, but they now saw in the gift of an heir, all hopes of a Protestant succession blasted, and withered before their eyes; the people rallied, and the monarch fled. If we were inclined to come nearer to our own times, for an elucidation of the positions stated above, we might affirm that a matrimonial connection with the proudest and the oldest dynasty in Europe, was an event which Napoleon might have been at first suspected to have indulged in, rather as a gaudy creature of his imagination, than either the legitimate object of his ambition, or the attainable idol of his hope. It was realized; but our adventurer soon found, like him who sighed for Juno, that in possessing himself of the Royal Dame, he had embraced a cloud, fraught with darkness that eclipsed his glory, and thunders that destroyed his throne. The creature and the champion of a *new* order of things, when he deserted that cause, he was

nothing; suspected by his old associates, and despised by his new ones, he was wrong when he told an English nobleman at Elba, that he owed his downfall to one thing alone, "*that of having given kings credit for gratitude;*" a simpler cause might have been assigned, that of *not* having given Frenchmen credit for memory.

CCLXIV.

THAT state of ataraxy and of imperturbability affected by some of the antients, and particularly by those of the school of Zeno, is more likely to make men stocks and stones, than saints or seraphs, and to root them more deeply in earth, rather than to exalt them to heaven. For it is far more easy not to feel, than always to feel rightly, and not to act, than always to act well. For he that is determined to admire only that which is beautiful, imposes a much harder task upon himself, than he that being determined not to see that which is the contrary, effects it, by simply shutting his eyes.

CCLXV.

ARE the interests of Science best promoted by a monarch who like the fourteenth Louis rewards the efforts of science without enjoying them, or by one who like the second Charles, has taste to enjoy her efforts, but not liberality to reward them. It is well when both the taste to appreciate, and the inclination to encourage, are *united* in a Royal Head; they form the brightest jewels in the diadem, each giving and receiving lustre from each.

CCLXVI.

"*VOX Populi Vox Dei.*" The voice of the People is the voice of God; this axiom has manifold exceptions, and "*Populus vult decipi,*" is sometimes much nearer the truth;

and Horace was of the same opinion, when he extolled that inflexible integrity which was not to be influenced by the "*Civium ardor prava jubentium*." The fury of the citizens insisting on that which was wrong. But this voice of the people has not only been violent where it was wrong, but weak and inefficient where it was right; for the million though they are sometimes as strong as Sampson, are also as blind. It happens that most of those great events which have been pregnant with consequences of the highest import to after times, have been carried, not with the voice of the people, but *against* it; they have been carried by active and enlightened minorities, having the means, in open contradiction to the will and the wishes of the majority. These political and moral whirlwinds, eventually productive of good, have proceeded in direct opposition to the breath of public opinion, as thunder-clouds against the wind. But to show the truth of the position stated above, that popular opinion has been both weak and inefficient, even when it was right, I might without danger of being contradicted, affirm that if heads could have been *fairly* counted, Socrates would not have been sacrificed in Athens, nor Charles in England, nor Louis in France; Rome would not have been deluged in blood by proscriptions at the instigation of a cruel triumvirate, who met to sacrifice friendship at the shrine of revenge; neither would Paris have been disgraced by judicial murders, conducted by such a wretch as Robespierre, who had nothing brave about him, but the boldness with which he believed in the want of that quality in others. These things are, if possible, more degrading to the people that permit them, than to the parties that perform them, and that era which was termed the reign of terror, has been more fitly designated as "*the reign of cowardice*."

CCLXVII.

IT has been asked whether we are in the dotage, or

the infancy of science; a question that involves its own answer; not in the infancy, because we have learnt much; not in the dotage, because we have much to learn. The fact is, we are in a highly progressive state of improvement, and it is astonishing, in how geometrical a ratio the march of knowledge proceeds. Each new discovery affords fresh light to guide us to the exploration of another, until all the dark corners of our ignorance be visited by the rays. Things apparently obscure, have ultimately illustrated even those that are obvious; thus the alchemist in his very failures has enlightened the chemist, and the visionary astrologer, though constantly false in his prophecies as to those little events going on upon the earth, has enabled the astronomer truly to predict those great events that are taking place in the heavens. Thus it is that one experiment diffuses its sparks for the examination of a second, each assisting each, and all the whole; discussion and investigation are gradually accomplishing that for the intellectual light, which refraction and reflection have ever done for the solar, and it is now neither hopeless nor extravagant to anticipate that glorious era, when truth herself shall have climbed the zenith of her meridian, and shall refresh the nations with her "*Day Spring from on high.*"

CCLXVIII.

NATIONS will more readily part with the essentials, than with the forms of liberty, and Napoleon might have died an emperor in reality, if he had been contented to have lived a consul in name. Had Cromwell displayed his hankerings for royalty somewhat sooner than he did, it is not improbable that he would have survived his power. Mr. Pitt gained a supremacy in this country, which none of his predecessors dared to hope, and which none of his successors will, I trust, attempt to attain. For twenty years, he was "*de facto*," not "*de jure*," a king. But he was wise in his generation, and took care to confine the swelling stream of his ambition, to channels that were *constitutional*;" and with

respect to the impurity, the filth, and the corruption of those channels, he trusted to the vast means he possessed of alarming the weak, blinding the acute, bribing the mercenary, and intimidating the bold; confiding his own individual security, to that selfishness inherent in our nature, which dictates to the most efficient mind, to have too much respect for itself to become a Cataline, and too little esteem for others to become a Cato. There was a short period in the Roman History, when that nation enjoyed as much liberty as is compatible with the infirmities of humanity. Their neighbours the Athenians, had much of the form, but little of the substance of freedom; disputers about this rich inheritance, rather than enjoyers of it, the Athenians treated liberty, as Schismatics religion, where the true benefits of both, have been respectively lost to each, by their rancorous contentions about them.

CCLXIX.

IT is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt, which inclination always pays, obligation never, and the moment it becomes luke-warm, and evanescent, reminiscences on the score of gratitude, serve only to smother the flame, by increasing the fuel.

CCLXX.

SUBTLETY will sometimes give safety, no less than strength, and minuteness has sometimes escaped, where magnitude would have been crushed. The little animal that kills the Boa, is formidable chiefly from its insignificance, which is incompressible by the folds of its antagonist.

CCLXXI.

IT would be better for society if the memory of the giver were transferred to the receiver, and the oblivious for-

getfulness of the obliged were consigned to the breast of him that confers the obligation.

CCLXXII.

THE pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most flimsy foundation. It is ridiculous enough to observe the hauteur with which the old nobility look down upon the new; the reason of this puzzled me a little, until I began to reflect that most titles are respectable, only because they are *old*; if new, they would be despised, because all those who now admire the grandeur of the stream, would see nothing but the impurity of the source. But a government that is pure and paternal, confers the highest value, even on the cheapest things, simply by the mode of bestowing them; while a government that is selfish and corrupt, renders the most precious things the most despicable, by a base and unworthy appropriation; the wearer of the mural wreath, or civic crown, would feel degraded by an association with some that glitter in the golden garter or the diamond star,

“—————*Cuperet lustrari, si qua darentur*
“ Sulphura cum tædis, et si foret humida laurus.”

CCLXXIII.

THE covetous man reverses the principle on which Æsop chose his burthen, and oppresses himself with a heavier load of provision, the nearer he gets to the end of his journey.

CCLXXIV.

MAGNANIMITY is incompatible with a very profound respect for the opinions of others, on any occasion, and more particularly where they happen to stand between us and the truth. Had Jesus respected *all* the forms, usages, ceremonies, and tenets of his countrymen, there had been no

redemption ; and had Luther been biassed by the opinions of his contemporaries, by the dogmas of synods, the creeds of councils, or the authority of titles, there had been no reformation.

CCLXXV.

IF you want enemies, excel others ; if you want friends, let others excel you. There is a diabolical trio, existing in the *natural* man, implacable, inextinguishable, co-operative, and consentaneous, Pride, Envy, and Hate ; Pride, that makes us fancy we deserve all the goods that others possess ; Envy, that some should be admired, while we are overlooked ; and Hate, because all that is bestowed on others, diminishes the sum that we think due to ourselves.

CCLXXVI.

IT is far more easy to pull down, than to build up, and to destroy, than to preserve. Revolutions have on this account been falsely supposed to be fertile of great talent ; as the dregs rise to the top, during a fermentation, and the lightest things are carried highest by the whirlwind. And the practice of this proposition bears out the theory ; for demagogues have succeeded tolerably well in making ruins ; but the moment they begin to build anew, from the materials that they have overthrown, they have often been uselessly employed with regard to others, and more often dangerously with regard to themselves.

“ Fractâ compage rucbant.”

CCLXXVII.

OF present fame think little, and of future less ; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewed over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead ; the dead are gone,

either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them.

CCLXXVIII.

WE strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves, as from others, and always with more success; for in deciding upon our own case, we are both judge, jury, and executioner; and where sophistry cannot overcome the first, or flattery the second, self-love is always ready to defeat the sentence by bribing the third; a bribe that in this case is never refused, because she always comes up to the price.

CCLXXIX.

AS large garrisons are most open to multifarious points of attack, and bloated bodies expose a large surface to the shafts of disease, so also unwieldy and overgrown establishments only afford an enlarged area for plunder and peculation. He whom many serve, will find that he must also serve many, or be himself disserved, and the head of a large establishment is too often only the head of a gang of petty conspirators, who are eternally plotting against their chief.

CCLXXX.

IT has been considered a matter of the greatest difficulty to reconcile the foreknowledge of God, with the free agency of man. I shall venture a few remarks on this subject, which will be understood, I hope, by every one, and may be assented to perhaps by some. The difficulty of this question I humbly conceive to lie principally, if not wholly, in our misappropriation of the term *foreknowledge*. The truth is, that foreknowledge belongs unto *man*, not unto God. Foreknowledge must of necessity, and from its very nature belong solely to creatures of time, to finite and

created intellects, but not to that intellect that is infinite, and creates. It is most probable that there are many orders and degrees of finite and created intellectual beings, and to all of them foreknowledge in a higher or lower degree may belong; but *we* can trace it only in *man*; in man it may be found under various modifications, but mostly in a very infantine and imperfect state, having much more to do with probabilities than with certainties, whether it enable the peasant to foretel a storm, or the philosopher an eclipse. Foreknowledge therefore, as it exists in man, can extend its views no farther into time, as compared with eternity, than the snail his horns into space, as compared with infinity. But to attribute the faculty of foreknowledge to God, this I conceive is to degrade rather than to exalt him; that which is past, and that which is to come, are both to him one *eternal now*; he sees every thing, he *foresees* nothing, for futurity itself is present with him. Before or after, far or near, above or below, these are all intelligible terms, when applied to things created, and which exist in time, and in space, but these terms apply not to the omniscient, self-existent, eternal and omnipresent Creator. To admit the omnipresence of God in space, but to deny his omniscience in time, is to half dethrone him. All ideas therefore of succession as to time, and of distance as to space, relate not unto God, but unto man. God is at once, "*first, last, midst, and without end,*" and time itself is but a drop in that ocean of eternity, which he alone, both fills and comprehends. All things therefore are present to Him, the motive no less than the moment, the action no less than the man; to a Being that is omnipresent in time, all future actions may be looked upon as *done*; they are seen therefore because they are done, *not done because they are seen*; and if this be true, it follows that foreknowledge, as applied to God, with its necessary deduction, foreordination as applied to man, with all its lame conclusions, and libertine consequences, falls, a baseless fabric, to the ground.

CCLXXXI.

IGNORANCE lies at the bottom of all human knowledge, and the deeper we penetrate, the nearer we arrive unto it. For what do we truly know? or what can we clearly affirm? of any one of those important things upon which *all* our reasonings must of necessity be built,—time and space, life and death, matter and mind. Of matter and of mind, one philosopher has no less absurdly, than irrefutably, proved the *nonexistence* of the first, and thousands have attempted to prove the annihilation of the last. Common sense however punishes all departures from her, by forcing those who rebel against her, into a desperate war with all facts and experience, and into a civil war, still more terrible, with each other, and with themselves; for we retain *both* our bodies, and our souls, in spite of the sceptics, and find,

“ That parts destroyed diminish not the whole,

“ Though Berkeley* take the body, Hume the soul.”

But it is not to be wondered at, that those workmen should blunder who know so little of their tools, and if untenable theories, should be the consequence of building by rules whose principles are erroneous, and with materials whose properties are not understood; for the tower of Babel is not the only monument of human pride, that has failed from human ignorance. Alas! what is man? whether he be deprived of that light which is from on high, or whether he discard it; a frail and trembling creature, standing on time, that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities, he sees nothing but impenetrable darkness on the one hand, and doubt, distrust and conjecture still more perplexing on the other. Most gladly would he take an observation, as to whence he has come, or whither he is going, alas, he has not the means; his telescope is too dim, his compass too wavering, his plummet too short. Nor is that little spot, his present state, one whit more intelligible, since it may prove a quicksand that may sink in a mo-

* See Hypocrisy, a Satire with notes.

ment from his feet ; it can afford him no certain reckoning, as to that immeasurable ocean that he *may* have traversed, or that still more formidable one that he *must* ; an awful expedition, that is accelerated by every moment by which it is delayed ; neither is the outfit less gloomy, or less forbidding than the voyage itself ; the bark, is a coffin ; the destination, darkness ; and the helmsman, death.

CCLXXXII.

CHRISTIANITY has been emphatically termed the social religion, and society is the proper sphere of all its duties, as the ecliptic is of the sun. Society is a sphere that demands all our energies, and deserves all that it demands. He therefore that retires to cells and to caverns, to stripes and to famine, to court a *more* arduous conflict, and to win a richer crown, is doubly deceived ; the conflict is less, the reward is nothing. He may indeed win a race, if he can be admitted to have done so, who had *no* competitors, because he *chose* to run alone ; but he will be entitled to no prize, because he ran out of the course. “ *Who hath required this at your hands?* ” This single question ought to have made the ascetic pause, before he weaved his horse-hair, or platted his thong. Alas, how has the social and cheerful spirit of christianity been perverted by fools at one time, and by knaves at another ; by the self-tormentors of the cell, or the all tormentors of the conclave. In this enlightened age, we despise perhaps the absurdities of the one, and the atrocities of the other ; the day is gone by when saints could post to paradise by the smack of their own whip, as if virtue like beauty were only skin deep, and devotion, like a top, could not be kept up, but by flogging ; as though the joys of heaven, like the comforts of an inn, required to be heightened by the privations of the journey, and the ruggedness of the road. But after we have laughed at these things, let us look a little seriously at ourselves. Are there no other words ending in *ism*, that are now creating as many self-

tormentors as Catholicism has lost? are there no Protestants who are their own Popes? and are there no dissenters from truth, as well as from error? are there none whom Calvin has placed upon a spiritual pinnacle far more giddy and aspiring than the marble pillar of St. Simeon? and are there none whom he torments with the scorpion-stings of a despair ten times more horrible than the whips of St. Dominic; who have perhaps escaped the melancholy of madness, only by exchanging it for the presumption of pride, denying that eternal mercy to others, of which they themselves also once despaired, as though that were a fountain that thirst could diminish, or number exhaust.

CCLXXXIII.

WARBURTON affirms that there never was a great conqueror, legislator, or founder of a religion, who had not a mixture of enthusiasm, and policy in his composition; enthusiasm to influence the public mind, and policy to direct it. As I mean to confine myself, in this article, to war, and warriors, I think it right to premise that policy is a much more common ingredient in such characters, than enthusiasm. I admit that in some particular idiosyncrasies, as for instance in that of Cromwell, or of Mahomet, this heterogeneous mixture may have been combined, but even then, these contradictory elements, like oil and vinegar, required a constant state of motion, and of action, to preserve their coalescence; in a state of inaction, and of repose, it was no longer an union, but the policy invariably got the ascendancy of the enthusiasm. William the Third, on the contrary, and Washington, united three great essentials, much more homogeneous than those insisted on by Warburton; courage, coolness, and conduct; but enthusiasm is the last thing I should impute to either of these men. If we look into White's institutes of Tamerlane, or more properly speaking, of Timour the Lame, we shall find that there never was a character who had less to do with enthusiasm, than this

Tartar hero, nor that despised it more. His whole progress was but one patient and persevering application of means to ends, causes to consequences, and effects to results. Without the slightest particle of any thing visionary or enthusiastic in himself, and with a certain quantum of contempt for these qualities in others, he commenced his career by being a lame driver of camels, and terminated it, by reigning over twenty-six independent principalities. Therefore we must not take every thing for gospel, that comes from the pen of such a writer as Warburton, who on one occasion shuddered at the sceptical doctrines of antiquity, as subversive of the *established gods of Athens!!* But to return to war, and warriors. There are some ideas afloat on this subject, that I cannot help conceiving to be both ruinous and wrong. I shall not despair of producing my own convictions on this subject, with that portion of my readers, who think with me, that every war of mere ambition, aggression, or aggrandisement, is an evil both hateful and degrading, who think it a nuisance that ought to be abated, and who abominate every thing appertaining thereto, or connected therewith. Considered in the abstract, and unconnected with all veivs of the causes for which it may be undertaken, surely war is an evil that none but a misanthrope could conscientiously rejoice in, or consistently promote. But all men think not thus; there are minds, and powerful ones too, endowed with a right feeling, on every other subject, who seem to labour under some mental hallucination on this. In the first place, I am so unfortunate as not to be able to discover those marvellous efforts of talent, gigantic combinations of power, and exundant fertility of resource, which some would persuade us are essential to great commanders, and confined to them alone.* But setting aside the truism, that fortune,

* With the exception of Victor, Marmont, and Suchet, all the modern French generals have been men of no very splendid intellectual or adscititious endowments; the rudiments of all they know, they seem to have gained in the ranks, and to have gleaned all their talents, in the

though blind, has often led the most sharp sighted hero to that victory which he would have lost without her, what qualities are there in a conqueror, which have not been held in common by the captain of a smuggler's crew, or a chief of banditti; the powers of these latter have been exhibited on a narrower stage, rewarded by a less illustrious exaltation, and recorded in a more inglorious calendar. With some few excep-

field wherein they were exerted. In *one* respect these men were superior to their master, but it was on a point where courage was more prominent than talent; they said to their soldiers, "*come on.*" Their master sometimes contented himself with saying, "*go on.*" Napoleon himself had great talent, and to deny him this would be a gross libel on mankind; it would be no less than an admission that all Europe had for fourteen years been outfought in the field, and outwitted in the cabinet, by a blockhead. But when we have allowed him talent, we have allowed him all that he deserves. I confess there is one thing that excites in me the greatest astonishment, which causes me to wonder with exceeding wonder, "*μεγάλω θαυμασι θαυματιζόμενος,*" and that is the circumstance that any lover of rational liberty, or constitutional freedom throughout the whole civilized world, should be found in the list of this man's admirers. To every thing connected with freedom he was the most systematic and deliberate foe that ever existed upon the face of the earth. No human being was ever entrusted with such ample means, and brilliant opportunities of establishing his own true glory and the solid happiness of others; and where can history point out one that so foully perverted them to his own disgrace, and the misery of his fellow men. He has been described by one who witnessed only the commencement of his career, as the "*child and champion of Jacobinism,*" but if he were the child of Jacobinism, he was the *champion of Despotism*, and those who wished to rivet the chains of slavery, chose a paradoxical mode of forwarding the work, by opposing the workman. This therefore is the man whom I cannot find it in my heart, either to pity, or to praise. Are we to praise him for that *suicidal selfishness* that dictated his treachery to Spain, and his march to Moscow? are we to pity him because having ceased to be a field-officer, he could not begin to be a philosopher, but having books to read, ample matter to reflect upon, men to talk to, women to trifle with, horses to ride, and equipages to command, he died at last of ennui upon a rock, from a cause not the most likely to excite the sympathy of the patriot, nor the regret of the philanthropist? it was this,—that Europe would not supply him with any more throats to cut, or provinces to plunder.

tions he is the ablest general, that can practise the greatest deceit, and support it by the greatest violence; who can best develope the designs of others, and best conceal his own; who can best enact both parts of hypocrisy, by simulating to be what he is not, and dissembling that which he is; persuading his adversary that he is most strong when he is most weak, and most weak, when he is in fact most strong. He is not to be over scrupulous as to the justice of his cause, for might is his right, and artillery his argument; with the make-weight of courage thrown into the scale, there are few requisites for a Jonathan Wild, or a Turpin, that are not equally necessary for a Tippoo, or a Tamerlane. The difference is less in the *things*, than in the names. Thus the callous effrontery of the one, becomes the coolest presence of mind in the other, fraud is dignified by the title of skill, and robbery with that of requisition. To plot the death of an individual is a conspiracy, but to confederate to destroy a people, is a coalition; and pillage and murder seem to lose their horrors, in precise proportion to the magnitude of their scale, and the multitude of their victims. But a consummate captain must have courage, or at least be thought to have it, for courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and he is by common consent allowed to sport with the lives of others, who is supposed to have no value for his own. But the time is fast approaching with the many, and *now is* with the few, when mere military talent, *abstractedly* considered, and without any reference to the ends for which it be displayed, will hardly secure its possessor, a glory more long lived than a gazette, or a memorial more splendid than a sign-post. The fact is that posterity has and will appreciate the merit of great commanders, not by the skill with which they have handled their tools, but by the uses to which they have applied them. But suppose we were to grant that the art of cutting throats *were* a very difficult art, yet even then the merits of this art must be measured, not by its difficulty, but by its utility; and the value of the remedy must be adjusted by the propriety of the application; but in resorting to such a remedy as war, I

suspect it will be found that all the difficulties of such phlebotomy belong to the patient, but the facilities to the surgeon. Mere martial glory, independent of all considerations as to the necessity and the justice of our arms, is now fast descending, with many other worn out fooleries, to the tomb of all the Capulets, where attended by bankrupt agents, disgorged contractors, and starving commissaries, let us pray that with all due military honours, it may be speedily buried and embalmed; let hireling poets indite its dirge, and meddling monks say masses for its soul. All wars of interference arising from an officious intrusion into the concerns of other states, all wars of ambition carried on for the purposes of aggrandizement, and all wars of aggression undertaken for the purpose of forcing an assent to this or that set of religious opinions, all such wars are criminal in their very outset, and have *hypocrisy* for their common base. First there is the hypocrisy of encumbering our neighbour with an officiousness of help, that pretends his good, but means our own; then there is the hypocrisy of ambition, where some restless and grasping potentate, knowing that he is about to injure and insult, puts forth a jesuitical preamble, purporting that he himself has been first insulted, and injured; but nations have the justest cause to feel a fear that is real, when such begin to express a fear that is feigned. Then comes the hypocrisy of those who would persuade us that to kill, burn, and destroy, for conscience sake, is an acceptable service, and that religion is to be supported by trampling under foot those primary principles of love, charity and forbearance, without which it were better to have none. Lastly comes a minor and subordinate hypocrisy, common to the three kinds I have stated above; I mean that of those who pretend most deeply to deplore the miseries of war, and who even weep over them, with the tears of the crocodile, but who will not put a stop to war, although they have the means, because they find their own private account in continuing it, from the emoluments it bestows, and from the patronage it confers. Like Fabius, they also *profit by delay*,

"cunctando restituere rem," but they do so with a very different motive, not to restore the shattered fortunes of their country, but their own. Neither must we forget, in this view of our subject, the raw and ignorant recruit, whom to delude and to kidnap, a whole system of fraud and hypocrisy is marshalled out and arrayed; The grim idol of war is tricked out and flounced in all the colours of the rainbow, the neighing steed awaits her nod, music attends her footsteps, and jollity caters at her board; but no sooner is the sickle exchanged for the sword, and the fell contract signed, than he finds that this Bellona whom he had wooed as a goddess in courtship, turns out to be a dæmon in possession, that terror is her constant purveyor, and that her alternate caterers are privation and waste; that her sojourn is with the slain, and her abode with the pestilence, that her fascinations are more fatal than those of the basilisk, that her brightest smile is danger, and that her warmest embrace is death. But we are told that civilization marches in the rear of conquest, and that barbarous nations have received this boon at least, from the refined and polished blades of their victors. But this argument in favour of war, may I trust, be neutralized, by the consideration that the strongest hands have not always been united to the brightest heads; for the rudest nations have in their turn retaliated on the most refined, and from a darkness more dense than that of Egypt, the thunderbolt of victory has been elicited, as the brightest lightning from the blackest cloud. Greece has twice surrendered her independence and her liberties to masters in every thing, but force far inferior to herself; the first treated her as a mistress, the second as a slave. And imperial Rome* herself, in her

* "No Freedom no, I will not tell

How Rome, before thy weeping face
With heaviest sound a Giant Statue fell;

Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base:

When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And every blended work of strength and grace,

high and palmy state when in the proudest possession of all the arts of *each* Minerva, was doomed in her turn to be the prey of a savage horde that despised both, and studied neither. But if the argument I am combating ever had any force, it could only have been when knowledge was in its infancy, and the world in its childhood. The general spread of civilization, by commerce, the sciences, and the arts, those legitimate daughters not of war but of peace, not of the vulture, but of the halcyon, these are the blessings that will make the hardest advocate shrink from recommending warfare as a *present* instrument of civilization; particularly in an era that presents us with means far more grateful, elegant, and efficacious, an era when we have the safety-lamp of science to resort to, a lamp that gives us all the light, but none of the conflagration. In fact the demoralizing tendencies of war are so notorious, that to insist upon them would be to insult the understanding of my readers, and to purchase refinement at the expence of virtue, would be to purchase tinsel at the price of gold. The most peace-loving minister that ever governed the affairs of a nation, decidedly declared, that even the most successful war often left a people more poor, always more profligate than it found them. Where a nation rises with one consent to shake off the yoke of oppression either from within or from without, all *fair* concessions having been proposed *in vain*, here indeed we have a motive that both dignifies the effort, and consecrates the success; here indeed the most peaceable sect of the most peaceable religion might conscientiously combine. But alas how few wars have been justified by such a principle, and how few warriors by such a plea; and when they have, how unfortunate have they usually been in the choice of their leaders; in the motley mob of conquerors, and of captains how few Washingtons or Alfreds shall we find. The children

With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a savage yell to thousand fragments broke."

Collins' Ode to Freedom.

of those days, when the world was *young*, rude as the times they lived in, and rash at once from ignorance and from inexperience, amused themselves with the toys and the trum-pets, the gewgaws and the glitter of war. But we who live in the maturity of things, who to the knowledge of the present, add a retrospection of the past, we who alone can fairly be termed *the antients*, or be said to live in the *olden time*, we, I trust, are no longer to be deluded or befooled by this brilliant but baleful meteor, composed of visionary good, but of substantial evil. We live in the manhood and in the fullness of time, and the triumphs of truth and of reason, triumphs bright as bloodless, these are the proper business and the boast of those, who having put away childish things, are becoming men. There are some that with oracular gravity will inform us, that as wars have ever been, they must on that account continue to be; but they might as well assert that the imbecillity and ignorance that marked the conduct of our forefathers, those antient *moderns*, who lived in the infancy of the world, and in the childhood of time, must and doth exist at present, because it existed then. With one solitary exception, *all warfare is built upon hypocrisy, acting upon ignorance*; ignorance it was that lent success to Mahomet's miracles, and to Cromwell's cant. For lack of knowledge a people is destroyed, and knowledge *alone* it is, that is worthy of holding the *freest* minds in the firmest thralldom. Unlike those of the warrior, the triumphs of knowledge derive all their lustre, not from the evil they have produced, but from the good; *her* successes and *her* conquests are the common property of the world, and succeeding ages will be the watchful guardians of the rich legacies she bequeaths. But the trophies and the titles of the conqueror are on the quick march to oblivion, and amid that desolation where they were planted, will decay. For what are the triumphs of war,* planned by ambition, exe-

* Speaking of the conqueror, the inspired writer observes that "*before him the land is as the Garden of Eden, behind him as the desolate wilder-*

cuted by violence, and consummated by devastation, the means are the sacrifice of the many, the end, the bloated aggrandizement of the few. Knowledge has put a stop to chivalry, as she one day will to war, and Cervantes has laughed out of the field those self-constituted legislators that carried the *sword* but not the *scales* of justice, and who were mounted and mailed. I am no advocate for a return of this state of things; but when that heroic and chivalric spirit *was* abroad, when men volunteered on dangers for the good of others, without emolument, and laid down the sword when that for which they resorted to it was overcome, then indeed a measure of respect and admiration awaited them, and a feeling, honourable to both parties, was entertained. But is it not both absurd and ridiculous to transfer this respect and esteem to those who make a trade of warfare, and who barter for blood? who are as indifferent as the sword they draw, to the purposes for which it is drawn, who put on the badge of a master, wear his livery, and receive his pay. Where all is mercenary, nothing can be magnanimous: **and** it is impossible to have the slightest respect for an animated mass of machinery, that moves alike at the voice of a drum, or a despot: a trumpet, or a tyrant: a fife, or a fool.

ness," and that poet who drank deepest of the sacred stream, has the following lines:

" They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault; what do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors; who leave behind
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Till conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward."

JOHN MILTON.

REMARKS
ON THE
TALENTS OF LORD BYRON,
AND THE
Tendencies of Don Juan.

Aut minus impurus, minus aut jucundus, adesto,
Et minus exundans felle, minusve sale ;
Et culpare tuam, piget et laudare, Camœnam,
Materiem, Dæmon struxit ;---Apollo, Modos.

TRANSLATION.

Or less impure, or less attractive sing,
And less of wit, or less of rancour bring ;
It grieves to reprobate, it grieves to praise,
The Theme a Dæmon lent, a God the Lays.

COMITI DE M

SUMMO INTER GALLOS DUCI,

ET

ERUDITISSIMO REIPUBLICÆ LITERARUM CIVI

C. C. C.—S. D.

TIBI, et Nātū et Nobilitate, non minus quam Mavorte et Minervā, insigni, hoc opusculum inscribo. Minime spero aliquid in his chartis inesse, quod vel delectare poterit, vel prodesse illius ingenio, qui omnia perlegit; quæ perlegit, reminiscitur; quæ reminiscitur, intellexit. Olim inter lituos et tubas congregiebamur; fervebant bella, nihilominus non frigeabant Musæ; nec inter Aquilas, Hierosolymitanum illud valedictum conclamabant—“ μεταβαίνωμεν.” Mavortia cessit Pallas, Apollineæ. Patriam, togatus exornes, quam armatus, defendisti; olim ense, nunc consiliis conspiciendus. Nostri non immemor, Vive, Valeque.

Londini, Nov. 15, An. Sal. 1819.

Remarks

ON

DON JUAN.

IT has been asked why this very extraordinary Poem of Don Juan remains unnoticed, by those on whom this office more peculiarly devolves: *The reasons are known by many, but they will be avowed by none.* This consideration must be my excuse for intruding on a department of literature, which I would willingly have left to abler hands. In fact, I have been more occupied of late, in writing what others may criticise, than in criticising what others may write. This little effort, therefore, is the hasty production of such moments as I could snatch from a much larger undertaking, on the prosecution of which I have expended some time and thought; but to what purpose, others must judge. His Lordship will, in all likelihood, either not read these remarks, or if he does, he will despise them. The contempt however will *not* be reciprocal;—had his Lordship been a puny champion, I would not have selected a shaft from the quiver, nor a *pebble* from the brook. His Lordship will be surprised to find, however, that the opinions here advanced on his poetical achievements, are the general

opinions ; should they turn out to be as *just* as they are general, would it then become his Lordship to despise them ? I conceive that to be true greatness, which would not be *falsely* accused, for the sake of others ; nor *truly*, for its own. I admit that there are a few who think that some of the objectionable parts of Don Juan are reclaimed by others that are both beautiful and faultless. But alas ! the poison is general, the antidote particular ; the ribaldry and the obscenity will be understood by the *many* ; the profundity and the sublimity will be duly appreciated, *only by the few*. We might also add, that as disease is more contagious than health in the natural world, so in the moral, vicious propensities are stronger than those that are virtuous. As his Lordship has threatened us with ten cantos more of Don Juan, in case the two before us should be *favourably* received by the public, I shall relate a little anecdote in hopes that he will profit by the hint it contains. The witty lady L. on being reproved by some one, for having Don Juan in her library, replied, "Oh but you don't see in what good company I have placed him ;" on looking again, it was found that her Ladyship had put the volume between Young and Cowper ;—"As Don Juan," continued she, "is but a youth as yet, and vastly agreeable, I have put him there, *in hopes of his reformation*."

In the review of so stupendous a subject as the talent of Lord Byron, and so interesting a one as the *tendencies* of such talent, it will be out of my power to confine myself *entirely* to Don Juan ; my remarks will sometimes be general, and sometimes particular ; never *personal*, except where it is impossible to separate the poet from his theme.

Lord Byron might have been not only the best, but the greatest poet of past or present times, with the exception of Shakspeare alone ; he has chosen to be the most mischievous and dangerous without any exception. His Muse possesses the precise quantum of evil, to effect the greatest

possible quantum of harm ; had she more, or had she less, in either case she would not be so destructive ; were her poison more diluted, it would not kill ; were it more concentrated, it would nauseate, and be rejected. The impurity of Rochester is too disgusting to do harm ; the morality of Pope is too neutralized to do good : but the Muse of Byron has mixed her poison with the hand of an adept ; it is proffered in a goblet of chrystal and of gold ; it will please the palate, remain on the stomach, and circulate through the veins.

Truly we live in precious times at present ; we have a Carlisle with his *dram* for the ignorant, and his Lordship with his *liqueur* for the enlightened ; poisons precisely adapted to their respective recipients ; both equally sure, and equally dangerous ; but differing from each other, only as the *grape* from the *grain*, or the *nut* from the *juniper*.

Francis Quarles must have been a prophet, as well as a poet, or he could not thus have fulfilled the *double* office of the *Vates*, and anticipated in the sixteenth century, the glories of the nineteenth ! “ *Redeunt Saturnia Regna !* ”

“ Our coblers shall translate their *souls*
 From caves obscure and shady,
 We'll make Tom T—— as good as my Lord,
 And Joan as good as my Lady.
 We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
 Into the Roman *See* ;
 We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
 And hey ! then up go we ! ”

But it is time to return to our subject. Like Shakspeare, who alone has surpassed him, the genius of Lord Byron must not be tried by the established and ordinary canons of criticism. Such writers can make rules, rather than follow them. Like the peaks of Chimborazzo, or Cotopaxa, they rise above all measured distance, and ordinary spectators guess at their height, chiefly by their inability to

arrive at it; they rate them rather by the inferiority of others, which they can ascertain, than by their own elevation, which they cannot. Although men of no talent break through all rules of criticism, only to be laughed at and despised, yet it must be confessed that her scant domain may accord well enough with the regulated and chastised, but subordinate genius of an Addison, and by confining, concentrate it: but a mind like that of a Shakspeare, or a Byron, is restless and impatient of critical control and limitation. "*Æstuat infelix angusto in limine.*" It soars above such barriers, and beyond them, only to secure a more extensive fame, a more exalted admiration; like a horse of the highest blood, true genius never shews itself to such an advantage as in the moment of her escapade from all restraint of rein and of curb.

In the order of succession, poetry certainly preceded all rules and canons about it; and a Homer has made an Aristotle, although an Aristotle has never yet made a Homer. In fact the most brilliant conquests of the poet, no less than of the hero, have been achieved either before rules, or without them. Burns knew but little of Bentley; and Shakspeare, still less of Longinus; and Alexander had conquered the world, long before Polybius had told him how to accomplish it. There are Hännibals in *both* departments, who scorn to learn the art of writing from the commentators, or of fighting from the rhetoricians. The stupendous powers of a Byron can charm not only without all rules of criticism, *and what is far more deplorable, of morality*, but even *against* them. Deep as he has dipped his pen into vice, he has dipped it still deeper into immorality, and he must and will continue to be read and admired, in spite alike of our vituperations, and of his own delinquencies. Alas! we envy him not the fiend-like satisfaction, (if such it be) of shining, only to mislead; of flashing, only to destroy. His beams are a beacon set up by the Genius of evil; a beacon that

would warn us *from* that which is *safe*, only to decoy us *to* that which is *dangerous*; having a false light to amuse, a Syren to allure, a Circe to intoxicate; lest we should perceive that the fatal coast is covered with wrecks. Were we to attempt to illustrate this phænomenon of the intellectual world, by any comparison drawn from the natural, we should depict it as an unclassed and non-descript concreation, that can wallow like the quadruped, or sting like the serpent, or soar like the eagle; producing, however, a sensation of the sublime in the spectators; the invariable effect of that which is at once both beautiful, and terrible, and new.

The invention of printing has given this author's efforts omnipresence, his own invention has insured them durability. He has therefore committed that which he cannot efface, he has uttered that which he cannot recal. "*Fugit irrevocabile verbum.*" How much are such authors to be pitied if they have feeling; how much more if they have none. There is *A Greater Teacher* than any critic, and a sterner one too; there is an awful moment when such a monitor might whisper: "You have manifested the possession of the highest talent, only by the lowest perversion of it; and as far as this world is concerned; whatever may be the measure of your remorse, or the paroxysms of your despair, two inexorable necessities now await you; one part of you is going where it must cease to benefit your fellow men; another part of *you must remain*, where it cannot cease to injure them."

The poem opens with some very vapid and inharmonious lines, not at all unworthy of the meekest driveller of the day; all that we can discover from them is, that his Lordship has a very comfortable contempt for the whole herd of Heroes and of Conquerors, "*Who filled their sign-posts then, as Wellesley now,*" and whom his Lordship can hardly pardon, for occupying some little of that public attention

which he would so willingly engross to himself. “ *Virum
volitare per ora* :—

I.

“ I want a hero : an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one ;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan,
We all have seen him in the Pantouime
Sent to the devil, somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their title of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now ;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, “ nine farrow” of that sow :
France, too, had Buonaparte and Dumourier,
Recorded in the *Moniteur* and *Courier*.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know ;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau,
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd ;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd :
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd :
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.”

The absurdity of the two last lines of our quotation will be evident to all our readers ; the complaint they would

insinuate against a certain Illustrious Personage, is both misapplied, mistimed, and misplaced : but this comes of writing satires in Italy,

“ On ‘ *Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,*’

Yet sometimes dare to venture on ‘ *the dangers of the seas.*’ ”

After a few more of his Lordship’s usual preliminary sarcasms, “ *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis,*” we enter on those three important particulars, equally necessary in the developement of the hero, as of the highwayman ; namely, the birth, parentage, and education of Don Juan. We shall hereafter find that his Lordship fits him out for his voyage through life, with a plentiful scarcity of principle, which defect is however made up, by a compensating *quantum* of courage. The personal endowments of vigour and of form, belong to Don Juan, of course, by the hereditary right of all heroes, from the Achilles of Homer, down to the Lucifer of Milton. In fact his Lordship’s receipt for a hero is both a short, and a strong one ; but he has cast *so many* from the *same* crucible, that we are almost tired of them : his receipt would seem to be this :—Let your hero have no value for his own life, soul, or character ; and on the strength of this, let him be privileged to make as free as he pleases with the lives, souls, and characters of others. *Secundum artem poeticam fiat heros.*

Now it is difficult to say which writer is the most dangerous, and which pen the most demoralising ; that which makes vice respectable, or, that which makes virtue ridiculous. His Lordship has saved us the trouble of the solution, as far at least as relates to himself ; for he has uniformly attempted both. As the darkest vice will be in some degree redeemed and rescued from our utter contempt, if surrounded by qualities that are brilliant and imposing ; so also the highest virtue will hardly bear to be associated with circumstances

that are degrading and familiar, without risk of losing something of our reverence, and our esteem. In the splendour of a brave despair it is, that we lose sight for a moment of the revolting villanies of a Macbeth, or a Richard; and on the contrary, although Socrates was equally calm and resigned, when he received the contents of Xantippe's utensil, as when he accepted the poisoned bowl of the Arcopagus, yet we find it as difficult to refrain from a smile in the one case, as from a tear in the other. Courage, therefore, either *physical*, in despising all danger, or *moral*, in despising all opinion, seems to be that cardinal virtue in the poetical creed of his Lordship, which, like charity in the creed of the Christian, is *supposed* to cover a multitude of sins. But the conclusion is as *false* in the *one* case, as in the *other*; for the true meaning of the scriptural passage happens to be, that charity covers a multitude of sins in *other people*, not in *ourselves*; and as to that courage which his Lordship has invariably given his heroes, as a compensation for so many defects; it is manifest that this quality abstractedly considered, must be a negative one. For although mere courage will make a good man better, it invariably makes a bad man worse. This quality is to the mind just what the manure is to the soil; *it will increase the crop*; but whether it be of *thorns* or of *thistles*, or of *wheat* and of *wine*, will depend not on the manure that is spread, but on the seed that is sown.

We come now to the parentage and education of Don Juan. Such subjects give ample scope to his Lordship's Muse, to disport herself either in the *narrow* nooks, and *crooked* creeks of private scandal, or in the more enlarged *sea* of public animadversion. "*In utrumque paratus.*" We shall not gratify his Lordship by withdrawing the veil from the character of Donna Inez, the mother of Don Juan. His readers will form their own conclusions, which I fear will not be the most creditable to his Lord-

ship. Even in the little animosities of the married state, there is something sacred and hallowed from the profanation of publicity, into which present readers ought not, and future readers will not intrude, nor inquire. In this unfortunate rupture, there is much that is paradoxical, of which this circumstance is not the least, that all the strength and the dignity of the quarrel happens to be on the side of the *weaker vessel*, and all the irritability and the infirmity on that of the *stronger*. We shall willingly recommend it to his Lordship to dismiss this subject from all his future lucubrations; it is a subject which the present age cannot but despise, and which posterity cannot but neglect. "*Solvantur tabule.*" Had he confined himself to this theme alone, "*Si sic omnia,*" I should not have promised to his Muse a longer existence than Pope assigned to the numbers of Settle. There are some pairs so ill assorted, that we ought to be more surprised at their *union*, than their *separation*; perhaps, the enigmatical part of this domestic division, might be explained, by observing that the *mathematics*, and what his Lordship would term *methodism*, were two things not likely to amalgamate the most happily with *poetry* and with *infidelity*. The *angles* of the first might appear to his Lordship to be too pointed and proximate; and the *angels* of the other too obscure and remote. But there are other *angels* of a more solid kind, which sometimes have *weight*; for Cupid can tip his darts with gold as often as with love, and sometimes with both; in which case, Hudibras seems to think they are irresistible:

" 'Tis true no lover has the power

" 'To' enforce a desperate amour,

" As he that has two strings to his bow,

" And burne for love and money too;

" For then he's brave and resolute,

" Disdains to render in his suit,

" Has all his flames and passions double,

" And hangs or drowns with half the trouble."

We shall now quote the principal features in the character of Donna Inez, the mother of Don Juan.

X.

“ His mother was a learned lady, famed
 For every branch of every science known---
 In every christian language ever named,
 With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
 And even the good with inward envy groan.
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded
 In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine : she knew by heart
 All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
 So that if any actor miss'd his part.
 She could have served him for a prompter's copy ;
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop---he
 Could never make a memory so fine as
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity ;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
 A prodigy---her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

His lordship now begins to fear that he has given the Donna Inez too many accomplishments ; he therefore attempts to make his *irony* more biting, by silyly insinuating, that in his own private opinion, she was but a smatterer ; a slight knowledge of the Hebrew, is made the vehicle of no small quantum of blasphemy.

The fifteenth stanza is rather paradoxical; it is at once the most *obscure*, and the most *luminous* in the whole poem; *for it is composed entirely of stars!!* We presume therefore that this poetical *constellation*, like some of the *celestial*, contained *so many monsters*, that it *frightened* even his editor; who, if we may judge from what he has ventured to publish, is a man not to be alarmed by *trifles*.

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or "Celebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insidious in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learned to kiss,
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence and bliss,
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours)
Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruits without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd:

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 'To see a kingdom or a house o'turned,
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
 A great opinion of her own good qualities ;
 Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
 And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;
 But then she had a devil of a spirit,
 And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
 And let few opportunities escape
 Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
 Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard ;
 And even the wisest do the best they can,
 Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
 That you might "brain them with their lady's fan ;"
 And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
 And fans turn into faulechions in fair hands,
 And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
 With persons of no sort of education,
 Or gentlemen, who, though well-born, and bred,
 Grow tired of scientific conversation :
 I don't choose to say much upon this head,
 I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
 But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
 Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all ?"

Forgetting, if we can, the paltry purpose for which these stanzas are composed, and looking more to their manner and their matter, than to their malignity, we must confess that they are a master piece of their kind. In the whole compass of the English language, it would be difficult to find any thing more cutting and sarcastic, combining so much ease with so much strength, and so much acrimony with so much elegance. Words are so completely at the command of the poet, that he can perform as many tricks

with them, as a juggler with his balls. Playful or serious, volatile or profound, he never quits us till he has accomplished his object, of making us, *for the moment*, despise that which we were predetermined *not* to despise, and even *ourselves* in the bargain, for being *possessed*, as it were, and overruled by the witchery of that genius, which we would gladly execrate, but are necessitated to extol.

The last stanza of our quotation will require some particular remarks. It forms the conclusion of a long diatribe on those ladies (whose *Nom de Guerre* perhaps is *The Blues*,) who have dared to leave the solid accomplishments of pies and of puddings, in order to prepare for their liege lords the more refined and less cloying banquet of intellect and of mind. This seems to be a crying sin in the opinion of his Lordship, whose ideas of women (as of Paradise) are rather of Turkish than of European origin, since he would gladly barter away their souls, to purchase for his idols some additional fascinations of body. But his Lordship cannot be ignorant, that a high tone of intellectual improvement in the female, is the securest and the surest guarantee to society, for a similar and corresponding advancement in the male. In our youth we are ignorant from *idleness*; and we continue so in our manhood from *pride*; we are ashamed to ask for information. But if society constantly threw us into the company of well educated women, this very pride would prevent that ignorance which it at present confirms; we should be ashamed of an inferiority that wounded us in so tender a part, and should vigorously exert ourselves to deserve that consideration from the softer sex, which it is impossible for the most unambitious mind not to desire, or the most insensible to despise. Our gentlemen would immediately cease to be less knowing than their *grooms*, less docile than their *dogs*, and worse disciplined than their *horses*. We therefore hail with the sincerest delight every spark and ray of improvement in the female mind, as the day-star

and precursor of an increase of intellectual light and brilliance in the male; and we solemnly protest against every effort to depreciate or to decry female attainment, as the *avant-courier* of a state of sensuality and barbarism; and we think the attempt only the more dangerous and deplorable, the more of talent we see employed by him that undertakes it. “*Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.*” I shall close this part of my subject, with a quotation from a French writer of profound observation and admitted ability. “Let us observe,” says Bayle, in his article on Boccacio, “that no writers slander the fair sex so much, as those who have most frequented, and loved, and idolized it! and therefore women ought to mind their slanders but little; they are proofs of their empire; the murmurings of a slave, who feels the weight of his chains; or in his liberty sees the marks of his servitude remaining on his body.”

XLI.

“His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or boddices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their *Æneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

XLII.

Ovid’s a rake, as half his verses shew him,
Anacreon’s morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don’t think Sappho’s Ode a good example;
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil’s songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with ‘*Formosum Pastor Corydon.*’

XLIII.

Lucretius’ irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can’t help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,

For speaking out so plainly in his song,
 So much indeed as to be downright rude ;
 And then what proper person can be partial
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
 Expurgated by learned men, who place,
 Judiciously from out the schoolboy's vision,
 The grosser parts : but fearful to deface
 Too much their model bard by this omission,
 And pitying sore his mutilated case,
 They only add them all in an appendix,
 Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index ;

XLV.

For there we have them all at one fell swoop,
 Instead of being scatter'd through the pages ;
 They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
 To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
 Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
 To call them back into their separate cages,
 Instead of standing staring altogether,
 Like garden gods—and not so decent either."

In the stanzas quoted above, our system of education becomes the object of attack, and a single unfortunate edition of Martial is made the basis of a general satire, in which the superstructure is much too wide for the foundation, and, like an inverted pyramid, it is not calculated to resist much opposition. In fact, his Lordship has here displayed more flippancy than philosophy, more wit than penetration, and more *temerity* than either. We will concede to his Lordship, that some of the ancients have passages that are as *seductive* and dangerous to others, as they are disgraceful to themselves ; and that the rays of their genius, like the beams of the sun, have produced some things that are poisonous amidst an exuberance of that which is salutary ; but we read them, for those "spoils of time," the treasures of history and of knowledge that they contain ; we read them for the sake of their enlarged conceptions and profound

remarks; for the strength and the elegance of their compositions; for those grand and lofty aspirings, in which we trace at once the hope and the pledge of their immortality. But surely this attack on the morality of the ancient writers comes with a very ill grace from one who has given us as much impurity, with much *more* blasphemy, and far *less* erudition; a blasphemy too that is both uncalled for and gratuitous, inasmuch as it is directed against a system so pure and spiritual, that it surpassed even the conception of the finest minds of antiquity, "*such knowledge was too wonderful for them, they could not attain unto it.*" His Lordship accuses the ancients of impurity, while his own writings contain all their poison, but none of *their* antidote. "*Clodius accusat machos, Catilina, Cethegum.*" Surely this is an accusation rather awkwardly advanced, by one who has spent so great a part of his life in tricking out a Muse, who is at best but an *harlot*; who, having allured us to the garden of his sensuality, would fain have us walk amidst its precipices and its pitfalls, lighted up only by the torches of a lust that is disgusting, and the flashes of a wit that is obscene; while he himself, as grand master of the orgies, stands calmly by to predict our fall, and with a Satanic sneer to exult over our humiliation.

LXXIX.

"And then there are such things as love divine,
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
 Such as the angels think so very fine,
 And matrons, who would be no less secure,
 Platonic, perfect, 'just such love as mine;'
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger,
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger.

But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger ;
 If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
 But not my fault---I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love then, but love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
 In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion ;
 And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Etherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion
 He might be taught, by love and her together---
 I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
 In mail of proof---her purity of soul,
 She, for the future of her strength convinced,
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
 With any kind of troublesome controul ;
 But whether Julia to the task was equal
 Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel."

In this description of the struggles and the workings of Donna Julia's mind with respect to Don Juan, previously to their first and mutual transgression, his Lordship displays a most consummate knowledge of all the mere subtle and refined self-delusions of the human heart. This is perhaps the least objectionable part of the poem, since all who chuse to avoid the beginnings of evil, the "*sceleris primordia*:" all who know the weakness of reason, and the strength of passion, may profit by the catastrophe of this amour. But in the subsequent description of Donna Julia's delinquency, his Muse has lost again, what little she had gained in the approbation of the moralist. As this poem unfortunately is in every one's hands, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that the Donna Julia is at length surprised in her bed-room, under circumstances extremely awkward, by her own husband and a whole

posse comitatus of attendants, well supplied with flam-beaux, torches, and weapons of all descriptions. The lady, however, is more than a match for all this formidable array; and by the brilliance of her wit, and the *presence of her mind*, bids fair to prove *the absence of her lover*, and to gain a most complete victory, when an unforeseen little incident, no more nor less than the shoe of Don Juan, snatches the triumph from the hands of the fair delinquent, in the very moment of her attaining it. We must however admit that she conducts her own defence so inimitably, that whatever might be her fate in Doctors' Commons, or in *Banco Regis*, we should assure her a favourable verdict in the Court of Parnassus, were Apollo the judge, and the *three* Graces, with the *nine* Muses, the jury.

- “ Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
 “ In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean ?
 “ Has madness seized you ? would that I had died
 “ Ere such a monster's victim I had been !
 “ What may this midnight violence betide,
 “ A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen ?
 “ Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill !
 ‘ Search then, the room !’—Alfonso said, ‘ I will.’

CXLIII.

He search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged every where,
 Closet and clothes'-press, chest and window-seat,
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
 With other articles of ladies fair,
 To keep them beautiful or leave them neat :
 Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
 And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
 No matter what--it was not what they sought ;
 They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
 Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought ;

And then they stared each others' faces round :

'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue

Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong ;
"It was for this that I became a bride !
"For this in silence I have suffer'd long
"A husband like Alfonso at my side ;
"But now I'll hear no more, nor here remain,
"If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain

CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,
"If ever you indeed deserved the name,
"Is't worthy of your years ?—you have threescore,
"Fifty, or sixty---it is all the same—
"Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore
"For facts against a virtuous woman's fame ?
"Ungrateful, perjurd, barbarous Don Alfonso,
"How dare you think your lady would go on so ?

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
"The common privileges of my sex ?
"That I have chosen a confessor so old
"And deaf, that any other it would vex,
"And never once he has had cause to scold,
"But found my very innocence perplex
"So much, he always doubted I was married---
"How sorry you will be when I've miscarried !

CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo ere
"I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville ?
"Is it for this I scarce went any where,
"Except to bull-fights, mass, play rout, and revel ?
"Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
"I favour'd none---nay, was almost uncivil ?
"Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
"Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely ?

CXLIX.

Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani

“ Sing at my heart six months at least in vain ?

Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,

“ Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain ?

“ Were there not also Russians, English, many ?

“ The Count Strongstoganoff I put in pain,

“ And Lord Mount Coffee-house, the Irish Peer,

“ Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

“ Have I not had two bishops at my feet ?

“ The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,

“ And is it thus a faithful wife you treat ?

“ I wonder in what quarter now the moon is :

“ I praise your vast forbearance not to beat

“ Me also, since the time so opportune is—

“ Oh, valiant man ! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,

“ Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure ?

CLI.

“ Was it for this you took your sudden journey,

“ Under pretence of business indispensable

“ With that sublime of rascals your attorney,

“ Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible

“ Of having play'd the fool ? though both I spurn, he

“ Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,

“ Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,

“ And not from any love for you nor me.”

The unlucky incident of the shoe, followed up by the discovery and flight of her lover, were astounding facts that neither the wit nor the eloquence of Donna Julia could overcome. She retires to a nunnery, and writes a letter to Don Juan, quite equal *in its way* to the celebrated epistle of Eloisa. I shall quote one stanza, for the benefit of all ladies exposed to similar temptations.

CXCIV.

“ Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,

“ 'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range

“ The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart ;

“ Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart ;
 " And few there are whom these cannot estrange
 " Men have all these resources, we but one,
 " To love again, and be again undone."

After the receipt of Donna Julia's letter, we hear no more of Don Juan in this Canto; having caused a divorce at the age of sixteen, he may be allowed a little breathing time before he sets out in his travels.

His Lordship next takes a cursory review of his brother poets; but this author's poetry, like the prose of Voltaire, is indebted for much of its pungency, not to the attic salt alone, but to a spice or two of blasphemy scattered up and down, and here and there, with no sparing hand.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before : in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch :
 I'll call the work ' Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle.'

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third both quaint and mouthy
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy :
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit flirtation with the Muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his ;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like ' the Blues,
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this)
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose :
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss---
 Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G---d !"

These gentlemen are here treated cavalierly enough by his Lordship, but as they have the power to defend themselves, and as no one ever yet suspected that "*genus irritabile*" of the want of a will to do so, I shall leave them to draw their pens, and shed their ink, at their own discretion. Compared with his Lordship they may not be "*cantare pæres*," but none will doubt that they are "*respondere parati*."

CCXVIII.

"What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper :
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, are lost in vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their ' midnight taper,'
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

The reflections contained in this stanza are as pure as they are beautiful ; fame is indeed a bubble ; but can his Lordship sincerely think so, when he has *paid so tremendous a price to obtain it* ! What are the sacrifices of time, or of health, or of money, or even of life ? They weigh but as the dust in the balance, when compared with those awful and eternal interests which he has surrendered up as a burnt sacrifice, at the shrine of that idol which he here pronounces to be so unworthy of his adoration. Alas ! the idolator is as blind as the idol, and the time may come when he may wish that he were as *perishable* too !

The second canto opens with a recommendation to the respective pedagogues of all nations, vigorously to act the part of Horace's Orbilius, and to flog their pupils well. We rather suspect that his Lordship now feels in himself the *effect* of this defect ; for, we may say with Polonius, that, "*this effect defective comes by cause* ;" and our author is not without some few signs and symptoms of that irritable and wayward being 'yclep'd a spoilt child. He next proceeds

to account for that which seems to have puzzled the tutors of Don Juan :—

“ A youth of sixteen, causing a divorce,

“ Puzzled his tutors very much of course.”

Having settled this point, he indulges us with a choice *morceau* of his Pyrrhonian, or, if you please, *Byronian* philosophy; for be it known, that his Lordship can philosophise at times, and even moralize too; for in the last stanza of the last canto of Harold, he leaves a remarkable legacy to his readers, “ *The moral of the tale:*” he leaves it *to all who can find it*; but this valuable legacy, like the Irishman’s property in Tipperary, seems to be so well secured, that his Lordship has not yet been able to get at it himself.

IV.

“ Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,

And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,

And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,

And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails ;

T’he king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,

The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,

A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,

Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.”

Don Juan is now dispatched by his mother from the scene of his late intrigue, and shipped off from Cadiz for a course of four years’ travel. His establishment consists of a favourite spaniel; a valet, to take care that no one shall cheat his master, but himself; a tutor, to furnish his head with *new* ideas, and his table with *old* wine; and a letter of advice from his mother, which was presented, but not *perused*; with two or three letters of credit, which were *perused*, but *not* presented. His destination is from Cadiz to Leghorn, but they encounter a terrible hurricane, which sinks the ship in the gulf of Lyons, after which some few of the sailors take to the boats, with Juan, his valet, and his tutor. Their sufferings, protracted by *Cannibalism*,

terminate at last, by their only remaining boat being dashed to pieces on the breakers, and Juan remains the sole survivor of the whole crew; thrown upon the beach by the surf, half naked, starved, and in a state of insensibility, "*Vivit, at est vitæ nescius ipse suæ.*"

The place on which he is cast, happens to be one of the wilder and smaller Cyclades, tenanted by an old Greek, who had amassed immense treasures by piracy, and who had an only daughter called Haidee, "the greatest heiress of the Grecian Isles."

CVIII.

"There breathless with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved perhaps in vain.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast
And down he sunk ; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses passed :
He fell upon his side, and his stretched hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar, (their jury-mast)
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay."

In this situation he is discovered by Haidee and her maid ; here the usual style of these things is reversed, as the lady saves the life of her lover ; after which our hero enters upon intrigue the second, which terminates in his Lordship's usual manner.

It is manifest that this story combines within itself every capability for the display of genius, and allows the fullest scope to his Lordship's most versatile and extraordinary powers. Here therefore is selfishness, for his sarcasms ;

love, for his licentiousness ; superstition, for his ribaldry and danger, despair, and death, for his sublimities.

“ *Quicquid habent Veneres Venerùm, Charitesve Leporùm*
 “ *Quicquid Musa Joci, quicquid Apollo Salis,*”

“ *Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn ;*” all that is attractive, or terrible, or revolting, is here scattered before us, with the most prodigal vivacity of youth, and the profoundest experience of age. Much is misapplied, still more is misplaced ; but omnipotent genius presides over this chaos of wonders, and secure in her own resources, despises alike the censure and the praise of those who are permitted to see, rather than to comprehend, the marvellous creations of her will. This story of the shipwreck, in fact, is the principal feature in the whole poem, and occupies about one fourth of its bulk. It is also clear that his Lordship fully feels all the capabilities of his story, and screws all his powers to the sticking place. The consequence is, that he has produced some stanzas that no one but himself *could*, and some that no one but himself *would*, have written. Amidst a mass of much that we shall not dare to quote, and much more, that we will not presume to defend, it is, nevertheless, the duty of every candid inquirer, while he enforces every well founded accusation, or objection, to clear the object of his examination, from all that are not so. Now it has been said, that many of the scenes in this story of the shipwreck, are out of nature, that they are too horrible, too disgusting, and too degrading for reality. That it is a caricature, rather than a picture. But there are few who will deny that the great cardinal de Retz was a very close and profound observer of human nature, and that he was not more remarkable for sagacity, than for truth. It is curious that he very narrowly escaped shipwreck, *with a crew composed of the same materials*, and under a situation and circumstances very

similar to those described by Lord Byron. I shall quote his account of that event, which was real, in order that my readers may compare it with the similar event in the poem, which is fictitious.

The Cardinal, after having passed the boisterous gulph of Lyons, left Porto Vecchio, during the night, in the course of which, he says, "We were attacked, with perhaps the greatest storm that ever was seen at sea. The Pilot in Chief of the galleys of Naples, who was on board of us, and who had used the sea for fifty years, said that he had never seen the like. Every body were at their prayers, or were confessing themselves, *and none but Don Ferdinand Carillo, who received the communion every day when he was on shore, and who was a gentleman of an exemplary piety, forbore shewing any forwardness to prostrate himself at the feet of the priests.* He left others at liberty to do what they pleased, but he kept himself quiet, and he whispered these words in my ear, "*I am much afraid that all these confessions, extorted only by fear, are nought.*" He remained all along upon the deck, giving his orders with surprising coolness, and heartening, but mildly and civilly, an old soldier, who appeared a little frightened. I shall always remember that he called him, *Sennora Soldada de Carlos Quinto.* The private captain of the galley, caused in the greatest height of the danger, *his embroidered coat, and his red scarf,* to be brought to him, saying, that a true Spaniard ought to *die* bearing his king's marks of distinction. He sat himself down in his great elbow-chair, and with his foot struck a poor Neapolitan in the chops, who not being able to stand upon the coursey of the galley, was crawling along, crying out aloud, "*Sennor Don Fernando, por l amor de Dios Confession.*" The captain, when he struck him, said to him, "*Inimigo de Dios pienes Confession,*" and as I was representing to him, that his inference was not right, he said that that old man gave offence to

the whole galley. *You cannot imagine the horror of a great storm ; you can as little imagine the ridicule of it.* A Sicilian Observantine monk was preaching at the foot of the great mast, that Saint Francis had appeared to him, and had assured him that we should not perish. I should never have done, were I to undertake to describe all the ridiculous frights that are seen on these occasions."

These are the cardinal De Retz's own words, in his account of a storm, which he witnessed. Of the prophecy of the Observantine monk, we may remark, that it turned out to be a safe one, in a *double* sense ; for if it had failed, there would have been nobody to contradict it.

I shall now quote some passages from his Lordship's description of a wreck that was fictitious, that my readers may see how far it is borne out, by the cardinal's account of one that was real :

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As rum and true religion ; thus it was,
 Some plundered, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
 The high wind made the treble, and as bass
 The hoarse harsh waves kept time ; fright cured the qualms
 Of all the luckless landsman's sea-sick maws :
 Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
 Clamoured in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
 Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
 Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
 It with a pair of pistols ; and their fears,
 As if Death were more dreadful by his door
 Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
 Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
 Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
 "All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No !
 "'Tis true that death awaits both you and me,
 "But let us die like men, not sink below

"Like brutes ;"—and thus his dangerous post kept ha,

And none liked to anticipate the blow !

And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,

Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now

Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,

Some went to prayers again, and made a vow

Of candles to their saints—but there were none

To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;

Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one

That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,

Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,

And in them crowded several of the crew

And yet their present hope was hardly more

Than what it had been, for so strong it blew

There was slight chance of reaching any shore,

And then they were too many, though so few--

Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,

Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd ; near two hundred souls

Had left their bodies ; and what's worse, alas !

When over Catholics the ocean rolls,

They must wait several weeks before a mass

Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,

Because, till people know what's come to pass

They won't lay out their money on the dead---

It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind---the burning sun

Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,

They lay like carcasses ! and hope was none,

Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely

They glared upon each other---all was done,

Water, and wine, and food,---and you might see

The longings of the cannibal arise

(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

It must be allowed, that a shipwreck is an event calculated to call forth all that is good, and all that is bad, in poor human nature; which our operator has here spread out before us, on his dissecting table, but without the common decency of a napkin, or the usual precautions of aromatics. He handles, with equal indifference, the scalping knife or the scalpel, the saw or the lancet; and having transported us into the very recesses of his laboratory, with the magic wand of Shakspeare, he proceeds to examine its most disgusting contents, with the scrutinizing microscope of Crabbe. Other anatomists cut up the dead for the future benefit and cure of the living; but our present *Drawcansir* will not even pause to inquire whether the breath be out of the body, or in the body, but he cuts up both the dead and the living, and cares not whether either are benefited by the operation, or neither. All he seems determined to do, is to shew us both the outside and the inside of man; and if this can be effected better by laying bare a *living* heart, than a *dead* one, the horror and the cruelty of the experiment, weigh no more in the metaphysical balance of our operator, than in the scales of Shylock. Horace has observed, that he that first committed himself to the terrors of the sea, required a breast of threefold brass; "*robur et æs triplex*," but to read Lord Byron's picture of a shipwreck, without shuddering, will require a heart of harder materials. It is perhaps the most harrowing description in *language*, of the most horrid scene in *life*. He that sympathises is allowed no skreen; he that suffers, no pillow; even that very pride which supports us in our bitterest misfortunes, here lies stabbed and bleeding at our feet, covered with its own gore, and the *filth* of its dying but less dignified associates. All that is contemptible in folly, or mean in fear, or selfish in vice, or desperate in death, is here detailed and presented, with the indiscriminating minuteness of a Hogarth, and the

stern sublimity of a Salvador. But, with the resistless grapple of gigantic talent, he holds us to the scene, although we would gladly fly both from the poet, and from ourselves. If our infirmities *soar*, he can *pounce* them; if they *creep*, he can *mouse* them; and having disgusted us by one effort, he rises like Antæus, the stronger from his fall, and the higher from his degradation.

Now it ought not to be forgotten, that in *both* of the above descriptions, the crews are composed of *ignorant* and *bigotted* Catholics. The late shipwreck of the *Alceste*, under the command of Sir Murray Maxwell, affords a scene as creditable to our nature, as the two former are humiliating. His Lordship's *gallant ancestor* could also have supplied him with details of similar sufferings, where privations, danger, and death, served only to call forth the most magnanimous efforts of patience, courage, and resignation.

To what are we to ascribe a difference of conduct, so honourable, and exalted? *to one comprehensive word*; for which, I fear his Lordship has not a due estimation at present. But time is a great teacher, and has altered opinions more deeply fixed than those of a poet; there is an hour when neither women, wit, nor wine can restore our spirits, nor *soda water* our health; and it is not every one who has treated life as a masquerade, that has the hardihood to meet death in his *domino*. I cannot but suspect that his Lordship's views of Christianity are taken from a *bad quarter*; he has lived so much in Catholic countries where the "*opus operatum*," the *outward* forms and ceremonies of the *Church*, are every thing, and the *internal* obligations and spiritual efficacies of *religion* are nothing; that in his hurry to fly from such *absurdities*, he has taken a wider leap than his cooler and *riper judgment* will hereafter approve. But be this as it may, his Lordship could well afford to leave blasphemy and ribaldry to

his imitators ; who, if they were deprived of them, would have nothing. There are moments, when in this lofty contempt of present things, we might anticipate some reverence for things that are to come. But alas, the present scene is not too low for his ridicule, nor the future too high for it, and we may apply to his Muse, that line from Virgil which was appropriated to the genius of Erasmus, —

————— “ *Terras inter cælumque volabat.*”

This second Canto advances towards its conclusion, with a fascinating description of the amours of Haidee and of Juan. We do not augur the most happy termination to the loves of this interesting pair ; one of whom has too little guile for a Calypso, and the other too little discretion for a Telemachus. It is with regret that we leave “two so young, and one so innocent” to the tender mercies of such a Muse as his Lordship’s ; the happiness *she* bestows is but as the deceitful smoothness of the river, on the very brink and verge of the cataract ;

“ ————— *ad præceps immane ruinæ,*

Lævior en facies fit, properantis aquæ !”

As their love, however, is by no means Platonic, it required to be fed on something more substantial than air ; and Juan, in every sense, seems to be in more danger *from surfeit* than *starvation*. His Lordship, therefore, with all the gravity and conscious sufficiency of a professor on *this* subject, delivers some very sententious precepts, *ex Cathedrâ Epicuri*.

————— “ some good lessons

“ Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus ;

Without whom Venus will not long attack us.”

Doctors, however, are not unanimous as to this conclusion ; Ovid, indeed, who is good authority *here*, has said

“ *Et Venus in Vinis, Ignis in Igne fuit ;*”

but he qualifies this prescription, in another place, by re-

commending *moderation* in our cups; for wine, saith he, is to love what wind is to flame;

“*Nutritur vento, vento restinguitur ignis,*

“*Lenis alit flammam, grandior aura necat.*”

Aristophanes also, before Ovid, had christened wine, “*the milk of Venus.*”—But Athenæus ascribes the *chastity* of Alexander to his excessive computations; and Montaigne supports the argument of Athenæus, by the converse of the same proposition, when he attributes the successful gallantries of his cotemporaries to their temperance in the use of wine.

The Poem concludes with some ironical eulogies on constancy, its rarity, and its value, winding up with some caustic sarcasms, from the whole tenor of which, we are led to conclude that his Lordship has no higher an opinion of *man* nor of *woman*, than that profane *Wit*, who said that when there were but two brothers on the earth, one of them killed the other; and that when Eve had only Adam—

“*Elle aime mieux pour s'en faire conter,*

“*Prester l'oreille aux fleuretes du Diable,*

“*Que d'estre femme, et ne pas coqueter.*”

In the remaining pages, I must be more profuse in my remarks, and more sparing in my quotations. I shall cite no more than what is absolutely necessary to support and vindicate my observations. Had Lord Byron been previously unknown to the public, it would have been much more adviseable to have permitted ‘Don Juan’ to have floated unnoticed down the stream, upon the principle of Tacitus, “*spretæ exolescunt.*” But it is highly probable that Lord Byron has four times the number of readers that Pope could ever boast of, even at the summit of his popularity. Lord Byron has been so often and so constantly before us, and his claims to our attention have

been so many, and so great, that it is very improbable any dissertation on his writings should increase the public curiosity—quite impossible that it should extinguish it.

Now the first impression that will be made on a general survey of *all* that his Lordship has written, will be the total want of that sincerity of feeling in himself, which he so successfully labours to excite in his readers. But the consequence of this is, that his Muse, like some of her own heroines, *takes* our hearts with far more ease than she *keeps* them. He has, however, such confidence in his own powers, that he *reverses* the rule of Horace, “*Si vis me flere,*” &c. and not only makes us weep without weeping himself, but laughs in our face for doing so. He must abstain from these contradictions, or his poetical dynasty, like the political one of Alexander, will be more *extensive* than *durable*. The heaven-born enthusiasm, the pure and lofty aspirations, so characteristic of the genuine poet, are feigned by him rather than felt, and assumed rather than inspired. That the illusion is admirably kept up and sustained, his readers must willingly concede; but the composition after all is artificial, and has much of the brilliance, but little of the *worth* of the diamond. I will not insult the understanding of the public, by quoting passages in support of the above proposition; the task would be both needless and endless; it would be neither more nor less than to cite the one half of his works, in opposition to the other. Those who chuse to amuse themselves, by pursuing such comparisons, may find that there is hardly a subject that his Lordship has not honoured *both* with his *scurrilities* and his *sublimities*. He can play either tragedy, comedy, or farce, like an actor, or defend either vice or virtue, like a counsellor, without being very seriously affected either by the one, or by the other. His Lordship's Muse, like Lucifer, can indeed at times assume

the appearance of an angel of light; like *Him*, she can impose upon the centinels, and intrude into Paradise, only to *blaspheme*, to *tempt*, and to *destroy*.

I shall now consider his Lordship's powers in a less obvious point of view. It is an admitted axiom of poetry, that we must not draw images from the immaterial or intellectual world, to illustrate the natural or artificial; although it is both allowable and elegant to draw images from the latter, to illustrate the former. Thus, for instance, a correct, but cold and tame translation, has been wittily compared to the *reversed* side of a piece of tapestry; very exact, but devoid of all spirit, life, and colouring; now it would be neither just nor witty to attempt to give a man a notion of the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, by comparing it to a bad translation. Such an illustration would be open to the charge of "*obscurum per obscurius*." But alas; it is as difficult to prescribe rules to genius, as limits to the wave, or laws to the whirlwind. This difficulty has been overcome, and this rule transgressed at various times by his Lordship, but with such inimitable grace, and unrivalled talent, that we cheerfully surrender up both the *constitution* and the *laws* of poetry, into the hands of that despot, who can please us more by breaking them, than petty kings by preserving them; and can render even our slavery to him, more sweet, than our subjection to another. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting one passage in *Harold*, canto fourth, because there happen to be *three* examples of the above remarks, in the small space of *two* stanzas; the poet is describing the cataract of Velino where the cliffs yield "a fearful vent

To the broad column, which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains, by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of Rivers, which flow gushingly

With many windings through the vale :---Look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,---a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge
 From side to side beneath the glittering morn
 An Iris sits, amidst th' infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn ;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

We have a fine instance of this kind of simile again in Juan; his Lordship is describing the pleasure enjoyed by those "who watch o'er what they love, while sleeping."

"For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 "All that it hath of life with us is living,
 "So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 "And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving,
 "All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd and prov'd,
 "Hush'd in the depths beyond the watcher's diving ;
 "There lies the thing we love, with all its errors,
 "And all its charms,---*like death without its terrors."*

I shall now offer a few remarks on that universal, and presiding principle, which forms the peculiar characteristic of his Lordship's Muse; a principle inexhausted, perhaps exhaustless; *confined* to none of his works, but pervading, more or less, the whole of them. I mean his supreme and undisguised contempt for every thing that appertains unto man; his present pursuits, and his future destination.

"Nihil humani a contemptu alienum putat."

It may be said indeed that his Lordship has attacked only the *consequences* of things that were bad in their originals; and that the fault lies not in the satire, but in those that are the subjects of it. We admit that there is in the world much of what is absurd, and more of what is deplorable;

little to approve, less to love, and much to pity. But what are we to think of that poet, *who makes no distinctions?* who for what is great and good, has no esteem? for what is vile and grovelling, no indignation? but treats them all alike with scorn, and merriment, and indifference. What are we to think of that cold-blooded being, who is never so happy as in detailing our present miseries, or detecting in our short-lived gratifications, the seeds of our future woe? whose joy, when he can predict our ruin, seems to be exceeded only by the verification of it. *The most charitable thing we can think of such an author, is the supposition I have previously advanced,—That he is not in earnest.* If his Lordship, however, is too fond of his sting to part with it altogether, let me recommend to his imitation, the example of the little bee, on his favourite *Hymettus*; she extracts from the *same* bed of flowers, *much* honey, but *little* poison; and that little, she uses rather as a *shield* than as a *sword*! We could have some charity for his Lordship, if he would only condescend to think any thing connected with humanity, truly worthy either of his pity or of his love; he deals indeed in both; but there is too much of what is assumed in the one, and of what is affected in the other. In his *sarcasms* alone, it is that he is both *cordial*, and *sincere*; *here* he luxuriates, *here* he is at home. He has an eternal sneer ever at command, not only for our forms, but also for our decencies; for our principles, no less than our prejudices; for all the errors that custom has reconciled, and for all the truths that wisdom has embalmed. Our philosophy, *in his eyes*, is as frivolous as our folly; if he talks of a palace, it must be dull; if of a hovel, it must be dirty; if of a priest, he must be bigoted; if of a king, he must be cruel. These unmanly scoffings and sarcasms, coming as they evidently do from the heart, and often directed against those who have dared to live well, in the exalted hope of living for ever—These constitute these in-

sults to society, which from their *manner* we cannot forget ; and from their *motive*, we cannot forgive. We have so much of this, even unto loathing, that we should quit his pages with disgust, were we not perpetually recalled to them, by the constant recurrence of those sublime perceptions, and vivid sensibilities, to all that is beautiful, or terrible, or majestic, in the vast volume of nature, spread before him, on earth ; beneath him and around him on ocean ; and above him, in the heavens. It is in such passages as *these*, that we sometimes detect an admission, perhaps an adoration, of that Being "*whom magnitude cannot encumber ; whom multitude cannot embarrass ; whom minuteness cannot escape.*" Let his Lordship direct his efforts more fully to *this* department of the Muse ; we promise him that it is the *attractive* pole of his magnet ; the *repulsive* however is so strong, that we are often, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in the equilibrium of neutrality.

We live in an age when orators are trying how much treason they may talk without being *hanged*, poets how much nonsense they may write without being *neglected*, and libertines how much licentiousness they may venture upon, without being *execrated* and *despised*. We consider Don Juan to be a bold experiment, made by a daring and determined hand, on the moral patience of the public. Should the vanguard succeed, we are informed that ten cantos more are to follow year by year, after which, it is presumed that public feeling must surrender to these ten portentous cantos, like Troy to the ten years' siege. It is most melancholy to reflect that a man of Lord Byron's stupendous powers, should lend himself to such unworthy purposes as these ; led thereto by the grovelling gratification of dazzling the fool, or encouraging the knave ; of supporting the weakest sophistry by the strongest genius ; and the darkest wickedness by the brightest wit. He applies, alas, the beams of his mighty mind, not to comfort, but to *consume*

us, and *like Nero*, give us nothing *but a little harmony*, to console us for the conflagration he has caused. There are two considerations, however, which, when *united*, constitute the sum of the value of all sublunary things; the difficulty of acquirement, and its utility when acquired; but if the difficulty of the acquirement should be very great, and yet the thing when acquired should prove to be not only *useless*, but in the highest degree *pernicious* and *destructive*, then it would appear that such efforts are about as meritorious, as those of him, who would run the risk of robbing the rattlesnake of her poison, only to inoculate his neighbours.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; by indifference, which is the most common; and by religion, which is the most effectual. The pride of our *philosophy* he tramples under his feet, with a sneer more contemptuous than that of Diogenes; our *indifference* he awakens, by the most horrifying description of miseries, which he defies us either to overlook or to overcome; and that *religion*, which is our present solace, and will be our ultimate deliverance from evil, he would have us believe to be *herself* that greatest evil, from which we should make a dark and a desperate plunge to be delivered.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
 Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
 Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
 As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
 To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
 A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
 To taste of heaven—*If this be true*, indeed,
 Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

Whether the subject be others, or himself, there is scarcely a passage or a principle, wherein we are not continually called upon, either to rebuke our applause, or to

qualify our approbation. Nothing is more sublime than his genius, more rancorous than his revenge, more mean than his malevolence. But a head of *chrystal* is but a poor compensation for a heart of *stone*; and no eclipse in the *natural* world, can be half so disastrous, as that in the *moral*, when the darkness of all that is depraved, is seen to overwhelm the brightness of all that is intellectual. Whatsoever we love, whatsoever we loathe, whatsoever we seek, or whatsoever we shun, he has neither a smile for the one, nor a tear for the other, but a *sneer for them all*. Like some *uncharnelled* and *unearthly* thing, he would disdain to appear to have any thing in common with creatures so despicable as he has portrayed us to be. Cursed with "*the fulness of satiety*," how will he *bear* the ills of life, when its very pleasures fatigue him? He has yet to learn that mere pleasure, though it may refresh the weary, wearies the refreshed. Disgusted with others and with himself, there is but *one* chain that holds him to life; he would fain persuade us that it is wrought in a noble laboratory; but he is deceived; the links that compose it have all the impurity of alloy, but neither the fineness nor the *fixedness* of gold; and they are rivetted not by love, but by *lust*.

Whoever has read the pages of Lord Byron (and who has not?) must be struck with that surprising and successful versatility of genius, which is as wonderful as its power; but I shall not enlarge upon a subject so self-evident, that "*those who run may read*;" from Shakspeare to Hudibras, from Milton to Moore, there is neither chord, nor stop, nor key, nor compass of poetical harmony, that does not come at his call, and charm at his command. Such a writer has little occasion to borrow, nor can we often accuse him of it. In his satire, however, on English bards and Scotch reviewers, that fine simile of the eagle, in the lines on the death of Kirke White, is evidently taken from Waller, who having sent a song of his own compos-

ing to a lady, became himself a victim to his own numbers, when he heard them sung by the Syren :

“ That eagle’s fate and mine are one,
 “ Who on the shaft that made him die,
 “ Espied a feather of his own,
 “ Wherewith he wont to soar on high.”

It is not *impossible*, however, that his Lordship borrowed this simile *not* from Waller, but from the *original* Greek poet himself; and he had certainly as great a right to go to the fountain-head, as Waller. We all remember that the author of *Hudibras* has compared the *morning* to a *lobster*; and Lord Byron conceives that he has the same liberty to compare the evening to a dolphin. It is curious, however, to observe how differently these great masters manage a similar turn of thought :

Butler.

“ And, like a lobster boil’d, the morn
 “ From black to red began to turn.”

Lord Byron.

..... “ parting day
 “ Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 “ With a new colour, as it gasps away,
 “ The last still loveliest, till---’tis gone, and all is gray.”

As I have given his lordship full credit for the highest talent at all times, and for the lowest perversion of it at some times, it may be right to quote a few passages from *Don Juan*, to justify my encomiums. And here I could wish it to be understood, that I *except* nearly the whole of the last canto of *Harold* from the *censures* that these pages contain. I consider *that Canto* to be, in point of execution, *the sublimest poetical achievement of mortal pen*; others will have their opinion, this is mine. Had the last canto of *Harold* never appeared, I should not have censured his Lordship; perhaps I should not have praised him; I should, however, have been a *silent* reader of all that he has written; a silent admirer of *much*. The poem therefore of

Don Juan *abstractedly* considered, neither should, nor would have tempted me into the *arena* of criticism; but when I know that Don Juan proceeds from the *same* pen that stamped the last canto of Harold with immortality, it *then* becomes a poem of deepest interest and of inexpressible importance. Premising, therefore, that it is from the last canto of Harold that I should *principally* justify the praises I have offered up at the shrine of talent, I shall quote some *few* passages from a great number to be found in Don Juan, quite worthy of so exalted an association:—

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
 Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
 Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

A ship sinking in a storm:—

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The following stanzas are perhaps as exquisite in "*the tender*," as the former in "*the terrible*." He is describing two lovers on a lonely island :—

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright :
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight ;
 They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
 Who shut in chambers think it loneliness ;
 The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
 The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
 The voiceless sands, and dropping caves that lay
 Around them, made them to each other press,
 As if there were no life beneath the sky
 Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CXC.

Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
 Nor offer'd any ; she had never heard
 Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
 Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd ;
 She was all which pure ignorance allows,
 And flew to her young mate like a young bird ;
 And never having dreamt of falsehood, she
 Had not one word to say of constancy.

These passages are exquisitely wrought up, and will increase the "loud lament," that they should be found in such bad company. We cannot help regretting, that the "fidus Achates," who supplied the elegant notes to the last canto of Harold, and who was justly rewarded with the honour of its dedication, was not at his Lordship's elbow, when Don Juan was on the anvil. I shall adorn my pages with four stanzas more from this poem, which

must conclude my quotations ; it is seldom that the dry *deserts* of criticism, can be enriched by such an *oasis* :—

CXCVIII.

The Lady watch'd her lover —and that hour
 Of Love's and Night's and Ocean's solitude,
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united power ;
 Amidst the barren sands and rocks so rude
 She and her wave-worne love had made their bower
 Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
 And all the stars that crouded the blue space
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet, as real
 Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CCII.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this ;
 Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
 Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
 Of his gazelled-eyed daughters ; she was one
 Made but to love, to feel that she was his
 Who was her chosen : what was said or done
 Elsewhere was nothing—She had nought to fear
 Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
 Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted :
 Ocean their witness and the cave their bed,
 By their own feelings hallowed and united,
 Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed :
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

As to his Lordship's *minor* publications, much might be said against many of them; little in praise of any of them. But he has *amber* enough to preserve half the Ephemerides of *Grub-street*. There is so much *floutage* and *buoyancy*, about his Lordship's greater efforts, that his smaller will be sustained by them. His name is so established, that it is out of his own power to write any thing that will sink; he ought therefore to write nothing that *deserves to do so*; were he to produce any thing very inferior, or unequal to himself, it would be saved either for the sake of contrast, or from curiosity. The fabric indeed of that fame which rests on calumnies, or personalities, will fall, unless the poetry be strong enough to support the edifice *without them*. Something more, however, of reverence for our constituted authorities, and our established forms, would better become one, who is too enlightened on other points, to be suspected of gross blindness on this; and is it not gross blindness not to see how easy licentiousness, *and its consequent slavery*, may be made the *grave* of subordination, founded on reason, and of a liberty built upon the laws?

The unexampled mutabilities, and dissimilitudes of the manner and the matter of his Muse, give us room to hope that he will one day present us with some thing *every way* worthy of his powers, and of his fame; something that the virgin may read without shame; the scholar, without disgust; and the moralist, without indignation; *this is the only theme he has not yet attempted*. These Protean capabilities, however, arise from the peculiar conformation of his mind. In developing character, as well as genius, most contradictions may be reconciled, if we can discover the ruling principle from which they proceed. Nothing, for instance, is more proverbial than the tergiversation of some *political* writers, who defend and attack all things by turns; who are irritable, but as impotent as the porcupine, and who *change their quills* as often. Yet even these weather-

cocks are more consistent to *one* principle, than the needle to the pole ; for they pursue it without *variation* and without *trembling*,—*The sale of their books*. Now we thoroughly acquit his Lordship of every *mercenary* principle ; yet *He* that is of all beings the most contradictory, to whom the skies are sameness, and the seas uniformity ; *who* differs more from *himself* at some times, than he does from all others at all times, is nevertheless under the joint, yet sovereign guidance of *two* principles of action ; the love of *variety* and the love of *fame*. His Lordship, therefore, like some other bodies equally *luminous* and *excentric*, happens to have *two foci* in his ecliptic, governing all his motions, accelerating now, and now retarding his career, and regulating both the times, and the places of his aberrations ; in his *aphelion*, he may freeze us ; in his *perihelion*, he may scorch us ; but in all his indifferences, as in all his intensities, in his apathies, or in his agonies, it is manifest that he is governed by *both* these principles, which are never *dormant* for a moment, although one may *predominate* at one time, and one at another. Now as there are no principles in nature which produce either good or evil without a mixture, so it may happen, that under the joint influence of those I have mentioned, his Lordship may one day chuse to have a creed, from *curiosity* ; to be moral as a nun, for its *novelty* ; and to fall in love with virtue, for the sake of *variety*.

His Lordship therefore having stalked around us, and about us, and near us, and from us, in all the mummery of high-flown sentiment, having wearied us both by the *sea* and by the *shore*, with his egotistical diatribes, and *inconsolable* appeals for *consolation*, the moment he finds his audience either slackening from satiety, or departing from disgust, he changes at once the actor and the scene ; like Kean, he can perform a harlequin, as well as a hero, and while he laughs in his sleeve at the *real* sympathies,

which his imaginary griefs had excited, there is only *one* thing that sincerely affects, or seriously alarms him, and this is the *want of an audience*; when he ceases to be the *Spectacle* and the *Θεατρῖζόμενος* of the day, he ceases to live. With all the inspired irritability of Rousseau, and all the whining apathy of Sterne, the fact is, that his Lordship is more foud of that "*popularis aura*" which he affects to despise, than either the one or the other. Age is a relative thing, and it is possible to be very old in *constitution*, before we are so in years; as his Lordship laments that he is growing grey, I will cite one line from his favourite satirist, "*Sed, cum ad canitiem, tunc tunc ignoscere nolo.*" Had his Lordship commenced his career with levity and libertinism, with the buffoonery of Beppo, and the diablerie of Don Juan, and from these *proceeded* to the sublime scepticism of Harold, we might then have anticipated, *however faintly*, something like amendment for his old age. But he has *reversed* the thing; he grows worse as he grows old; and at the very moment when he himself informs us that time is *shedding his snows upon the outside of his head*, the inside of it, *like Hecla*, has become a volcano, and vomited forth an eruption, scorching earth with the fire of its *lust*, and darkening heaven with the smoke of its *infidelity*.

With respect to those flagrant and frequent sneers and sarcasms, levelled at things hitherto esteemed sacred and venerable among men, I could wish that I had nothing to "*put down*," as I have nothing "*to extenuate*." My censure *here* must be *unmixed*. We are told that a man's religion is to himself and his God; but as Lord Byron is at once a great and a public character, and as he has chosen to give publicity to his religious opinions, they can no longer be matter either of privacy, or of insignificance. His Lordship's ideas of *any* point, have such prevalence, and will have such permanence, that it is of the highest consequence that they should be sound. Unfortunately

however, on this most important subject, he has left us *no choice*. He that doubts, and humbly and seriously proposes his objections, leaves us room to hope that he does this, not to overthrow *our* belief, but to build up, and to establish his *own*. *Such* a man, through the vestibule of doubt, *may* one day enter into the temple of truth. But can the most extensive charity hope this of him that “*sits in the seat of the scorner?*” He that doubts, *may* wish to believe; he that scoffs can have *no* such wish. He has no belief of his own, but scatters his sneers and his sarcasms, only to shake and undermine the belief of others. He would pull down a palace, but would not give us a hovel in its stead. He therefore that makes religion the subject of his ribaldry, would gladly make death the cause of his annihilation. And it is in perfect conformity with such tenets, that his Lordship sneers at Xerxes in Don Juan, because he offered a reward to him that could invent a new pleasure. His Lordship takes care to tell us that he himself is quite satisfied with the *old* ones, and he seems not to doubt of their sufficiency, but only to despair of their continuance; he concludes the passage by a sneer on the *insufferable dulness* of paradise, before the introduction of sin, and deems banishment from such *insipid innocence*, a blessing. He indeed that lives only to love Earth, and to laugh at Heaven, would gladly die, only to sleep. Nothing better *can* happen to him; something worse *may*. The sensualist and the scoffer, dread a heaven which they could not enjoy, almost as much as a hell, which they would be sorry to enter. Earth therefore is their idol; continuance *upon* it their prayer; and annihilation *within* it their creed: But alas! what is the noblest of the sons of man, if he discards the hope of an hereafter? talent may render him more dangerous; wealth, more mischievous; wit, more fascinating; and courage, more daring. But without *this* exalted hope, he is an *argosy*, bound for a shipwreck, at

the end of his voyage; and his rich freightage will only accelerate his destruction, and sink him deeper in the abyss.

But his Lordship has too much intellect to scoff at revelation, *without* disbelieving it; nor to disbelieve it, without some grounds that are to him at least satisfactory. I can perceive from various parts of his writings, that he is no stranger to the philosophers, either ancient or modern; and I should suspect that Epicurus, and Lucretius are his favourites. But the philosophers who have written since the æra of Christianity, have given us nothing more convincing that those who preceded it. When therefore they demand from us Christians rational grounds for our belief of that which is above reason, and explanations of things which we in all humility do receive as mysteries, and which would *cease* to be that for which we receive them, if they could be explained; if the philosophers claim a victory on such pretensions, they are welcome to the triumph of having conquered that which we never meant to defend, and of seizing that which we had voluntarily abandoned. And yet with all his boasted reason, the proudest philosopher, no less than the humblest Christian, is compelled to believe much that *he* cannot comprehend, and to admit more, for which *he* cannot account. To be consistent with himself, he ought to be sure of nothing but his ignorance, and to doubt every thing but his doubts. If *We* betake ourselves to the strong holds of faith, *He* himself, if hardly pushed, "*is obliged to retire into the mists of conjecture, and to save his shattered forces by the obscurity of the night.*" Let him, therefore, either cease to sneer at the Christian, for believing some mysteries which he does not presume to explain; or cease himself to concede the existence of any thing which he cannot comprehend; and what *folly* would be more absurd than such philosophy? Were the Christian scheme *unsupported*, either by miracles or prophecy, its *internal* evidence, founded on the *excellence*

of its doctrine, must make it the creed of every well regulated mind. It is the safest system for our *life*; the sweetest for our *death*; and the sublimest for our *resurrection*. The safest, because annihilation is the *worst* thing that can happen to the Christian, even if he be in the *wrong*; but it is the *best* thing that can happen to the infidel, even if he be in the *right*; the sweetest, because it converts death, that “*tremendous leap in the dark*,” into an Arch, spanning the dread abyss, and joining heaven to earth, and earth to heaven; the sublimest, because it proffers an eternity, to be spent in infinite and encreasing approximations to the perfections of the Godhead, without the possibility of ever arriving at them; the only happiness *pure* enough for a being that is intellectual, or *full* enough for a being that is immortal. His Lordship cannot *despise* such a heaven as this, and my sincere hope is, that he will *deserve* it. I shall sum up my opinion of Don Juan, in the words of Scaliger, on a poem of cardinal Bembo, “*Hoc Poema vocare possis aut obscœnissimam elegantiam, aut elegantissimam obscœnitatem*.” I have not singled out his Lordship, as being the *only* modern who has indulged himself both in blasphemy and obscenity;—*but as the only one who has brought talent to the task*; if he would be as depraved as some are, *with impunity*, let him also be *as dull*; but this is the tax that he must pay for his talent;—It holds up a torch to his failings, and renders those delinquencies *conspicuous* in him, which would only be *contemptible* in another. His Lordship has here levelled an arrow, that is true to its aim; and its aim is, *to the heart*; genius has supplied the wing; wit, the point; and malignity the poison.

Like the vision that appeared to Nebuchadnezzar, his Lordship has indeed “*a head of gold*,” with his nether parts of “*sordid brass, and of miry clay*.” He might, indeed, as an associate of a Shakspeare and of a Milton, have passed like them, through the Vestibule, and have entered into the

holiest recess of the Temple of the Muses. As their legitimate High-priest, he might have commanded an universal reverence, and an unqualified approbation. He has falsified these bright characteristics, that stamped him for "dignity, composed and high exploit." There is indeed the "combination, and the form," but not "the *seal*," of the godhead; and he stands before us, as one whom the fire of Phœbus has *blasted*, rather than enlightened. The sacred beam he could not extinguish, it was bestowed on him to burn for ever, a κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶν, and its birthright was immortality. The ray therefore remains; but like the eye of the basilisk, it shines only to fascinate; it fascinates only to destroy. There are moments indeed, when this emanation of the godhead within him, reasserts her high original, and escaping from the foul enthrallments of sensuality, inspires us with the hope, that she will be no longer degraded, nor dethroned. But, the struggle is often short, and always ineffectual; and the attempt has only served to *bind* the chains it cannot *break*. Alas, the inexorable genius of Byron has no more respect for his Muse than for his Mistress; he would exalt her only to humiliate; and he permits her to soar *above* the Earth, but not so high as Heaven.

LINES
TO
S A N D T,
THE
Assassin of Kotzebue.

O Thou, the direst martyr of the time,
To Shadowy Virtue—but substantial Crime—
That wouldst have rush'd before the Eternal Throne,
Reeking with blood of others ! and thine own !
Think not beneath that guilt-ennobled name,
That *blot*, and *boast* of Rome, to shroud thy shame ;
Thou still art wrong, were erring Brutus right,
The *Pagan* fell in darkness,—Thou in light !

Fix'd thy relentless purpose to fulfill,
Through life or death, shame, glory, good, or ill,
Nurs 'd in the lap of Reason, but to wound
Her breast, and break the laws, her guardian mound,
Did'st hope like *him*,* who William's life-blood spilt,
To wash out stain by stain, and guilt by guilt ?
Religion,—hadst thou own'd her mild control,
With loftier, kindlier views had fill'd thy soul,
Check'd thine officious pride, with calm reproof,
And shew'd thy tempting Angel's cloven hoof.

* Belthazar Gerard, who assassinated William the First, prince of Orange, at Delft. He entertained the design *six years* before its execution ! He said he did it to *expiate his sins* ; that Prince being at the head of the Protestants.

'Thy doom,—O what created Thing might know,
Though Seraphs wept above and Man below,
Had *full* success that desperate hand befel,
That knock'd so fiercely at the gates of Hell!

Must general laws to partial dogmas bow?
Could Heaven have patience still, and could'st not Thou?
Think WHO obey'd, though *Herod* did command,
Had'st thou to cast the stone a *purser* hand?
Would thy weak Arm th' avenging Sceptre sway?
Vengeance to GOD belongs;—He can repay,
Yea, and forbear;—to self-destruction driv'n,
Renouncing Earth, for what? *to forfeit Heaven!*
HE foil'd thy steel;—repent—and be forgiven.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

ABBÉ EDGEWORTH.

O Thou! that at thy king's command,
 While cannons roar'd, and clarions bray'd,
 Didst on his scaffold calmly stand,
 In Panoply by * *hands not made* ;
 While hosts *less fearless* though in mail array'd.
 'Mid prosp'ring vice, by virtue half inspir'd,
 Thy noble bearing view'd, and menac'd, and admir'd ;

'Tis not the lot of common clay,
 To win the glories of *that morn*,
 And bear a brighter crown away,
 Than from thy monarch's brow was torn !
 Thou didst a friendship court, in *perils* born,
 Rarely by subjects sought, or kings bestow'd,
 A friendship rock'd by *storms*, baptised in royal *blood* !

* Την απ' ανωθεν πανοπλιαν ; This intrepid soldier of Christ was requested to attend the king of France on the scaffold. He cheerfully complied, although it was the universal opinion, that his life would be sacrificed. As the axe descended, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.*" Struck and overawed by such magnanimity, displayed at *such* a moment, the troops, on his descent from the scaffold, presented arms, and made a lane for him to pass through their files *unmolested* !

TO CANOVA.

“ Europe, the World has but one Canova !

Had st thou been born when Nature's hand
Was young, She'd copied thee ;
But She is old, and trusts to Time
To mar thy victory !

But Time will not avenge her cause,
Nor hear her envious sigh,
“ *Thy forms,*” He cries “ my power confess ;
“ But *His* my scythe defy.

“ *Thy* Trojan Helen long is dead,
“ The Grecian Venus lives,
“ Eternal homage *still* receives,
“ Eternal pleasure gives ;”

Then think not I can soothe thy sighs,
Or raise thy drooping head,
Alas ! *Thou* canst not more than *I*
Canova's chissel dread ;

Then let Us Both, such matchless skill
Not envy, but enjoy,
What *Thou* canst never imitate,
O why should *I* destroy ?

DON CARLOS.

“Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni.”



O, why has he harness'd his warrior-steed?
Is his spirit still *sateless* of fame?
Expell'd is the Moor, and his countrymen freed,
And emblazon'd with heroes his name.

Has his castle no charms?—'tis the noblest in Spain,
Of Grenada the bulwark and pride!
Have youth, health, and beauty, been lavish'd in vain?
Of renown and of riches—a tide?

But she that could hear them, and share them, is gone,
Those eyes are extinguish'd in night,
That sadden'd or brighten'd for Carlos alone,
Or melted in streams of delight;

Like the eagle he flew,—but he pined like the dove,—
Where the *Cross* with the *Crescent* had strife!
He liv'd but to love! he died but to prove
How sweeter his love, than his life!

THE HORSE AND THE RIDER,

A FRAGMENT.



And some there were, who shudd'ring, said
He held communion with the dead,
 Deep in the midnight glen ;
What time, his *fix'd* and trembling steed,
Of old Godolphin's gen'rous breed,
 Ne'er felt a fear,—*till then !*

Nor height of hill, nor depth of dale,
Did ever o'er his strength prevail,
 Like that *mysterious hour ;*
No antler'd monarch of the wood,
Ere challeng'd from his boiling blood
 So full, so fast a shower !

No form was seen ! no voice was heard
And yet there was indeed a *Third*,
 —While all around was still ;—
That did unearthly parley hold !
But *what !*—the Rider never told,
 Perchance he never will.

FINIS.

THE

Conflagration of Moscow:

A POEM.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem, in its first edition, was not unfavourably received, but it was considered too short. It is now three times as long. Perhaps I have added many faults, to remove one. Be that as it may, the Poem is now long enough—if good for any thing,—too long—if good for nothing. It was written at such intervals as could be spared from the prosecution of a larger work; but although this may be some excuse for writing bad lines, I admit it is none for printing them.—If fine themes always made fine

poets, this little effort would be much more deserving of the public attention ; but the converse is unfortunately the case. The subject, indeed, deserves a pen that has more leisure, and more ability than mine. The Conflagration of Moscow is the most interesting event of these latter times—whether we consider the immensity of the force that was put in array against her, the magnanimity of the sacrifice, or the incalculable importance of the results. Our modern Manufacturer of Kings would certainly have issued a fresh batch from his imperial oven of the Kremlin, if it had not been overheated by some of the workmen.

I may be accused of not having treated my hero with sufficient respect, as in the opinion of many, he is still “majestic, though

in ruin." But he that had no dignity in success, can lose none in misfortune : nor have I changed my sentiments of him, with any change in his destinies. In a former work, written and published when he was in the plenitude of his power, I ventured to assume the *double* office of the *Vates*. It was clear that when " weighed in the balance " he would be " found wanting," from the moment that he put his own aggrandisement into one scale, against the repose of Europe in the other ; and I foretold his speedy downfall, from a full conviction that perfect selfishness must ever be destructive of Self. In the following pages I have chosen the safer office of an *ex post facto* predictor. In good truth, prophecying has been a dangerous trade for these last twenty

years. Dreaming, which goes by contraries, might have succeeded better. But I will hazard one prophecy---the name of Napoleon will go down to posterity "shorn of its beams;" the blackness of his heart will eclipse the brightness of his head. If his admirers affirm that necessity made him a tyrant, we will ask if he did not make himself a king. It is for them, and not for us, to separate the consequences from the cause. Some persons are already very angry with him for surviving his own defeat. But he that lived *only* to please himself, will hardly die to please others. His *political* death has taken place perhaps already ; if so, the moralist may be allowed to cut up the *dead*, provided he does it like the anatomist---*for the benefit of the living.*

I have termed this adventurer the Spoiled Child of Fortune : her first smile was a long one, but it was her last—her frown was equally permanent and uninterrupted. The successes of this *Pantimoreumenos* were one uniform flow, his disasters were as uniform an ebb ; and Moscow was the high-water mark. Had he read Herodotus, he would **not** have invaded the ancient capital of the Czars. That fatal dilemma which destroyed his army, might then have preserved it. That dilemma would have stared him in the face throughout every page of the Scythian expedition, and might be thus expressed—Come to us with *few* and we will overwhelm you—Come to us with *many*, and you shall overwhelm yourselves.—To history we leave him. But if there be an historian that can

forgive or palliate his wanton prodigality of blood, and his constant perversion of the greatest and noblest means, to the most sordid and selfish ends, such a writer, in order to be partial to the individual, must incur the charge of being most unjust and cruel to the species. The only reparation to be made to society for the guilt of such a life as that of Napoleon, must be the moral of it.

With respect to the execution of the subsequent trifle, I can only say that it is an humble attempt to revive a style in some danger of becoming obsolete. I shall be quite satisfied if my lines recal to any reader of taste the beautiful Paraphrase of the tenth Satire of Juvenal, by Johnson. I have always considered that particular ef-

fort much happier than any thing he ever afterwards attempted either in prose or verse. I must be content to follow him: I cannot presume to walk by his side. To soar with Johnson, when, in addition to his own powers, he was supported in his flight by the *reanimated* Phoenix of Aquinum, were a task no less presumptuous than vain.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

HER royal nest the Russian eagle fires,
And to the wild recess—reveng'd—retires ;
Her talons unexpended lightnings arm,
And high resentments all her courage warm.
Tempt not, thou fiend of France, her arduous track !
Ambition spurs thee on—defeat shall goad thee back
False friends in rear, in front a stubborn foe,
Thy caterer, famine,—and thy couch the snow :
Then view that fiery cope with ghastly smile,
'Tis thy ambition's grand funereal pile.

Blaze on, ye gilded domes, and turrets high,
And like a furnace glow, thou trembling sky !
Be lakes of fire the tyrant's sole domain,
And let that fiend o'er flames and ruins reign ;
Doom'd, like the Rebel Angel, to be shown
A fiery dungeon, where he hop'd a throne.
Blaze on ! thou costliest, proudest sacrifice,
E'er lit by patriot hands, or fann'd by patriot's sighs.

By stubborn constancy of soul, a rock
That firmly meets but to return the shock,—
By all that power inflicts, or slavery bears— 20
By all that freedom prompts, or valour dares—
By all that bids the bright historic page
Of Greece and Rome inspire each after age—
By all of great, that must our wonder raise
In direst, worst extremities,—we praise
A deed that animates, exalts, inflames
A world in arms—from Tanais to the Thames !

Hail ! nobly-daring, wisely-desperate deed :

MOSCOW IS PARIS, should the Gaul succeed 30

Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tow'r
That screens a foeman in this vengeful hour ;
Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,
And triumph o'er affections, customs, laws ;
With Roman daring be the flag unfurl'd —
Themselves they conquer'd first, and then the world ;
Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty grave,
She stood to foster, but she fell to save !
Her flames like Judah's guardian pillar rose
To shield her children, to confound her foes ; 40
That mighty beacon must not blaze in vain,
It rouses earth, and streams high o'er the main.

The sacrifice is made, the deed is done,

Russia ! thy woes are finish'd, Gaul's begun !

Soon to return—retire ! There is a time
When earthly virtue must not cope with crime.
Husband thy strength, let not a life be lost,
One patriot's life is worth the Gallic host ;
Unbend awhile thy bow, more strongly still
To force the shaft, and all thy quivers fill ; 50
Crouch'd like the tiger, prescient of the prey,
Collect thy might, augmented by delay ;
Still as the calm, when on her siren breast
The slumbering earthquake and the whirlwind rest.
'To courage strength—to strength cool wisdom bring,
Nurse every nerve, and plume thy ruffled wing ;
Firm, but compos'd,—prepar'd, but tranquil prove,
As the dread eagle at the throne of Jove !
Each arm provide, and engine of the war,
Till Rout and Havoc answer—Here we are ! 60
And Valour, steel'd by virtuous energy,
To just Revenge shall utter—Come with me !

From pine-plough'd Baltic, to that ice-bound coast,
Where Desolation lives, and life is lost,
Bid all thy Centaur-Sons around thee close,
Suckled in storms, and cradled on the snows,
Hard as that sea of stone, that belts their strand
With marble wave, more solid than the land ;
Men fiercer than their skies, inured to toil,
And as the grave tenacious of the spoil,--- 70
Throng'd as the locust, as the lion brave,
Fleet as the pard that hies her young to save ;
Tell them their King, their father takes the field,
A host his presence---and his cause a shield !
Nor strike the blow, till all thy northern hive
Concentering thick for death or glory strive ;
Then round th' Invader swarm, his death-fraught cloud,
While the white desert girds him like a shroud,---
Full on his front and rear the battle-tide
With arm of lightning, hoof of thunder guide ; 80

Soon shall the Gaul his transient triumph rue,
Fierce burns the victim, and the altar too.

*Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclips'd by light,
And yields his throne to far more brilliant night.
Rous'd by the flames, the blast, with rushing sound,
Both fed and fann'd the ruin that it found.
Long stood each stately tower, and column high,
And saw the molten gulph beneath them lie,
Long rear'd their heads th' aspiring flames above,
As stood the giants when they warr'd with Jove,— 90
Conquer'd at length, with hideous crash they fall,
And one o'erwhelming havoc covers all.
Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combin'd
In horrid league, and chaf'd by every wind
That from the hoarse Æolian cave is driven,
Could with such wreck astound both earth and heaven.
Rage Elements ! wreck, ravage all ye can,
Ye are not half so fierce as man to man !

Wide and more wide, self-warn'd, without command,
Gaul's awe-struck files their circling wings expand ; 100
Through many a stage of horrors had they past,
The climax this, the direst and the last ;
Albeit unused o'er others griefs to moan,
Soon shall they purchase feeling from their own.
From flank to centre, and from rear to van,
The billowing crackling conflagration ran,--
Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now the skies
With tall colossal magnitude defies,--
Extends her base, while sword and spear retire,
Weak as the bulrush to the lava's ire. 110
Long had that circle, belted wide and far
By burnished helm, and bristling steel of war,
Presented hideous to the Gallic host
One blazing sea, one adamantine coast !
High o'er their head the bickering radiance towers,
Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorching showers :

Beneath their crimson concave long they stood
Like bordering pines, when lightning fires the wood,
And as they hemm'd that grim horizon in,
Each read in each the terrors of the scene. 120
Some fear'd—accusing conscience waked the fear,—
The DAY of wrath and retribution near,
Deem'd that they heard that thundrous VOICE proclaim,
“Thou Moon to blood be turn'd, thou Earth to flame!”

Red-rob'd Destruction far and wide extends
Her thousand arms, and summons all her Fiends
To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly brood!
Their food is carnage, and their drink is blood,
Their music, woe; nor did that feast of hell
Fit concert want,—the conquerors' savage yell,— 130
Their groans and shrieks whom sickness, age, or wound,
Or changeless fearless love in fatal durance bound.

While Valour sternly sighs, while Beauty weeps,
And Vengeance, soon to wake like Sampson, sleeps,
Shrouded in flame, th' Imperial City low
Like Dagon's temple falls !—but falls to crush the Foe.

Tyrant ! think not SHE unaveng'd shall burn ;
Thou too hast much to suffer, much to learn :
That thirst of power the Danube but inflamed,
By Neva's cooler current may be tamed. 140
Triumph a little space by craft and crime,
Two foes thou canst not conquer,—Truth, and Time ;
Resistless pair ! they doom thy power to fade,
Lost in the ruins that itself hath made ;
Or, damn'd to fame, like Babylon to scowl
O'er wastes where serpents hiss, hyænas howl

Forge then the links of martial law, that *bind*,
Enslave, imbrute, and mechanise the mind ;

Indite thy conscript code with iron pen,
That cancels crime, demoralizes men ; 150
Thy false and fatal aid to virtue lend,
And start a Washington, a Nero end ;
And vainly strive to strangle in his youth
Freedom, th' Herculean son of Light and Truth.
Stepfather foul !—thou to his infant bed
Didst steal, and drop a changeling in his stead.
— Yes, yes,---I see thee turn thy vaunting gaze,
Where files reflect to files the o'erpowering blaze ;
Rather, like Xerxes, o'er those numbers sigh,
Braver than his, but sooner doom'd to die. 160
Here ! *Number* only courts that Death it cloys,
Here ! *Might* is weakness, and *herself* destroys :
Lead then thy southern myriads lock'd in steel,
Lead on ! too soon their nerveless arm shall feel
Those magazines impregnable of snow,
That kill without a wound, o'erwhelm without a foe.

I see thee,—'tis the bard's prophetic eye,
Blindly presumptuous Chief,—I see thee fly !
While breathing skeletons, and bloodless dead,
Point to the thirsting foe the track you tread. 170
'To seize was easy, and to march was plain,
Hard to retreat, and harder to retain.
Reft of thy trappings, pomp, and glittering gear,
Dearth in thy van,—destruction in thy rear,—
Like foil'd Darius, doom'd too late to know
The stern ænigmas of a Scythian foe,—
Thy standard torn, while vengeful scorpions sting
Th' imperial bird, and cramp his flagging wing,—
The days are numbered of thy motley host,
Freedom's vain fear, Oppression's vainer boast. 180

And lo, the Beresyna opens wide
His yawning mouth, his wintry weltering tide !
Expectant of his mighty meal, he flows
In silent ambush through his trackless snows :

There shall thy way-worn ranks despairing stand,
Like trooping spectres on the Stygian strand,
And curse their fate and thee,—and conquest sown
With retribution deep, in vain repentance moan !

Thy Veteran worn by wounds, and years, and toils,
Pilgrim of Honour in all suns and soils, 190
By thy ambition foully tempted forth
To fight the frozen rigours of the north,
Above complaint, indignant at his wrongs,
Curses the morsel that his life prolongs,
Unpierc'd, unconquer'd sinks, yet breathes a sigh,
—For he had hop'd a soldier's death to die.—
Was it for this that fatal hour he braved,
When o'er the Cross the conquering Crescent waved ?
Was it for this he plough'd the western main,
To weld the struggling Negro's broken chain,— 200
Fac'd his relentless hate, to frenzy fired,
Stung by past wrongs, by present hopes inspired,—

Then hurried home to lend his treacherous aid,
And stain more deeply still the warrior's blade,
When spoil'd Iberia, rous'd to deeds sublime,
Made vengeance virtue—clemency a crime ;
And 'scap'd he these, to fall without a foe ?
The wolf his sepulchre ? his shroud the snow !

'Tis morn !—but lo, the warrior-steed, in vain
The trumpet summons from the bloodless plain ; 210
Ne'er was he known till now to stand aloof,
Still midst the slain was found his crimson hoof ;
And struggling still to join that well-known sound,
He dies, ignobly dies, without a wound !
Oft had he hail'd the battle from afar,
And paw'd to meet the rushing wreck of war ;
With reinless neck the danger oft had braved,
And crush'd the foe—his wounded rider saved ;
Oft had the rattling spear and sword assailed
His generous heart, and had as often failed : 220

That heart no more life's frozen current thaws,
 Brave, guiltless champion, in a guilty cause !
 One northern night more hideous work hath done,
 Than whole campaigns beneath a southern sun.

Spoil'd Child of Fortune, could the murder'd Turk,
 Or wrong'd Iberian view thy ghastly work,
 They'd sheathe their vengeful blade, and clearly see
 France needs no deadlier, direr curse than thee.
 War hath fed War !—such was thy dread behest
 --Now view the iron fragments of the feast.-- 230
 O, if to cause and witness others grief
 Unmov'd, be firmness—thou art Stoa's Chief!
 Thy fell *recorded* boast, all Zeno said
 Outdoes—“ *I wear my heart within my head!—*”
 Caught in the Northern Net, what darest thou dare ?
 Snatch might from madness ? courage from despair ?
 If courage lend *thy* breast a transient ray,
 'Tis the Storm's lightning---not the beam of day :

When on thine hopes the cloud of battle lowers,
And frowns the vengeance of insulted powers ; 240
When victory trembles in the doubtful scale,
And Death deals thick and fast his iron hail ;
When all is stak'd, and the dread hazard known,
A rising scaffold, and a falling throne !
Then, can thy dastard soul some semblance wear
Of manhood's stamp—when fear hath conquer'd fear.

Canst *thou* be brave? whose dying prospects show
A scene of all that's horrible in woe !
On whose ambition, long by carnage nursed,
Death stamps the greatest change, the last, the worst !
Death !—to thy view most terrible of things, 251
Dreadful in all he takes and all he brings !
—But, King of Terrors ! ere thou seize thy prey,
Point with a lingering dart to Moscow's fatal day ;
Shake with that scene his agonizing frame,
And on the wreck of Nations write his name !

O when will conquerors from example learn,
Or truth from aught but self-experience earn ?
How many Catos must be wept again ?
How many Cæsars sacrific'd in vain ? 260
While Europe doz'd---too aged to be taught---
'Th' historic lesson young Columbia caught,
Enraptur'd hung o'er that inspiring theme,
Conn'd it by wood, by mountain, and by stream,
Till every Grecian, Roman name, the morn
Of Freedom hail'd,---and Washington was born !

I see thee redden at that mighty Name
That fills the Herd of conquerors with shame :
But ere we part, Napoleon, deign to hear
The bodings of thy future dark career ; 270
Fate to the poet trusts her iron leaf,
Fraught with thy ruin---read it and be brief---
Then to thy senate flee, to tell the tale
Of Russia's full revenge, Gaul's deep indignant wail.

—It is thy doom false greatness to pursue,
Rejecting, and rejected by, the true;
A sterling name, *thrice* proffer'd, to refuse;
And highest means pervert to lowest views;
Till Fate and Fortune, finding that thou'rt still
Untaught by all their good and all their ill, 280
Expell'd, recall'd, reconquer'd---all in vain,—
Shall sink thee to thy nothingness again.
Though times, occasions, chances, foes, and friends,
Urged thee to purest fame, by purest ends,
In this alone be great---to have withstood
Such varied, vast temptations to be good!
As hood-wink'd falcons boldest pierce the skies,
Th' Ambition that is blindest highest flies;
And thine still wak'd by night, still dream'd by day,
To rule o'er Kings, as these o'er subjects sway; 290
Nor dar'd thy mitred Mentor set thee right,
Thou art not Philip's Son,---nor he the Stagyrice.

And lo, thy dread, thy hate ! the Queen of Isles
Frowns at thy guilt, and at thy menace smiles ;
Free of her treasure, freer of her blood,
She summons all the brave, the great, the good.
But ill befits her praise my partial line,
Enough for me to boast—that land is mine.—

Victorious in the conflict, as the truce,—
Triumphant in a Burns, as in a Bruce!
Where'er the bay, where'er the laurel grows, 310
Their wild notes warble, and their life-blood flows.
There, Truth courts access, and would ALL engage,
Lavish as youth—experienced as age;
Proud Science there, with purest Nature twined,
In firmest thralldom holds the freest mind;
While Courage rears his limbs of giant form,
Rock'd by the blast, and strengthen'd by the storm!
Rome Fell; and Freedom to her craggy glen
Transferr'd that title proud—'The Nurse of Men,—
By deeds of hazard high, and bold emprise, 320
Train'd like their native eagle for the skies,—
Untam'd by toil, unconquer'd till they're slain,
Walls in their trenches,—whirlwinds on the plain.
This meed accept from Albion's grateful breath,
Brothers in arms' in victory! in death! —

Such are thy foes, Napolcon, when Time
Wakes Vengeance, sure concomitant of Crime.
—Fix'd, like Prometheus, to thy rock, o'erpowered
By force, by vulture-conscience slow devoured ;
With godlike power, but fiendlike rage, no more 330
To drench the world—thy reeking stage—in gore
Fit but o'er Shame to triumph, and to rule ;
And prov'd in all things—but in danger—cool ,
That found'st a Nation melted to thy will,
And Freedom's place didst with thine image fill ;
Skill'd not to govern, but obey the storm,
'To catch the tame occasion, not to form ;
Victorious only when success pursued,
But when thou follow'd'st her, as quick subdued ;
The first to challenge, as the first to run ; 340
Whom Death and Glory both consent to shun---
Live ! that thy body and thy soul may be
Foes that can't part, and friends that can't agree—

Live! to be number'd with that common herd,
Who life's base boon unto *themselves* preferr'd—
Live! till each dazzled fool hath understood
That nothing can be great, that is not good.
And when Remorse, for blood in torrents spilt,
Shall sting—to madness—conscious, sleepless Gulit,
May deep Contrition this black hope repel,— 350
—Snatch me, thou Future, from this Present Hell!—

Give me the mind that, bent on highest aim,
Deems Virtue's rugged path, sole path to Fame;
Great things with small compares, in scale sublime,
And Death with Life! Eternity with Time!
Man's whole existence weighs, sifts nature's laws,
And views results in th' embryo of their cause;
Prepar'd to meet, with corresponding deeds,
Events, as yet imprison'd in their seeds;
Kens in his acorn hid, the King of Trees, 360
And Freedom's germ in foul Oppression sees;

Precedes the march of Time—to ponder fate.

And execute, while others meditate ;

That, deaf to present praise, the servile knee

Rebukes, and says to Glory—*Follow me !*

THE END.

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